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TRAVELS

IN

AMERICA AND ITALY,

BY

VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND,

AUTHOR OF ATALA, TRAVELS IN GREECE AND PALESTINE,

THE BEAUTIES OF CHRISTIANITY, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

MANNERS OF THE SAVAGES.

WAR.

Among the Savages all bear arms—men, women, and children; but the corps of combatants is composed in general of one fifth of the tribe.

Fifteen years is the legal age for military service. War is the chief business of the Savages, and the sole ground of their policy; it has something more legitimate than war between civilized nations, because it is almost always declared for the very existence of the tribe by which it is undertaken; its object being the preservation of hunting grounds, or lands adapted to culture. But, for the very reason that the Indian strives to live solely for the art which brings death upon him, there arise from this cause implacable enmities between tribes; it is the sub-

sistence of the family that is the object of contention. Enmities become personal: as the armies are not numerous, and as each individual knows the name and face of his foe, they fight with the greater rancour from antipathies of character and private resentments. These children of the same wilderness carry with them into foreign quarrels something of the animosity of civil broils.

To this first and general cause of war among the Savages are added other reasons for taking up arms, arising from some superstitious motives, some domestic dissension, some interest connected with their traffic with Europeans. Thus with the northern hordes of America the slaughter of female beavers had become a legitimate cause of war.

War is proclaimed in an extraordinary and terrible manner. Four warriors, painted black from head to foot, steal in the most profound darkness upon the threatened tribe. On reaching the doors of the huts, they throw upon the floor of these huts a tomahawk painted red, at the end of which the motives of the hostilities are intimated by signs known to the Sachems: the first Romans hurled a javelin on the enemy's territory. These Indian heralds-at-arms immediately disappear in the dark, like phantoms, setting up the famous war-whoop.

This is done by clapping one hand on the mouth and striking the lips so as to give a tremulous intonation to the sound, which issues from them, sometimes low, sometimes shrill, and terminates in a sort of bellowing, of which it is impossible to form any conception.

War being proclaimed, if the enemy is too weak to meet it, he betakes himself to flight: if he has confidence in his strength, he stands his ground: the customary preparations and ceremonies immediately commence.

A great fire is lighted in the public place, and the cauldron of war set upon it; this is equivalent to the kettle of the janissaries. Each combatant throws into it something belonging to him. Two poles are likewise erected, and from these are suspended arrows, tomahawks, and feathers. The poles are placed to the north, east, south, or west, of the public place, according to the quarter from which hostilities are expected.

This done, the war-*physic* is administered to the warriors; this is a strong emetic diluted in two quarts of water, which must be swallowed at one draught. The young men disperse themselves over the environs, but without going to too great a distance. The chief who is to command them, after

rubbing his face and neck with bear's grease and pounded charcoal, retires to a vapour-bath, where he passes two whole days in sweating, fasting, and taking notice of his dreams. During these two days, women are forbidden to approach the warriors; but they are allowed to speak to the commander of the expedition, whom they visit, for the purpose of obtaining from him part of the booty that is to be taken from the enemy; for the Savages never doubt the success of their enterprizes.

These women carry various presents, which they lay at the feet of the chief. The latter notes the particular requests with beads or shells; a sister claims a prisoner, to be to her in the place of a brother slain in battle: a matron solicits scalps to console her for the loss of relatives; a widow requires a captive for a husband, or a stranger widow for her slave; a mother demands an orphan, to replace the child whom she has lost.

The two days of retirement being past, the young warriors repair in their turn to the war-chief; they acquaint him with their intention to join the expedition; for, though the council has resolved upon war, this resolution is not binding upon any individual; the engagement is purely voluntary.

All the warriors daub themselves black and red,

in the manner most likely, in their opinion, to daunt the enemy. Some make longitudinal or transverse stripes, on their cheeks; others round or triangular marks, and others the figures of serpents. The bare bosoms and arms of a warrior record the history of his exploits; particular ciphers express the number of scalps which he has taken, the battles in which he has fought, the dangers which he has incurred. These hieroglyphics, formed in the skin in blue dots, can never be effaced: they are delicately pricked in and burned with pine-tree gum.

The combatants, stark naked or clad in a tunic without sleeves, adorn with feathers the only tuft of hair which they retain on the top of the head. In their leathern girdle is stuck the scalping-knife, and the tomahawk is suspended from it: in the left hand they hold the bow, or carbine; on the left shoulder they carry the quiver full of arrows, or the horn containing powder and ball. Thus did the Cimbri, the Teutones, and the Franks, endeavour to render themselves formidable in the eyes of the Romans.

The war-chief quits the vapour-bath, with a string of red beads in his hand, and harangues his brethren in arms. "The Great Spirit," says he, "opens my lips. The blood of our kinsmen slain in the last

war has not been wiped away; their bodies have not been recovered: we must go and rescue them from the flies. I am resolved to pursue the track of war; I have seen bears in my dreams; the good Manitous have promised to assist me, and the evil ones will not oppose me: I will go then to eat our enemies, to drink their blood, and to make prisoners. If I perish, or if any of those who consent to follow me lose their lives, our souls will be received in the land of spirits, our bodies will not be left lying in the dust or mud, for this red string will belong to him who shall cover the dead."

The chief throws the string of beads on the ground; the most renowned warriors rush forward to pick it up: those who have not yet been in battle or have acquired but an ordinary fame dare not dispute the prize. The warrior who wins it becomes lieutenant-general to the chief; and succeeds to the command if the latter perishes in the expedition.

The warrior who has gained possession of the string of beads makes an harangue. Hot water is brought in a vessel. The young men wash the war-chief, and take off the black colour with which he is covered; they then paint his cheeks, forehead, and breast, with chalks and clays of different hues, and invest him with his best robe.

During this ovation the chief sings in a low tone the famous death-song, which is struck up by a person about to undergo the torture by fire:—

"I am brave, I am intrepid, I fear not death; I laugh at torments: what cowards are they who dread them! women, nay less than women! May rage choak my enemies! may I devour them and drink their blood to the very last drop!"

When the chief has finished the death-song, his lieutenant-general begins the war-song:—

"I will fight for my country; I will bring home scalps; I will drink out of the sculls of my foes," &c.

Each warrior, according to his character, adds details more or less horrible to his song. Some say, "I will bite off the fingers of my enemies with my teeth; I will burn their feet and afterwards their legs." Others say, "I will let maggots breed in their wounds; I will strip off their scalps, I will tear out their hearts and cram them down their throats."

Such infernal songs as these were almost exclusively confined to the northern hordes; the tribes of the south were content to stifle their prisoners with smoke.

The warrior, having repeated his war-song, recites his family-song, which consists in a panegyric on his

ancestors. The young men who are going for the first time to fight keep silence.

These first ceremonies being over, the chief repairs to the council of the Sachems, who are seated in a circle, with red pipes in their mouths: he inquires if they persist in lifting the hatchet. The deliberations are renewed, and the original resolution is almost always confirmed. The war-chief returns to the public place, and reports the decision of the elders to the young men, who answer with a shout.

The sacred dog which was tied to a post is unbound, and offered to Areskoui, the god of war. Among the Canadian nations this dog is slaughtered, and after being boiled in a cauldron, his flesh is divided among the men assembled. No woman is allowed to be present at this mysterious feast. When the repast is over, the chief declares that he shall march on such a day at sun-rise or sun-set.

The natural indolence of the Savages is all at once succeeded by extraordinary activity; the gaiety and the martial ardour of the young men are communicated to the nation. Workshops are erected for the building of sledges and canoes.

The sledges employed in the conveyance of the baggage, and of the sick and wounded, are construct-

ed of two very thin boards, about eighteen inches long and seven broad; turned up before, they have ledges, to which are attached leathern straps for fastening the burdens upon them. The Savages draw this carriage without wheels by means of a double thong of leather, called *metump*, which they pass over the chest, and the ends of which are attached to the fore-part of the sledge.

The canoes are of two sorts, the one larger, the other smaller. They are constructed in the following manner:

Curved pieces are joined together at their ends, so as to form an ellipsis of about eight feet and a half in the short diameter, and twenty feet in the long diameter. On these main pieces are fastened thin sides of red cedar, strengthened by a basket-work of osiers. This skeleton of the canoe is covered with bark, stripped during the winter from the elm and birch, after boiling water has been thrown on the trunks of those trees. These pieces of bark are bound together with pine-roots, which are extremely supple, and not liable to become dry. The seams are paid outside and inside with a sort of rosin, the process of making which is kept secret by the Savages. When the canoe is finished and provided with its paddles of maple, it very much

resembles a water-spider, a light and elegant insect, which walks with rapidity upon the surface of the lakes and rivers.

A warrior is expected to carry with him ten pounds of maize or other grain, his mat, his Manitou, and his *bag of physic.*

The day preceding the departure, which is called the taking-leave day, is devoted to an affecting ceremony by the nations speaking the Huron and Algonquin language. The warriors, who have previously encamped in the public place, or in a sort of Campus Martius, disperse in the villages, and go from hut to hut to take leave. They are welcomed with demonstrations of the most tender interest; every body wishes to have something that has belonged to them; one takes away their cloak, and gives them a better; another exchanges the calumet with them: they are obliged to eat or to take a parting cup. Each hut has a particular wish for them, and they must answer it with a similar wish for their entertainers.

When the warrior comes to his own hut for the purpose of taking leave, he pauses at the threshold. If he has a mother, she advances first: he kisses her eyes, lips, and breasts. His sisters come next, and he touches them on the forehead: his wife

prostrates herself before him; he recommends her to the good spirits. Of all his children the boys only are brought to him; he lays his hatchet or tomahawk upon them, without uttering a word. His father comes last of all. The Sachem, after slapping him on the shoulder, makes an harangue in which he invites him to do honour to his ancestors. "I am behind thee," says he, "as thou art behind thy son: if they come to me, they will make broth of my flesh by insulting thy memory."

The day following that of taking leave is the day of departure. With the first ray of dawn the war-chief leaves his hut, and sets up the shout of death. If the least cloud appears in the sky, if a sinister dream has been dreamt; if any bird or beast of bad omen has been seen, the day of departure is deferred. The camp is awakened by the shout of death: the warriors rise and arm.

The chiefs of the tribes hoist standards formed of round pieces of bark, fastened to the end of long spears, and on which are rudely designed Manitous, a tortoise, a bear, a beaver, &c. The chiefs of the tribes are a sort of brigadiers under the command of the general and his lieutenant. Besides these there are captains not recognized by the main army; these are partisans, who are followed by adventurers.

A census or enumeration of the army is held: each warrior gives to the chief, as he passes before him, a small piece of wood marked with a particular seal. Till the moment of delivering this symbol the warriors are at liberty to withdraw themselves from the expedition; but whoever recedes after this engagement is declared infamous.

The high-priest presently arrives, followed by the college of sorcerers or physicians. They bring rush baskets in the shape of a funnel, and bags of hide filled with herbs and roots. The warriors squat cross-legged on the ground, forming a circle; the priests remain standing in the middle.

The chief sorcerer calls the warriors by their names: at each call the warrior rises and gives his Manitou to the sorcerer, who puts it into one of the rush baskets, singing these Algonquin words: *Ajouh—oyaha—alluya!*

The Manitous vary *ad infinitum*, because they represent the fancies and dreams of the Savages: they consist of skins of mice stuffed with hay or cotton, small white pebbles, stuffed birds, teeth of beasts or fishes, bits of red cloth, sprays of trees, glass-ware, or European ornaments, in short, every thing the form of which the good Spirits are supposed to have assumed in order to manifest them-

selves to the owners of these Manitous; happy at least to cheer themselves up at so trifling a cost, and to suppose themselves secured by a straw from the freaks of Fortune! Under the feudal system our ancestors enrolled a right acquired by the gift of a stick, a straw, a ring, a knife, &c.

The Manitous, deposited in three baskets, are committed to the care of the war-chief and the chiefs of tribes.

From the collection of the Manitous they proceed to the benediction of the medicinal plants and the instruments of surgery. The great sorcerer takes them one by one from the bottom of a bag of leather or buffalo hide; he lays them on the ground, dances round them with the other sorcerers, slaps his thighs, looks confounded, howls, and utters strange words. He finishes with declaring that he has communicated supernatural virtue to the simples, and that he has the power of restoring dead warriors to life. He bites his lips till they bleed, applies a powder to the wound, from which he has sucked the blood with address, and appears to be suddenly cured. Sometimes a dog reputed to be dead is brought to him; but, on the application of an instrument, the dog springs upon his legs, and the spectators hail it as a miracle. It is neverthe-

less intrepid men who suffer themselves to be bamboozled with such gross deceptions. In the tricks of his priests the Savage perceives nothing but the intervention of the Great Spirit; he is not ashamed to call to his aid him who made the wound and who alone is able to heal it.

The women have meanwhile been preparing the parting feast: this last repast consists, like the former, of dog's flesh. The chief, before he tastes the sacred dish, thus addresses the assembly:—

"My brethren, I am not yet a man, I know; yet it is well known that I have more than once seen the enemy. We were killed in the last war; the bones of our companions have not been rescued from the flies; we must go and cover them up. How could we so long remain inactive on our mats? The Manitou of my courage commands me to avenge man. Youths, have a good heart!"

The chief commences the song of the Manitou of battles,* the burden of which is repeated by the young men. After the song, the chief retires to the summit of an eminence, and lies down on a hide, holding in his hand a red calumet, the bowl of which is turned towards the enemy's country.

* See *The Natchez.*

The war-dances and pantomimes are performed. The first is called the *Dance of Discovery.*

An Indian advances alone and at a slow pace amid the spectators; he represents the departure of the warriors: they are exhibited marching, and then encamping towards the close of day. The enemy is discovered: they creep on all-fours to surprise him; the attack, the affray, the capture of one, the death of another, a precipitate or quiet retreat, a doleful or triumphant return succeed.

The warrior who performs this pantomime terminates it by a song in honour of himself and his family:

"Twenty snows ago I took twelve prisoners; ten snows since I saved the chief. My ancestors were brave and renowned. My grandfather was the wisdom of the tribe and the roar of battle; my father was a pine in his strength. My great-grandmother gave birth to five warriors; my grandmother alone was equivalent to a council of Sachems; my mother makes excellent *sagamité.* As for myself, I am stronger and wiser than all my ancestors." It is the song of Sparta: "We were formerly young, valiant, and bold."

After this warrior the others rise, and in like manner celebrate their achievements; the more they boast the more highly they are congratulated;

none is so noble, so handsome as they are; they possess every good quality, every virtue. He who proclaims himself superior to all the world applauds another who declares that he surpasses him in merit. The Spartans had this custom also; they thought that the man who commends himself in public thereby engages to deserve commendation.

By degrees all the warriors leave their places to join in the dance: marches are executed to the sound of the tambourine, the fife, and the *chichikoué*. The bustle increases: they imitate the labours of a siege, the attack of a palisade; some leap as if to clear a ditch, others imitate the action of swimming, while others hold their hands to their comrades to assist them to mount to the assault. Tomahawk clashes against tomahawk; the *chichikoué* quickens the time; the warriors draw their daggers; they begin to turn round, at first slowly, afterwards more rapidly, and at last with such swiftness that the eye cannot follow them in the circle which they describe: horrid shouts rend the vault of heaven. The dagger, which these ferocious men clap to their throats with an address which makes you shudder, their black or striped faces, their fantastic dress, their long howls, produce a scene of savage warfare which cannot but appal.

Exhausted, breathless, covered with perspiration, the actors finish the dance and proceed to the trial of the young men. They are insulted, they are addressed in the most abusive language, hot ashes are sprinkled on their heads, they are lashed with whips, burning brands are thrown in their faces—and this usage they are expected to bear with the utmost insensibility. Any one who should betray the least sign of impatience would be declared unworthy to lift the hatchet.

The third and last banquet on the sacred dog crowns these various ceremonies: it must not last longer than half an hour. The warriors eat in silence; the chief presides; he presently quits the feast. At this signal the party hasten to the baggage and seize their arms. The relatives and friends surround them without uttering a word: the mother with her eyes follows her son, who is engaged in loading the sledges; silent tears trickle down her cheeks. Families are seated on the ground; others are seen standing; but all are attentive to the operations preparatory to departure: in every face is inscribed the same question, asked inwardly by different affections: "Shall I ever see him again?"

At length the war-chief comes forth completely armed from his hut. The troops form in military

order: the great sorcerer, carrying the Manitous, puts himself at their head: the war-chief marches behind him; then comes the standard-bearer of the first tribe, lifting his banner aloft in the air; and the men of that tribe follow their symbol. The other tribes file off after the first, dragging behind them the sledges laden with cauldrons, mats, and bags of maize. Warriors, four and four, or eight and eight, carry upon their shoulders the small and the large canoes: the *painted girls*, or courtesans, with their children, accompany the army. They too are harnessed to the sledges, but they draw with the *metump* passing over the forehead and not over the breast. The lieutenant-general marches alone in the flank of the column.

The war-chief, after they have proceeded a few steps, halts the warriors and addresses them: "Let us be of good cheer," says he, "when we are marching to die we ought to be content. Be obedient to my commands. Whoever distinguishes himself shall have plenty of tobacco. I give to ——, a mighty warrior, my mat to carry. He shall lead you if I and my lieutenant are put into the cauldron. Come, let us slap our thighs and give three howls."

The chief then delivers his mat and his bag of

maize to the warrior whom he has named, and this confers on the latter the right to command the troops, in case the chief and his lieutenant should be cut off.

The march is resumed: the army is usually accompanied by all the inhabitants of the villages to the river or lake where the canoes are to be launched. The scene of taking leave is there repeated: the warriors strip themselves and divide their garments among the members of their family. At this last moment they may indulge their sorrow aloud: each warrior is surrounded by his relatives, who load him with caresses, clasp him in their arms, and call him by the most endearing names that exist among men. Before parting, perhaps for ever, they forgive each other all grudges they may mutually owe. Those who are left behind pray to the Manitous to abridge the term of absence; those who are departing invoke the dew to descend on their natal hut: in their wishes of happiness they do not even forget the animals domesticated under the paternal roof. The canoes are launched on the river; the warriors embark, and the fleet moves off. The women, tarrying on the shore, make the last signs of love to their husbands, fathers, and sons, as long as they are in sight.

In proceeding to the enemy's country, the troops do not always pursue the direct route; sometimes the longest way is taken as the safest. The march is regulated by the sorcerer, agreeably to good or bad omens. If he observes an owl, he orders a halt. The fleet enters a creek; the warriors land and erect a palisade, after which fires are kindled and the cauldrons boiled. Supper being over, the camp is placed under the protection of the Spirits. The chief recommends to the warriors to keep their tomahawks by their sides, and not to snore too loud. They suspend the Manitous, that is to say, the stuffed mice, the white pebbles, the straws, and the bits of red cloth, from the palisade, and the sorcerer commences this prayer:

"Manitous be vigilant: open your eyes and ears. If the warriors were to be surprized, this would be a disgrace to you. What! the Sachems would say, have the Manitous of our nation suffered themselves to be beaten by the Manitous of the enemy! You must be sensible how ignominious that would be: nobody will supply you with food; the warriors would think of procuring other Spirits more powerful than you are. It is your interest to keep careful watch; if we were to be scalped while asleep, we should not be to blame, but the fault would be yours."

After this admonition to the Manitous all retire to rest in perfect security, convinced that they have nothing whatever to fear.

Europeans who have taken the field with the Savages, astonished at this strange confidence, have asked their mat-fellows if they were never surprized in their camps. "Very often," replied they. "In this case," said the strangers, "would it not be better to place sentinels?"—"No doubt it would be very prudent," answered the Savage, turning and composing himself to sleep. The Indian makes a virtue of his improvidence and indolence by putting himself under the protection of Heaven alone.

There is no fixed time for rest or motion: if the sorcerer but cries out at midnight that he has seen a spider on a willow leaf the army must break up.

When the troops happen to be in a country abounding in game, the warriors disperse; the baggage and those who carry it are left at the mercy of the first hostile party; but two hours before sunset all the hunters return to the camp with a precision of which none but Indians are capable.

If they fall in with the *blazed track* or *track of commerce*, the dispersion of the warriors is still more complete. This track through the forests is marked by notches cut at the same height in the

trunks of the trees. It is this track that is followed by the different red nations, to traffic with one another, or with the whites. It is a principle of the law of nations that this road shall remain neuter; persons found upon it are never molested.

The same neutrality is observed on the *road of blood*, which is marked by the traces of the fire that has been set to the bushes. Not a hut is seen on this road, appropriated to the passage of the tribes in their distant expeditions. If even hostile parties meet upon it, they never attack one another there. The violation of the *Road of Commerce*, or that of *blood*, is an immediate cause of war with the nation guilty of the sacrilege.

If one body of troops finds another with which it is in alliance asleep, the former remains standing outside the palisade of the camp till the warriors awake. When these have risen from their slumbers, their chief approaches the new-comers, presents them with several scalps destined for these occasions, and says, "You have move here:" which signifies, "You may pass, you are our brethren; your honour is safe." "We have move here," reply the allies, and pursue their route. Whoever should mistake a friendly for a hostile tribe, and

awake it, would be liable to the reproach of ignorance and cowardice.

If they have to traverse the territory of a neutral nation, it is necessary to solicit permission to pass through it. A deputation proceeds with the calumet to the principal village of that nation. The spokesman declares that the tree of peace has been planted by their ancestors; that its shade extends over the two tribes; that the hatchet is buried at the foot of the tree; that they ought to unroll the chain of friendship, and smoke the sacred pipe together. If the chief of the neutral nation accepts the calumet and smokes, the passage is granted. The ambassador returns, dancing all the way, to his own people.

In this manner they advance towards the country which is to be the theatre of war, without precaution as without fear. Chance generally furnishes them with the first intelligence of the enemy; a hunter will perhaps return in haste to intimate that he has met with traces of men. Orders are immediately issued to suspend all labours, that no noise may be made. The chief sets out with the most experienced warriors to examine the traces. The Savages, who hear sounds at incredible distances, discover prints on dry moors and on bare rocks,

where any other eye but their own could discern nothing. Not only do they perceive these marks, but they can tell by what Indian tribe they were made, and of what date they are. If the two feet are wide apart, they were Illinois who passed that way; if the mark of the heel is deep, and the print of the great toe large, they are known to belong to the Outchipaways; if the tread is aside, they are sure that the Potowatomies are abroad; if the grass is scarcely trodden down, and bent near the top of the blade, and not close to the ground, they are known to be fugitive traces of the Hurons; if the foot-prints are turned outward, and thirty-six inches distant from one another, they are the tracks of Europeans; the Indians walk with the toes turned inward, and both feet in the same line. The age of the warriors is conjectured from the heaviness or lightness of the tread, and from the length or shortness of the print.

When the moss or grass is no longer wet, the traces are of the preceding day? these traces are four or five days old when insects are already running on the trodden down grass or moss; and they have been made eight, ten, or twelve days, when the vegetable force of the soil has re-appeared, and fresh blades of grass have shot up: thus a few in-

sects, a few blades of grass, and a few days, efface the traces of man and of his glory.

The foot-prints having been minutely examined, the Indians clap their ears to the ground, and judge, by murmurs inaudible to a European ear, at what distance the enemy is.

Having returned to the camp, the chief orders the fires to be extinguished: he forbids his people to speak, and interdicts hunting; the canoes are drawn ashore and hidden in thickets. The party take a general repast in silence, and then lie down to rest.

The night following the first discovery of the enemy is called the *Night of Dreams.* All the warriors are obliged to dream, and to relate next day what they have dreamt, that a judgment may be formed relative to the success of the expedition.

The camp then presents an extraordinary sight: Savages rise and walk about in the darkness, muttering their song of death, to which they add such expressions as these: "I will swallow four white snakes, and I will tear off the wings of a red eagle." This is the dream which the warrior has just had, and which he interweaves into his song. His companions are bound to interpret this dream, or the dreamer is released from the service. In this case,

the four white snakes may denote four Europeans whom the dreamer must kill, and the red eagle an Indian that he is to scalp.

In the *Night of Dreams* a warrior lengthened his death-song with the history of a dog which had ears of fire: he could never obtain an explanation of his dream, and he set out for his hut. These usages, which partake of the character of childhood, might favour cowardice in the European; but in the Savage of America they were never attended with that inconvenience: this procedure was regarded merely as an act of that free and whimsical will of which the Indian never divests himself, be it who it may to whom he submits for a moment either from reason or caprice.

In the *Night of Dreams*, the young men are extremely apprehensive lest the sorcerer should have dreamt ill, or, in other words, been afraid; for the sorcerer can by a single dream cause the army to return, even though it may have marched two hundred leagues. If any warrior fancies that he has seen the spirits of his forefathers, or heard their voices, he can also oblige the troops to retreat. Absolute independence and unenlighted religion govern the actions of the Savages.

If, however, the expedition is not deranged by

any dream, the party resume their route. The *painted women* are left behind with the canoes; and about twenty warriors, selected from among those who have taken the oath of friends,* are sent on before. The greatest order and the most profound silence prevail among the troops; the warriors march in file, each stepping on the spot where his predecessor had trodden, and thus obviating the multiplicity of traces. As a further precaution, the warrior who closes the march scatters dead leaves and dust behind him. The chief is at the head of the column; guided by the vestiges of the enemy, he tracks their windings through the thickets like a sagacious blood-hound. From time to time the party halt and listen attentively. If the chase is an image of war among the Europeans, among the Savages war is an image of the chase: by pursuing men the Indian learns to discover bears. In the state of nature the greatest general is the strongest and most vigorous hunter: in the social state, intellectual qualities, scientific combinations, and a matured judgment, constitute great captains.

The scouts who are sent out sometimes bring back with them bundles of fresh cut reeds: these

* See *The Natchez.*

are challenges. The reeds are counted: their number indicates that of the enemy. If the tribes which formerly gave these challenges were known, like those of the Hurons, for their military candour, the bundles of reed told the exact truth; if, on the contrary, they were renowned, like those of the Iroquois, for their political genius, the reeds increased or diminished the numerical strength of the combatants.

Should the site of a camp which the enemy has occupied the preceding night present itself, it is carefully examined: by the construction of the huts the chiefs distinguish the various tribes of the same nation and their different allies. The huts which have but one post at the entrance are those of the Illinois. The addition of a single pole, its greater or less inclination, furnish unerring indications. The circular *ajoupas* are those of the Ontoways. A hut with a raised flat roof belongs to the *white skins*. It sometimes happens that the enemy, before they are fallen in with by the nation that is in quest of them, have beaten an ally of that nation: to intimidate those who are in pursuit of them, they leave behind a record of their victory. One day a large birch tree was found stripped of its bark. On the bare white alburnum was traced

an oval, within which were delineated in black and red the following figures: a bear, a birch leaf eaten by a butterfly, ten circles, and four mats, a bird flying, a moon on ears of maize, a canoe and three *ajoupas*, a man's foot and twenty huts, an owl and a sun setting; an owl, three circles, and a man lying down, a tomahawk and thirty heads ranged in a straight line, two men standing on a small circle, three heads in a bow with three lines.

The oval with these hieroglyphics denoted an Illinois chief named Atabou: he was known by the particular marks which were those that he had on the face; the bear was the Manitou of that chief; the birch leaf eaten by a butterfly represented the national symbol of the Illinois; the ten circles signified a thousand warriors, each circle standing for one hundred; the four mats proclaimed four advantages obtained; the flying bird marked the departure of the Illinois; the moon on the ears of maize signified that this departure had taken place in the moon of green corn; the canoe and the three *ajoupas* related that the thousand warriors had travelled three days by water; the man's foot and the twenty huts denoted twenty days march by land; the owl was the symbol of the Chickasaws; the sun setting showed that the Illinois had arrived

to the west of the camp of the Chickasaws; the owl, the three circles, and the man lying down, told that three hundred Chickasaws had been surprised in the night; and the tomahawk and the thirty heads ranged in a straight line declared that the Illinois had killed thirty Chickasaws. The two men standing in a small circle stated that they were carrying away twenty prisoners; the three heads in the bow stood for three killed on the side of the Illinois, and the three lines indicated three wounded.

A war-chief ought to be capable of explaining these emblems with readiness and precision: and from his knowledge of the strength and alliances of the enemy he ought to judge of the greater or less historical accuracy of these trophies. If he resolves to advance, in spite of the victories, real or pretended, of the enemy, he prepares for battle.

Fresh scouts are dispatched. They proceed stooping along the thickets, and sometimes crawling on hands and knees. They climb the loftiest trees; when they have discovered the hostile huts, they hasten back to the camp to report the position of the enemy to the chief. If this position is strong they endeavour to devise some stratagem to induce him to abandon it.

One of the most common stratagems is to coun-

terfeit the cries of animals. Young men disperse themselves in the copses, imitating the braying of stags, the lowing of buffaloes, and the yelping of foxes. The Savages are accustomed to this trick; but such is their passion for the chase, and so perfect the imitation of the voices of the animals, that they are very frequently caught by this lure. They sally from their camp, and fall into ambuscades. They rally if they can on a spot defended by natural obstacles, such as a causey in a swamp, or a neck of land between two lakes.

Surrounded in this post, instead of attempting to force a passage they quietly amuse themselves with different games, as if they were in their own villages. It is never but in the last extremity that two bodies of Indians determine on an attack with open strength: they prefer a contest of patience and stratagem, and as neither of them has provisions, either those who are blockading a defile are forced to retreat, or those who are pent up in it must open themselves a passage through their foes.

The conflict is horrible; it is a great duel, as in the combats of the ancients: each singles out his antagonist. In the human visage, when animated by rage, there is something contagious, something terrible, which is communicated. The field of

battle rings with cries of death, war-songs, and mutual insult: the warriors abuse each other like Homer's heroes; they all know one another by name. "Hast thou forgotten," they cry, "the day when thou wishedst that thy feet possessed the swiftness of the wind, that thou mightst escape my arrow? Old woman! shall I send thee some fresh *sagamité*, and boiling *cassina*, in the hollow of a reed?" —"Wide-mouthed chattering chief!" reply the others; "'tis plain that thou art accustomed to wear the petticoat; thy tongue is like the aspen-leaf, incessantly wagging!"

The combatants also reproach each other for their natural imperfections: they call one another limper, squint-eyed, dwarf; and these wounds to their self-love increase their rage. The barbarous practice of scalping the enemy aggravates the ferocity of the combat. The victor claps his foot on the neck of the vanquished; with his left hand he seizes the tuft of hair left by the Indians on the crown of the head; with the right he cuts with a sharp knife a circle in the skull round the hair; and this trophy is often torn off with such address, that the brain is left bare without having been touched by the point of the instrument.

When two hostile parties meet in the open coun-

try, and one is weaker than the other, the latter digs holes in the ground; into these he descends and fights, as in those fortresses, the works of which, being nearly on a level with the soil, present very little surface to the ball. The besiegers send their arrows, like bombs, with such precision that they fall on the head of the besieged.

Military honours are awarded to those who have slain the greatest number of enemies; they are permitted to wear killiou-feathers. To obviate injustice, the arrows of each warrior bear a particular mark; so that when they are drawn out of the body of the victim, it is known at once by whose hand he fell.

Fire-arms cannot bear testimony to the glory of their owner. When the slain are killed with ball, the tomahawk, or the hatchet, it is by the number of scalps that exploits are counted.

During the combat it is rarely that obedience is paid to the war-chief, who, on his part, strives only to distinguish himself individually, It is seldom the case that the victors pursue the vanquished; they remain on the field of battle stripping the dead, binding the prisoners, celebrating their triumph by dances and songs, and deploring the friends whom they have lost. The bodies of the latter are exposed with great lamentations, on the

boughs of trees; while those of their enemies are left lying in the dust.

A warrior is dispatched from the camp, to carry to the nation the news of the victory and the return of the army.* The elders assemble; the war-chief makes his report of the expedition to the council: and according to this report they determine either to continue the war or to treat for peace.

If peace is decided on, the prisoners are preserved as the medium of concluding it; but if war is persisted in, they are put to death. For the details of the cruelties practised on these occasions I shall refer the reader to *Atala* and *The Natchez*. The women generally manifest great ferocity; they lacerate the prisoners with their nails, pierce them with the instruments of domestic labour, and cook their flesh, which is eaten either broiled or boiled; and the canibals know which are the most juicy parts of the victim. Those who do not devour their enemies, at least drink their blood, and besmear their breasts and faces with it.

But the women have also a most important privilege; they are allowed to save the prisoners, by

* This return is described in the eleventh book of *The Natchez*.

adopting them for brothers and husbands, especially if they have lost brothers or husbands in battle. This adoption confers all the rights of nature; there is no instance of a prisoner so adopted having betrayed the family of which he has become a member, and he manifests not less ardour than his new countryman in bearing arms against his former nation; hence arise the most pathetic adventures. A father frequently finds himself opposed to a son: if the son gets the better of the father, he lets him go the first time, but he says to him, "Thou gavest me life, I give thee thine: we are now quits. Keep out of my way for the future, or I shall scalp thee."

It is true, however, that the adopted prisoners are not quite safe. If the tribe in which they are serving happens to sustain any loss, they are slaughtered; a woman for example, who has taken a boy into her family, will then cut him in two with a hatchet.

The Iroquois, who were otherwise remarkable for cruelty towards their prisoners of war, had a custom which one might fancy to have been borrowed from the Romans, and which bespoke the genius of a great people; they incorporated the vanquished nation into their own, without reducing

it to slavery; they did not even force it to adopt their laws; they merely subjected it to their manners.

All the tribes did not burn their prisoners; some contented themselves with making slaves of them. The Sachems, vehement partisans of old customs, deplored this humanity, or, according to them, this degeneracy from ancient virtue. Christianity, by spreading itself among the Indians, has tended to soften ferocious characters. It was in the name of a God sacrificed by men that the Missionaries obtained the abolition of human sacrifices; they planted the cross instead of the stake of torture, and the blood of Jesus Christ redeemed the blood of the prisoner.

RELIGION.

When the Europeans first landed in America, they found among the Savages, religious creeds which are now nearly extinct. Almost all the tribes of Florida and Louisiana adored the sun, like the Peruvians and the Mexicans. They had temples, priests or sorcerers, and sacrifices: only they blended with this worship of the south the worship and traditions of some divinity of the north.

The public sacrifices took place on the banks of rivers; they were held at the changes of the seasons, or on occasion of peace or war. Private sacrifices were offered within doors. The profane ashes were cast to the winds, and a fresh fire was lighted. The oblations to the good and evil Spirits consisted of the skins of beasts, household utensils, arms, strings of beads, all of little value.

But a superstition common to all the Indians, and we may say the only one which they have retained, was that of the *Manitous*. Every Savage has his Manitou, as every Negro has his fetish: it is either a bird, a fish, a quadruped, a reptile, a stone, a piece of wood, a bit of cloth, any coloured object, or a European or American ornament. The

hunter takes care never to kill or hurt the animal which he has chosen for his Manitou: should this misfortune befal him, he endeavours by all possible means to appease the manes of the deceased deity; but he is not perfectly easy again till he has *dreamt* of another Manitou.

Dreams act an important part in the religion of the Savage; the interpretation of them is a science, and their illusions are regarded as realities. Among civilized nations it is frequently the reverse: realities are illusions.

Among the native tribes of the New World, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is not distinctly expressed, but they have all a confused idea of it, as is attested by their customs, their fables, their funeral ceremonies, and their piety towards the dead. So far from denying the immortality of the soul, the Savages multiply it; they seem to grant it to the souls of brute animals from the insect, the reptile, the fish, and the bird, to the largest quadruped. In fact, people who every where see and hear *spirits* must naturally suppose that they are themselves endowed with one, and that the animated beings, who are the companions of their solitude, have also their divine intelligences.

Among the nations of Canada there existed a

complete system of religious fables, and in these fables Europeans perceived, not without astonishment, traces of the Grecian fictions and of scriptural truths.

The Great Hare one day called together upon the waters his court, composed of the elk, the roebuck, the bear, and the other quadrupeds. He took from the bottom of the lake a grain of sand, out of which he made the earth. He then created men out of the dead bodies of different animals.

Another tradition makes Areskoui or Agresgoué, the god of war, the Supreme Being or the Great Spirit.

The Great Hare was thwarted in his designs; Michabou, god of the waters, surnamed the Great Tiger-Cat, opposed the undertaking of the Great Hare; the latter, having to combat Michabou, could not create more than six men; one of these persons ascended to heaven where he had connection with the beautiful Athaënsic, the goddess of revenge. The Great Hare, perceiving that she was pregnant, gave her a kick, which precipitated her to the earth. She fell on the back of a tortoise.

Some sorcerers assert that Athaënsic had two sons, one of whom slew the other; but it is generally believed that she only gave birth to a daughter,

who became the mother of Tahouet-Saron and Jouskeka. Jouskeka was killed by Tahouet-Saron.

Athaënsic is sometimes taken for the moon, and Jouskeka for the sun. Areskoui, the god of war, is also regarded as the sun. Among the Natchez, Athaënsic, the goddess of revenge, was the *female chief* of the evil Manitous, as Jouskeka was the *female chief* of the good ones.

The race of Jouskeka became almost wholly extinct in the third generation: the Great Spirit sent a deluge. Messou, otherwise Laketchak, alarmed at the inundation, dispatched a raven to investigate the state of affairs; but the raven performed his errand very ill; Messou then sent out the musk-rat, which brought back to him a small quantity of mud. Messou restored the earth to its former state; he shot arrows against the trunks of the trees which still remained standing, and these arrows became branches. Out of gratitude he afterwards married a female musk-rat: from this union sprang all the human beings by whom the earth is now peopled.

There are variations to these fables: according to some authorities, it was not Messou who put an end to the inundation, but the tortoise on which Athaënsic alighted when she fell from heaven: this tortoise, in swimming, parted the waters with its feet,

and cleared the earth of them. Thus revenge is the mother of the new race of mankind.

Next to the Great Hare, the Great Beaver is the most powerful of the Manitous: it was he who formed Lake Nipissing. The cataracts in the Ontaway River, which issue from the Nipissing, are the relics of dykes thrown up by the Great Beaver to form that lake; but he died in the midst of his undertaking. He is buried at the top of a mountain, to which he has given his form. No nation passes the foot of his tomb without smoking in honour of him.

Michabou, god of the water, was born at Michillimakinnac, on the channel which unites Lake Huron with Lake Michigan. He removed thence to Detroit, threw up a dyke at the fall of St. Mary, and damming the waters of Lake Allinipigon, he made Lake Superior for the purpose of catching beavers. Michabou learned to make nets of the spider, and he afterwards instructed men in that art.

There are places in which the Spirits take particular delight. Two days' journey below the fall of St. Anthony, is the great Wakon-Teebe, the cavern of the Great Spirit: it contains a subterraneous lake of unknown depth; when a stone is thrown into this lake, the Great Hare raises his awful voice.

Characters are engraven by the Spirits on the stone of the vault.

To the west of Lake Superior are mountains composed of stones, which glisten like the ice of the cataracts in winter. Beyond these mountains extends a much larger lake than Lake Superior: Michabou is particularly fond of this lake and these mountains.* But it is at Lake Superior that the Great Spirit has fixed his residence; there he may be seen walking in the moonlight: he delights also to gather the fruit of a species of currant-bush, which covers the south shore of the lake. There, seated on the point of a rock, he often lets loose the tempests. He dwells on an island in the lake which bears his name: thither the spirits of the warriors who fall in battle repair to enjoy the pleasures of the chace.

From the middle of the sacred lake formerly emerged a mountain of copper, which the Great Spirit long ago took away and carried to some other place: but he has sprinkled the shore with stones containing the same metal, which possess a singular

* The ancient tradition of a chain of mountains, and an immense lake, situated to the north-west of Lake Superior, refers clearly to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

property: they render those who carry them invisible. The Great Spirit does not wish these stones to be touched. Some Algonquins were one day rash enough to take away one of them: no sooner had they returned to their canoes, than a Manitou, more than sixty cubits in height, issuing from the recesses of a forest, pursued them: the water scarcely reached to his waist; he obliged the Algonquins to throw into the lake the treasure which they had carried off.

On the banks of Lake Huron the Great Spirit has made the white hare sing like a bird, and the blue-bird mew like a cat.

Athaënsic has planted the flea-bane in the islands of Lake Erie: if a warrior looks at that herb he is seized with a fever; and if he touches it a subtile fire runs upon his skin. Athaënsic also planted on the shore of Lake Erie the white cedar, for the purpose of destroying the human race: the vapour of the tree carries death to the infant in the womb of the young mother, as rain blights the embryo grapes upon the vine.

The Great Hare has conferred wisdom on the owl of Lake Erie. This bird hunts the mice in summer: he disables them and carries them alive to his abode, where he takes care to fatten them

against winter — no bad picture this of the rulers of nations.

The awful Spirit of the Iroquois dwells at the cataract of Niagara.

Near Lake Ontario, male wood-pigeons throw themselves in the morning into the river Genessee; in the evening they are followed by a like number of females: they go thither in quest of the fair Endaé, who was drawn from the region of souls by the songs of her husband.

The little bird of Lake Ontario makes war on the black snake. The cause of this enmity was as follows:

Hondioun was a famous chief of the Iroquois, builders of huts. He beheld the young Almilao, and was astonished. He danced three times with anger, for Almilao was a girl of the nation of the Hurons, the enemies of the Iroquois. Hondioun returned to his hut, saying, "What care I for her?" but such was not the language of the soul of the warrior.

For two suns he remained lying on his mat, and could not sleep: in the third sun he closed his eyes, and saw a bear in his dreams. He prepared for death.

He rose, took his arms, traversed the forests, and

arrived at the hut of Almilao, in the country of his enemies. It was dark.

Almilao heard steps in her cabin. "Akouessan," said she, "sit down on my mat." Hondioun sat down on the mat without speaking. Athaënsic and his rage were in his heart. Almilao threw one arm around the Iroquois warrior, not knowing him, and sought his lips. Hondioun loved her as the moon.

Akouessan, the Abenaquis, an ally of the Hurons, arrived: he approached in the dark; the lovers were asleep. He crept beside Almilao, without perceiving Hondioun, who was rolled in the skins of the bed. Akouessan enchanted the sleep of his mistress.

Hondioun awoke, stretched out his hand, and touched the hair of a warrior. The war-whoop shook the hut. The Sachems of the Hurons hastened to the spot. Akouessan, the Abenaquis, was no more.

Hondioun, the Iroquois chief, was bound to the stake of the prisoners; he sang his death-song: from the midst of the fire he called Almilao, and desired the Huron girl to devour his heart. Almilao wept and smiled: life and death were on her lips.

The Great Hare caused the soul of Hondioun to

enter into the black snake, and that of Almilao into the little bird of Lake Ontario. The little bird attacks the black snake, and kills it on the spot with one stroke of its bill. Akouessan was changed into a merman.

The Great Hare made a grotto of black and green marble in the country of the Abenaquis; he planted a tree in the salt lake (the sea), at the entrance of the grotto. In spite of all the efforts of the white-skins, they have not been able to pull up this tree. When the tempest rages on the shoreless lake, the Great Hare descends from the blue rock, and comes beneath the tree to weep for Hondioun, Almilao, and Akouessan.

In this manner the fables of the Savages bring the traveller from the farthest extremity of the Lakes of Canada to the shores of the Atlantic. Moses, Lucretius, and Ovid, seem to have bequeathed to these people, the first his tradition, the second his erroneous philosophy, and the third his metamorphoses. In all this there was not enough of religion, falsehood, and poetry, to inform, to mislead, and to console.

GOVERNMENT.

THE NATCHEZ.

Despotism in the State of Nature.

THE state of nature has almost always been confounded with the savage state. Owing to this mistake, people have imagined that the Savages had no government; that each family was merely ruled by its chief or father; that a hunting expedition or war occasionally united families in one common interest; but that, when this interest was satisfied, the families returned to their isolation and their independence.

These are egregious errors. We find among the Savages the type of all the governments known to civilized nations, from the despotic to the republican, passing through monarchy, limited or absolute, elective or hereditary.

The Indians of North America are acquainted with representative monarchies and republics. Federation was one of the most common political forms employed by them. The extent of their wilds had done for the science of their governments what excessive population has produced for ours.

The error into which people have fallen relative

to the political existence of the Savage government, is the more extraordinary, inasmuch as they ought to have been enlightened by the history of the Greeks and Romans: in the origin of their empire, they had very complicated institutions.

Political laws spring up among men before civil laws; which ought nevertheless, one would think, to precede the former: but it is a fact that *power* was established before *law*, because men have need to defend themselves against despotism before they fix the relations which they have to each other.

The political laws spring up spontaneously with man and establish themselves without antecedents; they are met with among the most barbarous hordes.

The civil laws, on the contrary, are formed by customs: what was a religious custom for the marriage of a youth and maiden, for the birth of a child, for the death of the head of a family, is transformed by the lapse of time into a law. Private property, unknown to nations of hunters, is likewise a source of civil laws that is wanting in a state of nature. Accordingly there was no code of crimes and punishments among the Indians of North America. Crimes against things and persons were punished by the family, not by the law. Revenge was justice: the natural right prosecuted, with the

savage man, what the public right punishes, with the civilized man.

Let us first sketch the features common to all the governments of the Savages; we will then enter into the details of each of those governments.

The Indian nations are divided into tribes; each tribe has an hereditary chief different from the military chief, who derives his right from election, as among the ancient Germans.

The tribes bear a particular name, as, the tribe of the Eagle, the Bear, the Beaver, &c. The emblems which serve to distinguish the tribes become standards in war, and seals underneath treaties.

The chiefs of the tribes and of the divisions of tribes derive their names from some quality, some defect of mind or person, or some circumstance of their lives. Thus one is called the white bison, another broken leg, flat lips, dark day, the shooter, fine voice, beaver-slayer, fire-heart, &c.

It was the same in Greece. At Rome, Cocles was thus named from the closeness of his eyes, or from the loss of one of them, and Cicero from the wart or the industry of his ancestor. Modern history surnames its kings and its warriors the Bald, the Stammerer, the Red, the Lame, Martel or the Hammer, Capet or Big-head, &c.

The councils of the Indian nations are composed of the chiefs of the tribes, the military chiefs, the matrons, the orators, the prophets or sorcerers, and the physicians: but these councils vary according to the constitution of the tribes.

A council of Savages is a very picturesque scene. When the ceremony of the calumet is over, an orator addresses the assembly. The members of the council sit or lie on the ground in various attitudes: some stark-naked have merely a buffalo's hide thrown about them, others tattowed from head to foot, look like Egyptian statues; others intermingle with savage ornaments, feathers, birds' beaks, bears' claws, buffaloes' horns, beavers' bones, fish's teeth—intermingle with these, I say, European ornaments. Their faces are streaked with different colours, or painted black or white. They listen attentively to the speaker: each of his pauses is hailed with the cry of applause, *Oah! oah!*

Nations so simple might be supposed to have nothing political to discuss; but the truth is that no civilized state has so much business on its hands at once. There is an embassy to be sent to a tribe to congratulate it on its victories, a treaty of alliance to be concluded or renewed, an explanation respecting the violation of a territory to be demanded, a

deputation to be dispatched to mourn over the death of a chief, a vote to be given at a diet, a chief to be elected, a competitor to be removed, a mediation to be offered or accepted to make two tribes lay down their arms, a balance to be preserved, lest this or that nation should become too strong and endanger the liberty of the others. All these affairs are regularly debated; and the arguments *pro* and *con* are clearly stated. There have been Sachems who were thoroughly acquainted with all these matters, and who spoke on them with a depth of penetration and judgment of which few statesmen in Europe would be capable.

The deliberations of the council are marked in strings of beads of different colours—archives of the state, comprizing the treaties of war, peace, and alliance, with all the conditions and clauses of those treaties. Other strings contain the speeches made in the different councils. I have elsewhere made mention of the artificial memory employed by the Iroquois to retain a long harangue. The task was divided among a number of warriors, who, by means of a few small bones, learned by heart, or rather wrote in their memory, that part of the speech which they were directed to retain.*

* The reader is referred to *The Natchez* for the description

The ordinances of the Sachems are sometimes carved upon trees in enigmatical signs. Time, which corrodes our ancient chronicles, destroys also those of the Savages, but in a different manner, it spreads a new bark over the papyrus which records the history of the Indians; and after the lapse of a small number of years, the Indian and his history have disappeared from beneath the shade of the same tree.

Let us now proceed to the history of the particular institutions of the Indian governments, beginning with despotism.

It ought first to be observed, that wherever despotism is established, there prevails a sort of *physical* civilization, such as is found among most of the Asiatic nations, and such as existed in Peru and Mexico. The man who is not allowed to interfere in public affairs, and who gives up his life to a master, like a brute or like a child, has nothing to do but to study his material well-being. The system of slavery placing at the disposal of this man other arms than his own, these machines till his land, embellish his habitation, make his apparel,

of a Council of Savages held on the Rock of the Lake: the details are strictly historical.

and prepare his food. But on attaining a certain degree, this civilization of despotism becomes stationary; for the supreme tyrant who is pleased to permit certain particular tyrannies, always retains the right of life and death over his subjects, and these take good care to confine themselves to a mediocrity which excites neither the cupidity nor the jealousy of power.

Under the empire of despotism there is therefore a commencement of luxury and administration, but in a measure which neither permits industry to develop itself, nor the genius of man to arrive at liberty through knowledge.

Ferdinand de Soto found tribes of this nature in the Floridas, and went to die on the bank of the Mississipi. Along that mighty river extended the territory of the Natchez. These were aborigines of Mexico, which they did not leave till after the downfall of the throne of Montezuma. The epoch of the emigration of the Natchez is contemporaneous with that of the Chickasaws, who came from Peru, likewise expelled from their native land by the invasion of the Spaniards.

The Natchez were governed by a chief surnamed *The Sun:* this chief claimed his descent from the luminary of day. The succession to the throne

passed through the females: thus, it was not the son of the chief who succeeded him, but the son of his sister or nearest kinswoman. This *Female Chief*, as she was called, had with the *Sun* a guard of young men called *Allouez*.

The dignitaries under the *Sun* were the two war-chiefs, the two priests, the two officers for treaties, the inspector of the public works and granaries, the powerful person called the *Chief of Flour*, and the four masters of the ceremonies.

The harvest, reaped in common, and placed under the care of the *Sun*, was originally the principal cause of the establishment of tyranny. The sole keeper of the public wealth, the monarch availed himself of it to make himself creatures: he gave to some at the expense of others; he invented that hierarchy of places which renders a great number of persons interested in power, by their being accomplices in oppression. The *Sun* surrounded himself with satellites ready to execute his commands. In a few generations, classes were formed in the state: the descendants of the generals or the officers of the *Allouez* pretended to be nobles: the public admitted their claim. A multitude of laws were then invented: each individual was obliged to carry to the *Sun* part of the produce of his hunting and

fishery. If the *Sun* issued orders for such or such a work, people were obliged to perform it without pay. In imposing the task the *Sun* arrogated to himself the right of judging. "Rid me of that dog!" he would cry, and his guards obeyed him.

The despotism of the *Sun* gave rise to that of the *Female Chief*, and afterwards to that of the nobles. When a nation becomes enslaved, there is formed a chain of tyrants, from the highest class to the lowest. The arbitrary power of the *Female Chief* assumed the character of the sex of that personage; it displayed itself on the score of manners. The *Female Chief* conceived that she had a right to take as many husbands and lovers as she pleased: she afterwards caused the objects of her caprices to be strangled. In a short time it was admitted that the young *Sun*, on his accession to the supreme power, might cause his father to be strangled when the latter was not noble.

This corruption of the mother of the heir to the throne descended to the other females. The nobles might violate virgins, and even young wives, throughout the whole nation. The *Sun* indeed went so far as to give orders for a general prostitution of the women, as was practised at certain Babylonian initiations.

To complete the number of evils only one more was wanting—superstition: the Natchez were crushed by it. The priests studied to fortify tyranny by degrading the understandings of the people. It became a signal honour, a meritorious action in the sight of heaven, for a man to kill himself on the grave of a noble: there were chiefs whose funerals were attended with the slaughter of more than a hundred victims. These oppressors seemed to relinquish absolute power in life only to inherit the tyranny of death: people obeyed a corpse, so completely were they moulded to slavery! Nay more—they solicited, sometimes ten years beforehand, the honour of accompanying the *Sun* to the realm of souls. Heaven permitted one piece of justice: those same *Allouez*, who were the founders of slavery, reaped the fruit of their works: public opinion obliged them to plunge their daggers into their own bosoms at the obsequies of their master—a suicide worthy of the funeral pomp of despotism. But of what benefit was it to the sovereign of the Natchez to take his guards along with him to the other world? Were they able to defend him against the Eternal Avenger of the oppressed?

At the death of a *Female Chief*, her husband, if not noble, was stifled. The eldest daughter of the

Female Chief, who succeeded to her dignity, ordered twelve children to be strangled: these twelve bodies were ranged round those of the deceased *Female Chief* and her husband. These fourteen corpses were then laid on a bier gorgeously decorated.

Fourteen *Allouez* carried the funeral couch. The procession set out, headed by the parents of the strangled children, walking slowly two and two, and carrying their murdered infants in their arms. Fourteen females, who had devoted themselves to death, followed the bier, holding the fatal cord which they had made with their own hands. These victims were surrounded by their nearest relatives. The family of the *Female Chief* closed the procession.

Every ten paces the parents preceding the bier dropped the bodies of their children, which were trodden upon by the men who bore the funeral couch, so that by the time they reached the temple the flesh fell in lumps from the mangled bodies of the little victims.

At the place of sepulture the procession halted. The fourteen self-devoted females were stripped of their garments: they seated themselves on the ground: an *Allouez* sat down on the knees of each of them, while another held their hands behind:

they were made to swallow three bits of tobacco, and a little water; the cord was put round their necks, and the kinsmen pulled the two ends of it, singing all the while.

It is scarcely to be conceived how people, among whom private property was unknown, and who were strangers to most of the wants of society, could have fallen under such a yoke. On the one hand naked men, the liberty of nature; on the other, exactions without a parallel, a despotism which surpasses the most formidable that was ever witnessed among civilized nations; the primitive innocence and virtues of a political state in its infancy, the corruption and the crimes of a decrepid government — what a monstrous assemblage!

A revolution, simple, natural, almost without effort, delivered the Natchez in part from their chains. Crushed by the yoke of the nobles and the *Sun*, they merely retired into the forests; solitude restored them to liberty. The *Sun*, left behind at the *great village*, having no longer anything to give to the *Allouez*, since the common fields had ceased to be cultivated, was abandoned by those mercenaries. This *Sun* had a reasonable prince for his successor. The latter did not re-establish the guards; he abolished the tyrannical practices, recalled his subjects,

and won their love by his government. A council of elders formed by him destroyed the principle of tyranny by a new regulation of the public property.

The savage nations, under the empire of primitive ideas, have an invincible aversion to private property, the foundation of social order. Hence, among some Indians, that public property, those common fields, those crops stored in granaries from which each is supplied according to his wants; but hence too the power of the chiefs, who have the custody of these treasures, and who ultimately distribute them for the interest of their ambition.

The regenerated Natchez devised an expedient for securing the advantages of private property without incurring the inconvenience of common property. The public field was divided into as many lots as there were families. Each family carried to its own home the produce of one of these lots. Thus the public granary was abolished, at the same time that the common field ceased to exist; and as each family did not gather precisely the produce of the plot which it had tilled and sown, it could not assert that it had a particular right to the possession of what it had received. It was no longer the community of land, but the community of labour, which constituted the common property.

The Natchez retained the exterior and the forms of their ancient institutions: they ceased not to have an absolute monarchy, a *Sun*, a *Female Chief*, and different orders, or different classes of men: but these were no more than memorials of the past, memorials useful to nations, for which it is never beneficial to destroy the authority of their ancestors. The perpetual fire was still kept up in the temple; nor were the ashes of the ancient chiefs deposited in that edifice even touched, because it is a crime to violate the asylum of the dead, and after all the dust of tyrants furnishes lessons as impressive as that of other men.

THE MUSCOGULGES.

Limited Monarchy in the State of Nature.

To the east of the country of the Natchez, crushed by despotism, the Muscogulges exhibited, in the scale of the governments of the Savages, an example of constitutional, or limited monarchy.

The Muscogulges form, with the Siminoles, the confederation of the Creeks in ancient Florida. They have a chief, called *Mico*, king, or magistrate.

The Mico, acknowledged as the first personage in the nation, is treated with every mark of respect. When he presides at the council, homage little short of abject is paid to him: when he is absent his seat is left vacant.

The Mico convokes the council to deliberate on peace and war; to him ambassadors, and strangers coming to the country, address themselves.

The dignity of the Mico is elective, and he cannot be removed from it. The elders choose the Mico; and the body of warriors confirm their nomination. A man must have bled in battle, or have distinguished himself by understanding, genius, or eloquence, before he can aspire to the post of Mico.

This sovereign, who owes his power to merit alone, rises over the confederation of the Creeks, as the sun over the earth, to vivify and fecundate.

The Mico wears no mark of distinction: out of the council he is a mere Sachem, mingling with the crowd, chatting, smoking, and drinking with the warriors: a stranger would not suspect who he was. At the council itself, where such honours are paid to him, he has but a vote; all his influence consists in his superior wisdom: his advice is generally followed, because it is almost always the best.

The veneration of the Muscogulges for the Mico is extreme. If a young man is tempted to do a dishonourable act, his comrade says to him, "Take care, the Mico sees thee" — and the young man refrains from the deed. Such is the effect of the invisible despotism of virtue.

The Mico, however, possesses a dangerous prerogative. Among the Muscogulges the harvest is reaped in common. Each family, after receiving its lot, is obliged to carry a portion of it to a public granary, which is at the disposal of the Mico. The abuse of a similar privilege produced the tyranny of the *Suns* of the Natchez, as we have just seen.

The highest authority in the state, next to that of the Mico, is vested in the council of elders. This

council decides on peace and war, and carries into effect the orders of the Mico — a singular political institution. In the monarchy of civilized nations, the executive power resides in the king, and the legislative power in the council, or the national assembly: here the case is reversed; the monarch makes laws, and the council executes them. These Savages probably conceived that it was less dangerous to invest a council of elders with the executive power, than to entrust that power to the hands of one individual. On the other hand, experience having demonstrated that an individual of mature age and sound judgment elaborates laws better than a deliberative body, the Muscogulges have vested the legislative power in the king.

But the council of the Muscogulges has one capital defect: it is under the immediate direction of the chief sorcerer, who influences it by the fear of witchcraft and the divination of dreams. The priests of this nation constitute a formidable college, which threatens to usurp various powers.

The war-chief, who is independent of the Mico, exercises absolute authority over the armed youth. If the nation is in imminent danger, the Mico nevertheless becomes for a limited time general abroad, as he is chief magistrate at home.

Such is, or rather was, the Muscogulgian government, considered separately and by itself. As a federative government it has other relations.

The Muscogulges, a proud and ambitious nation, came from the west and made themselves masters of Florida, after extirpating the Yamases, its former inhabitants.* Soon afterwards the Siminoles, arriving from the east, made an alliance with the Muscogulges. The latter, being the stronger, forced the former to enter into a confederation, by virtue of which the Siminoles send deputies to the great village of the Muscogulges, and are consequently governed in part by their Mico and council.

The two united nations were called by the Europeans the Nation of the Creeks, and divided by them into Upper Creeks, the Muscogulges, and Lower Creeks, the Siminoles. The ambition of the Muscogulges not being satisfied, they made war on the Cherokees and the Chickasaws, and obliged them to enter into the general alliance—a confede-

* These traditions of the Indian migrations are obscure and contradictory. Some well-informed persons consider the tribes of the Floridas as relics of the great nation of the Allighanies, who inhabited the valleys of the Mississipi and the Ohio, and who were expelled about the twelfth or thirteenth century by the Lennilenaps (the Iroquois and the Delaware Savages), a nomadic and martial horde, which came from the north and the west, that is, from the coasts in the vicinity of Behring's Strait.

ration as celebrated in the southern parts of North America as that of the Iroquois in the northern. Is it not remarkable that Savages should have attempted to unite the Indians in a federative republic, on the same spot where the Europeans were destined to establish a government of that nature?

The Muscogulges, in the treaties which they made with the Whites, stipulated that the latter should not sell spirituous liquors to the allied nations. Only one European trader was suffered to live in the villages of the Creeks: there he resided under the public safeguard. The laws of the strictest honour were never violated in regard to him: he went and came, secure alike of property and life.

The Muscogulges are addicted to indolence and festivity: they cultivate the ground; they keep cattle and horses of the Spanish breed; they have also slaves. The serf tills the fields, rears fruits and flowers in the garden, keeps the hut in order, and dresses the food. He is lodged, clothed, and fed like his master. If he marries, his children are free: they are re-instated by birth in their natural rights. The misfortune of the parents is not entailed upon their posterity; the Muscogulges would not make servitude hereditary—a noble lesson given by Savages to civilized men!

Such is nevertheless the nature of slavery, that, be it as mild as it will, it mars the virtues. The Muscogulge, bold, noisy, impetuous, scarcely enduring the least contradiction, is served by the timid, reserved, patient, and abject Yamase. This Yamase, the ancient possessor of the Floridas, is nevertheless of Indian race: he fought like a hero to save his country from the invasion of the Muscogulges, but fortune deserted him. What has made such a difference between the Yamase of former times and the Yamase of the present day; between the vanquished Yamase and the Muscogulge victor? —Liberty and slavery.

The Muscogulge villages are built in a peculiar manner. Each family has almost always four houses or huts. These four huts, which are all alike, face one another, and form together a square court of about half an acre, the entrances to which court are at the four angles. The huts, constructed with boards, are plastered inside and out with a red mortar resembling brick earth. Pieces of cypress bark, laid on like tortoise-shells, form the roofs of these buildings.

In the centre of the principal village, and on the most elevated spot, is a public square surrounded by four long galleries. One of these galleries is the

hall of the council, which is held every day for the dispatch of business. This hall is divided into two rooms by a longitudinal partition: the further apartment is consequently deprived of light, and the only entrance into it is a low aperture in the partition. In this sanctuary are kept the treasures of religion and of the State: the chaplets of stag's-horn, the cup for medicine, the *chichikoués*, the calumet of peace, and the national standard formed of an eagle's tail. No person besides the Mico, the war-chief, and the high-priest, is allowed to enter this awful place.

The outer chamber of the council-house is divided into three parts, by three transverse partitions, breast-high. In these three boxes are placed three ranges of seats, one above another, backed by the partition of the sanctuary. On these benches, which are covered with mats, sit the Sachems and the warriors.

The other three galleries, which, with the council-house, enclose the public square, are in like manner each divided into three parts; but they have no longitudinal partition. These galleries are called *Banquetting Galleries;* and here is always to be found a noisy concourse of persons engaged in various games.

The walls, the partitions, the wooden pillars of these galleries, are covered with hieroglyphic ornaments, which comprize the sacerdotal and political secrets of the nation. These paintings represent men in different attitudes, birds and beasts with human heads, and men with the heads of brutes. The designs of these figures are bold, and in the natural proportions: the colours are vivid, but laid on without art. The order of architecture of the columns varies in the villages, according to the tribe inhabiting them: at Otasses the columns are twisted in spirals, because the Muscogulges of Otasses belong to the tribe of the Serpent.

This nation has a town of peace and a town of blood. The town of peace is the capital of the confederation of the Creeks, and is called Apalachucla. In this town no blood is ever spilt, and when a treaty for a general peace is on foot, the deputies of the Creeks are summoned thither.

The town of blood is called Coweta; it is about a dozen miles from Apalachucla, and here the deliberations on war are held.

In the confederation of the Creeks, the Savages residing in the beautiful village of Uche, which numbers two thousand five hundred inhabitants, and can bring into the field five hundred war-

riors, are worthy of particular notice. These Savages speak the *Savanna* or *Savantica* language—a language radically different from the Muscogulge. The deputies of the village of Uche generally differ in opinion from the other members of the council, who feel jealous of them, but both parties are discreet enough to abstain from a rupture.

The Siminoles, less numerous than the Muscogulges, have but nine villages, all situated on the Flint river. You cannot stir a step in their country but you meet with savannahs, lakes, springs, and rivers of the finest water. The Siminole is of a cheerful, contented, amorous disposition: his step is light, his countenance open and serene; his motions bespeak animation and activity. He talks much, and with volubility; his language is harmonious and fluent. So strongly are these people imbued with this gaiety and vivacity of disposition, that they can scarcely assume a grave deportment in the political assemblies of the confederation.

The Siminoles and the Muscogulges are tall in stature, but by an extraordinary contrast, their women are of the smallest race of females known in America; they rarely exceed the height of four feet two or three inches; their hands and feet are like those of a European girl nine or ten years old.

But nature has made them amends for this kind of injustice: their figure is elegant and graceful; their eyes are black, extremely long, full of languor and modesty. They cast them down with a sort of voluptuous bashfulness; and if you were not to look at them when they speak, you would imagine you heard children pronouncing but half-articulated words.

The Creek women do less hard work than the other Indian women: they occupy themselves with embroidery, dyeing, and other light employments. The slaves spare them the labour of cultivating the ground: but they, as well as the warriors, assist in reaping the crop.

The Muscogulges are renowned for poetry and music. On the third night of the feast of the new maize, they assemble in the council-house, and dispute the prize of song. This prize is adjudged, according to the plurality of voices, by the Mico; it is a bough of evergreen oak; among the Greeks, an olive-branch was an object of competition. Women are frequently candidates for, and obtain, the crown; one of their odes is still celebrated.

Song of the White Skin.

"The white skin came from Virginia. It was

rich: it had blue cloths, gunpowder, arms, and French poison.* The white skin saw Tebeïma the Ikouessen.†

"I love thee, it said to the painted girl: when I approach thee I feel the marrow melt in my bones; my eyes grow dim; I seem ready to die.

"The painted girl, who coveted the wealth of the white skin, replied, 'Let me imprint my name upon thy lips, press my bosom to thine.'

"Tibeïma and the white skin built a hut. The Ikouessen spent the great riches of the stranger and was inconstant. The white skin knew it, but could not cease to love her. It went from door to door begging maize to keep Tibeïma from starving. When the white skin could obtain a little liquid fire,‡ it drank it that it might forget its griefs.

"Still loving Tibeïma, still deceived by her, the white man lost his reason and strolled about in the forests. The father of the painted girl, an illustrious Sachem, reprimanded her; the heart of a woman who has ceased to love is harder than the fruit of the papaya.

"The white skin returned to its hut. It was naked; it had a long grisly beard; its eyes were

* Spirituous liquors. † Courtesan.

‡ Ardent spirit.

hollow, its lips pale; it sat down on a mat to solicit hospitality in its own hut. The white man was hungry; when he had gone mad he fancied himself a child and took Tibeïma for his mother.

"Tibeïma, who had again acquired riches with another warrior in the old hut of the white skin, felt abhorrence of him whom she had once loved. She drove him away. The white skin sat down on a heap of leaves at the door and expired. Tibeïma died too. When the Siminole asks what are the ruins of that hut covered with long grass, he receives no answer."

The Spaniards placed a spring of youth in the beautiful wilds of Florida. Was I not then authorized to chuse these wilds for the scene of some other illusions?

The reader will presently see what has become of the Creeks, and what fate threatens that tribe which was making great strides towards civilization.

THE HURONS AND IROQUOIS.

Republic in a state of nature.

If the Natchez furnish the type of despotism in the state of nature, and the Creeks the chief feature of limited monarchy; the Hurons and the Iroquois exhibited in the same state of nature the republican form of government. Besides the constitution of the nation properly so called, they had, like the Creeks, a general representative assembly and a federative compact.

The government of the Hurons differed a little from that of the Iroquois. Along with the council of the tribes there was an hereditary chief, whose succession was continued in the female line, as among the Natchez. If the family of this chief became extinct, the noblest matron of the tribe chose a new chief. The influence of women could not fail to be considerable, in a nation in which policy and nature gave them such prerogatives. To this influence historians attribute part of the good and bad qualities of the Huron.

Among the Asiatic nations the women are slaves, and have no share in the government: but, being

charged with the domestic concerns, they are in general exempted from the severer labour of cultivating the soil.

Among the nations of German origin, the women were free, but they were strangers to political transactions, if not to those of valour and honour.

Among the tribes of North America, the women participated in affairs of state, but they were employed in those toilsome duties which have devolved upon men in civilized Europe. Slaves and beasts of burden in the fields and in the chace, they became free and queens in family meetings and in the councils of the nation. We must go back to the Gauls to find a semblance of this condition of the sex in a nation.

The Iroquois, or the Five Nations,* called in the Algonquin language the *Agannonsioni*, were a colony of Hurons. They separated from the latter at a period unknown, left the shores of Lake Huron, and settled on the south bank of the river Hochelaga (the St. Lawrence), not far from Lake Champlain. In the sequel they ascended as high as Lake Ontario, and occupied the country situate between Lake Erie and the sources of the river Albany.

The Iroquois afford a striking example of the

* Six, according to the division of the English.

change which oppression and independence can produce in the character of men. After they had seceded from the Hurons, they addicted themselves to the cultivation of the soil, and became an agricultural and peaceable nation, whence they derived their name of *Agannonsioni.*

Their neighbours, the *Adirondacs,* out of which we have made *Algonquins,* a warrior and hunter tribe, whose domination extended over an immense tract of country, despised the Huron emigrants, whose crops they purchased. It happened that the Algonquins invited some young Iroquois to a hunting party, and the latter distinguished themselves in such a manner, that the jealous Algonquins murdered their guests.

For the first time the Iroquois flew to arms; though beaten at first, they resolved to perish to the last man or to be free. A martial spirit, of which they had not themselves been aware, all at once displayed itself in them. They in their turn defied the Algonquins, who allied themselves with the Hurons, from whom the Iroquois derived their origin. At the moment when this quarrel raged with the greatest vehemence, Jacques Cartier, and afterwards Champelain, arrived in Canada. The Algonquins obtained the aid of the strangers, and the Iro-

quois had to cope with the French, the Algonquins, and the Hurons.

The Dutch soon afterwards arrived at Manhatte (New York). The Iroquois sought the friendship of these new Europeans, procured fire-arms, and in a short time became more expert in the use of those weapons than the whites themselves. There is no example among civilized nations of war so long and so implacable as that waged by the Iroquois against the Algonquins and the Hurons. It lasted above three centuries. The Algonquins were exterminated, and the Hurons reduced to a tribe of fugitives, seeking protection under the cannon of Quebec. The French colony in Canada, on the point succumbing itself to the attacks of the Iroquois, was saved only by a calculation of the policy of those extraordinary Savages.*

It is probable that the Indians of North America were at first governed by kings, like the people of Rome and Athens, and that these monarchies were

* Other traditions, as we have seen, make the Iroquois a column of the great migration of the Lennilenaps, who came from the coast of the Pacific Ocean. This column of Iroquois and Hurons is supposed to have expelled the tribes in the north of Canada, and among the rest the Algonquins, whilst the Delaware Indians, more to the south, are conjectured to have descended to the Atlantic, dispersing the primitive nations settled on the east and west of the Alleghany mountains.

in the sequel transformed into aristocratic republics. In the principal Huron and Iroquois hamlets there were usually found noble families, to the number of three. These families were of the stock of the three chief tribes: one of these tribes enjoyed a sort of pre-eminence; the members of this first tribe called each other *brothers*, and the members of the other two tribes *cousins*.

These three tribes bore the names of the Huron tribes:—the tribe of the Roebuck, of the Wolf, and of the Tortoise. The latter was divided into two branches, the Great and the Little Tortoise.

The government, extremely complicated, was composed of three councils, the council of assistants, the council of elders, and the council of warriors capable of bearing arms, that is to say, of the body of the nation.

Each family sent a deputy to the council of assistants; this deputy was appointed by the women, who frequently chose one of their own sex to represent them. The council of assistants was the supreme council: thus the chief power belonged to the women, whose lieutenants only the men acknowledged themselves to be: but in the council of elders was vested the right of final decision, and to

it were submitted in appeal the deliberations of the council of assistants.

The Iroquois were of opinion that they ought not to deprive themselves of the assistance of a sex whose subtile and inventive genius is fertile in resources, and knows full well how to act on the human heart; but they were also aware that the ordinances of a council of females might be influenced by passion, and they deemed it right that these ordinances should be tempered, and as it were cooled, by the judgment of the elders. A similar council of women existed among our ancestors, the Gauls.

The second council, or the council of elders, was the moderator between the council of assistants and the council composed of the body of the young warriors.

All the members of these three councils had not a right to speak: spokesmen elected by each tribe discussed the affairs of state before the councils. These orators made politics and eloquence their particular study.

This custom, which would be an obstacle to liberty among the civilized nations of Europe, was only a measure of order among the Iroquois. Among these people nothing of particular liberty

was sacrificed to the general liberty. No member of the three councils deemed himself bound individually by the deliberation of the councils: at the same time no instance was known of a warrior having refused to submit to them.

The Iroquois nation was divided into five cantons: these cantons were not dependent on one another; they had separately the right of making peace and war. In these cases the neutral cantons proffered their mediation.

The five cantons from time to time appointed deputies, who renewed the general alliance. At this diet, held amid the forests, they discussed any grand enterprizes for the honour and safety of the whole nation. Each deputy made a report relative to the canton which he represented, and the means of promoting the general prosperity were deliberated upon.

The Iroquois were as famous for their policy as for their arms. Placed between the English and the French, they soon perceived the rivalship of those two nations. They were aware that they should be courted by both: they made an alliance with the English whom they disliked, against the French whom they esteemed, but who had joined the Algonquins and the Hurons. Still they wished not a complete triumph to either of the stranger

parties; accordingly, when the Iroquois were ready to disperse the French colony in Canada, an order from the council of Sachems stopped the army and obliged it to return; and again, when the French were on the point of conquering New Jersey and expelling the English from it, the Iroquois sent the forces of their five nations to the assistance of the English, and saved them.

The Iroquois retained nothing in common with the Huron but his language. The Huron, lively, witty, fickle, brave even to rashness, tall in stature and elegant in person, seemed as if born to be the ally of the French.

The Iroquois, on the contrary, was of robust make, had a wide chest, muscular legs, and nervous arms. The large round eyes of the Iroquois sparkle with independence; his whole aspect was that of a hero: high combinations of mind and lofty sentiments of soul beamed from his brow. This intrepid Savage was not daunted by fire-arms, when they were employed for the first time against him: he remained firm amid the whizzing of balls and the roaring of cannon, as if he had been accustomed to them all his life; nay, he seemed to pay no more attention to them than he would have done to a thunder-storm. As soon as he could procure a

musket, he made better use of it than a European.

He did not, however, on that account, relinquish the tomahawk, the knife, and the bow and arrow; but he added to them the carbine, the pistol, the dagger, and the hatchet. He seemed never to have weapons enough for his valour. Doubly furnished with the murderous instruments of Europe and America, his head adorned with plumes of feathers, his ears slashed, his face daubed black, his arms stained with blood, this noble champion of the New World became as formidable to look at as to combat, on the shore which he defended foot by foot against the foreigner.

It was in education that the Iroquois placed the source of their virtue. A young man never sat in the presence of his senior: the respect paid to age was like that which Lycurgus introduced at Lacedæmon. Youth were habituated to endure the greatest privations, as well as to brave the greatest dangers. Long fasts, commanded by policy in the name of religion, dangerous hunting expeditions, continual exercise in arms, and manly and athletic sports, had imparted something indomitable to the character of the Iroquois. Little urchins would frequently tie their arms together, lay burn-

ing charcoal upon them, and thus try which would support the pain longest. If a young girl had committed a fault and her mother threw water in her face, this reprimand alone would sometimes cause the girl to hang herself.

The Iroquois cared as little for pain as life: a Sachem a hundred years old defied the flames of the pile: he urged his enemies to redouble their cruelty; he challenged them to wring from him a single groan. This magnanimity of age had no other object than to set an example to the young warriors, and to teach them to become worthy of their fathers.

Every thing belonging to these people partook of this grandeur; their language, almost all aspirated, astonished the ear. When an Iroquois spoke, you would have imagined that you heard a man, who, expressing himself with effort, passed successively from the lowest intonations to the highest.

Such was the Iroquois before the shade and destruction of European civilization had extended themselves to him.

Though I have said that the civil law and the criminal law are nearly unknown among the Indians, custom has in some parts supplied their place.

Murder, which among the Franks might be ex-

piated by a pecuniary composition proportionate to the rank of the parties, cannot be atoned for among the Savages but by the death of the murderer. In Italy, in the middle ages, each family made common cause in every thing that concerned any of its members: hence those hereditary feuds, which divided the nation when hostile families were possessed of power.

Among the tribes of the north of America, the relatives of the homicide afford him no assistance, but the family of the murdered person make a point of revenging his death. The criminal whom the law does not threaten, whom Nature does not defend, finding no asylum either in the woods, whither he is pursued by the kinsmen of the deceased, or among strange tribes who would deliver him up, or at his own hearth which would not save him, becomes so wretched that an avenging tribunal would be to him a mercy. There at least he would have a form of trial, some sort of condemnation or acquittal: for if the law strikes, it preserves also, like time, which both sows and reaps. The Indian murderer, weary of a wandering life, finding no public family to punish, surrenders himself to a private family, which immolates him: for want of an armed

force, guilt itself conducts the criminal to the feet of the judge and of the executioner.

Involuntary homicide was sometimes expiated by presents. Among the Abenaquis, the law pronounced sentence: the body of the murdered man was exposed on a kind of hurdle in the open air; the murderer, bound to a post, was doomed to take his food and to pass several days in this pillory of death.

PRESENT STATE

OF THE

SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Were I to present this sketch of Savage America as a faithful picture of what exists at this day, I should deceive the reader: I have delineated what was rather than what is. Several traits of the Indian character may no doubt still be found in the wandering tribes of the New World, but the totality of the manners, the originality of the customs, the primitive form of the governments, in a word, the American genius has disappeared. After describing the past, it remains for me to complete my task by depicting the present.

If we take away from the accounts of the first navigators, and the first colonists who explored and cleared Louisiana,—if, I say, we take away Florida, Georgia, the two Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York,

and all that is called New England, Acadia, and Canada, we cannot estimate the savage population comprized between the Mississipi and the river St. Lawrence, at the moment of the discovery of those countries, at more than three millions of souls.

At present the Indian population of all North America, not including either the Mexicans or the Esquimaux, scarcely amounts to four hundred thousand persons. No census of the aboriginal tribes of this part of the New World has ever been taken: I will make the attempt. Many men, many tribes, will fail to appear at the summons: the last historian of these people, it is the register of their deaths that I am about to open.

In 1534, on the arrival of Jacques Cartier in Canada, and at the epoch of the foundation of Quebec by Champelain, in 1608, the Algonquins, the Iroquois, the Hurons, with their allied or subject tribes, namely, the Etchemins, the Souriquois, the Bersiamites, the Papinaclets, the Montaguays, the Artikamegues, the Nipisissings, the Temiscamings, the Amikoways, the Cnistinaux, the Assiniboils, the Potowatomies, the Nokais, the Otchagras, and the Miamis, armed nearly fifty thousand warriors; whence we may infer that these Savages constituted a population of about two hundred and fifty thou-

sand souls. According to Lahontan, each of the five great Iroquois villages contained fourteen thousand inhabitants. At the present day, we find in Lower Canada only six hamlets of Savages, who have embraced Christianity: the Hurons of Corette, the Abenaquis of St. Francis, the Algonquins, the Nipisissings, the Iroquois of the Lake of the Two Mountains, and the Osouekatchis — scant relics of several races which no longer exist, and which, collected by religion, furnish a two-fold evidence of its power to preserve and of that of man to destroy.

The remnant of the five Iroquois nations is inclosed in the English and American possessions, and the number of all the Savages just mentioned amounts, at the utmost, to between two thousand five hundred and three thousand souls.

The Abenaquis, who, in 1587, occupied Acadia, (now New Brunswick and Nova Scotia,) the Savages of Maine, who destroyed all the settlements of the Whites in 1675, and continued their ravages till 1748; the hordes which inflicted the same calamities on New Hampshire; the Wampanoags, the Nipmucks, who fought a sort of pitched battles with the English, besieged Hadley, and assaulted Brookfield in Massachusets; the Indians who in

the same years, 1673 and 1675, combated the Europeans; the Pequots of Connecticut; the Indians who negociated the cession of part of their lands with the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware; the Piscataways of Maryland; the tribes subject to Powhattan in Virginia; the Parioustees in Carolina—all these tribes have disappeared.*

Of the numerous nations found by Ferdinand de Soto in the Floridas, (and under this name must be understood all that now forms the States of Georgia, Alabama, Mississipi, and Tenessee,) none are now left but the Creeks, the Cherokees, and the Chickasaws.†

The Creeks, whose ancient manners I have described, could not furnish at this present time two thousand warriors. Of the vast countries which belonged to them, they now possess no more than

* Most of these tribes belonged to the great nation of the Lennilenaps, the two principal branches of which were the Iroquois and the Hurons in the north, and the Delaware Indians in the south.

† On the subject of Florida the following work may be consulted with advantage: *Survey of West Florida, containing its Geography, its Topography, &c. to which is added an Appendix relative to its Antiquities, Grants of Lands, and Canals, and accompanied with a Map of the Coast and Plans of Pensacola, and the Entrance of the Harbour.* Philadelphia, 1817.

about eight thousand square miles in the State of Georgia, and a tract of nearly the same extent in Alabama. The Cherokees and the Chickasaws, reduced to a handful of men, live in a corner of the States of Georgia and Tenessee; the latter on the two banks of the river Hiwassee.

Weak as they are, the Creeks bravely fought the Americans in the years 1813 and 1814. From the troops under Generals Jackson, White, Clayborne, and Floyd, they sustained great losses at Talladega, Hillabes, Autossee, Benachaca, and especially at Entonopeka. These Savages had made considerable progress in civilization, and particularly in the art of war, employing and directing artillery with great skill. Some years since they tried and put to death one of their Micoes, or kings, for having sold lands to the Whites without the participation of the national council.

The Americans, who covet the rich tract still occupied by the Muscogulges and the Siminoles, have endeavoured to induce them to cede it for a sum of money, proposing to remove them afterwards to the west side of the Missouri. The State of Georgia has pretended to have purchased this territory; but the American Congress has thrown some obstacle in the way of this claim; sooner or later

however, the Creeks, Cherokees, and Chickasaws, cooped up between the white population of the Mississipi, Tenessee, and Alabama, will be obliged to submit to exile or extermination.

All the Savages who inhabited both banks of the Mississipi, from its mouth to its conflux with the Ohio, the Biloxis, the Torimas, the Kappas, the Sotowees, the Bayagoulas, the Colapissas, the Tansas, the Natchez, and the Yazous, have disappeared.

In the valley of the Ohio, the tribes which still roved along that river and its branches rose against the Americans in 1810. They placed at their head a sorcerer, or prophet, who assured them of victory, while his brother, the famous Thecumseh, took the field. Three thousand Savages assembled for the purpose of recovering their independence. The American General Harrison marched against them with a body of troops; he met them on the 6th of November, 1811, at the conflux of the Tippacanoe and the Wabash. The Indians manifested the greatest courage, and their chief, Thecumseh, displayed extraordinary talent: he was nevertheless defeated.

The war in 1812 between the Americans and the English renewed the hostilities on the frontiers of the desert; almost all the Savages ranged themselves

on the side of the English; Thecumseh had entered into their service: Colonel Proctor, an English officer, directed the operations. Scenes of barbarity took place at Cikago, and at Forts Meigs and Milden; the heart of Captain Wells was devoured in a feast on human flesh. General Harrison hastened to the spot, and again beat the Savages, in the action on the Thames. Thecumseh was killed, and Colonel Proctor owed his safety to the fleetness of his horse.

On the conclusion of peace between the United States and England in 1814, the boundaries of the two empires were definitively regulated, and the Americans have ensured their domination over the Savages by a chain of military posts.

From the mouth of the Ohio to the fall of St. Anthony on the Mississipi, we find on the left bank of the latter river the Saukees, whose population amounts to four thousand eight hundred souls, the Foxes to one thousand six hundred, the Winebegos to one thousand six hundred, and the Menomenes to one thousand two hundred. The Illinois are the stock of these tribes.

Then come the Sioux, of Mexican race, divided into six nations: the first dwells in part on the Upper Mississipi; the second, third, fourth, and fifth,

inhabited the banks of the river St. Pierre; the sixth extends towards the Missouri. These six Sioux nations are computed at about forty-five thousand souls.

Beyond the Sioux, towards New Mexico, are found some relics of the Osages, the Cansas, the Octotatas, the Mactotatas, the Ajouways, and the Pawnees.

The Assiboins rove, under different names, from the northern sources of the Missouri to the great Red River, which falls into Hudson's Bay: their population is about twenty-five thousand souls.

The Chipaways, of Algonquin race, and enemies to the Sioux, hunt to the number of three or four thousand warriors in the deserts which separate the great lakes of Canada from Lake Winnepic.

This is all that we know most positive respecting the population of the Savages of North America. If we add to these known tribes the less frequented tribes dwelling beyond the Rocky Mountains, we shall still find it difficult to make up the number of four hundred thousand souls mentioned at the commencement of this enumeration. There are travellers who estimate the Indian population on this side of the Rocky Mountains at no more than one hundred thousand, and that beyond those mountains,

including the Savages of California, at no more than fifty thousand.

Driven by the European populations towards the north-west of North America, the Savage tribes are returning by a singular destiny, to expire on the same shore where they landed, in unknown ages, to take possession of America. In the Iroquois language the Indians gave themselves the appellation of *men of always*, ONGOUEONOUE: these *men of always* have passed away, and the stranger will soon have left to the lawful heirs of a whole world nothing but the mould of their graves.

The causes of this depopulation are well known: the use of strong liquors, and the vices, diseases, wars, which we have multiplied among the Indians, have brought destruction upon these tribes; but it is not absolutely true that the social state, by its establishment in their forests, has been an efficient cause of this destruction.

The Indian was not *savage;* European civilization has not acted on the *pure state of nature;* it has acted on the *incipient American civilization;* had it not met with any thing, it would have created something; but it found manners and has destroyed them, because it was the stronger, and it did not deem it right to mix itself up with these manners.

To ask what the inhabitants of America would have been, had America escaped the search of our navigators, would certainly be a very useless question, but nevertheless a very curious one to investigate. Would they have perished in silence, like those nations further advanced in the arts, which in all probability once flourished in the regions watered by the Ohio, the Muskingum, the Tenessee, the Lower Mississipi and the Tumbecbee?

Setting aside for a moment the great principles of Christianity and the interests of Europe, a philosophic mind would feel disposed to wish that the people of the New World had had time to develop themselves out of the circle of our institutions. By this we are every where confined to the worn-out forms of an antiquated civilization. I am not speaking of the populations of Asia, held for four thousand years in a despotism which savours of childhood — among the Savages of Canada, New England, and the Floridas, were found commencements of all the customs and all the laws of the Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews. A civilization of a different nature from ours might have reproduced the men of antiquity, or have elicited unknown light from a source with which we are not yet acquainted. Who knows but we should have seen

some American Columbus coming and landing upon our shores to discover the Old World?

The corruption of Indian manners has kept pace with the depopulation of the tribes. The religious traditions are become much more confused; the instruction first imparted by the missionaries of Canada has mingled foreign ideas with the native ideas of the aborigines: and at the present day we perceive through gross fables distorted Christian doctrines. Most of the Savages wear crosses for ornaments, and the Protestant traders sell them what was given to them by the Catholic missionaries. To the honour of our country and the glory of our religion be it said, that the Indians were strongly attached to the French; they have never ceased to regret them; and a *black robe* (a missionary) is still held in veneration in the American forests. If the English, in their wars with the United States, have seen almost all the Savages enrol themselves under the British banner, the reason is because the English of Quebec have still descendants of the French among them, and because they occupy the country which was governed by *Onontbio*.* The Savage continues to love

* The Great Mountain—the name given by the Savages to the French governors of Canada.

us in the soil which we have trodden, in the land where we were his first guests, and where we have left graves; in serving the new possessors of Canada, the enemies of the French, he remains faithful to France.

In a recent book of travels to the sources of the Mississipi we find the following passage. The authority of this passage is the stronger because the author, in another part of his work, pauses to condemn the Jesuits of the present day.

"To do justice to truth, the French missionaries, in general, have invariably distinguished themselves every where by an exemplary life, befitting their profession. Their religious sincerity, their apostolic charity, their insinuating kindness, their heroic patience, their remoteness from austerity and fanaticism, fix in these countries memorable epochs in the annals of Christianity; and while the memory of a Del Vilde, a Vodilla, &c. will be held in everlasting execration by all truly Christian hearts, that of a Daniel, a Brebœuf, &c. will never lose any of that veneration which the history of discoveries and missions has so justly conferred on them. Hence that predilection which the Savages manifest for the French; a predilection which they naturally find in the recesses of their souls, cherished by the tradi-

tions which their fathers have left in favour of the first apostles of Canada, then called New France." *

This confirms what I have elsewhere written respecting the missions of Canada. The brilliant character of French valour, our disinterestedness, our gaiety, our adventurous spirit, sympathized with the genius of the Indians; but it must also be conceded that the Catholic religion is better suited to the education of the Savage than the Protestant.

When Christianity sprung up amidst a civilized world and spectacles of Paganism, it was simple in its exterior, rigid in its morality, metaphysical in its arguments, because it aimed at drawing from error people seduced by the senses or misled by systems of philosophy. When Christianity passed from the delights of Rome and of the schools of Athens to the forests of Germany, it surrounded itself with pomp and images, for the purpose of enchanting the simplicity of the barbarian. The Protestant governments of America have bestowed little attention on the civilization of the Savages; they have thought of nothing but trafficking with them; now, commerce which heightens civilization among nations already civilized, and in which knowledge has gained the ascendancy over man-

* Beltrami's *Travels*, 1823.

ners, produces nothing but corruption in people among whom manners are superior to knowledge. Religion is evidently the primitive law: Fathers Jogues, Lallement, and Brebœuf, were legislators of a very different kind from the English and American traders.

As the religious notions of the Savages have been confused, so the political institutions of those people have been deranged, by the invasion of the Europeans. The springs of Indian government were subtle and delicate; they had not been seasoned by time; and foreign policy, by touching, easily broke them. Those various councils balancing their respective authorities, those counterpoises formed by the assistants, the Sachems, the matrons, the young warriors; this whole machine, has been deranged; our presents, our vices, our arms, have bought, corrupted, or slain, the persons of whom these different powers were composed.

At the present day the Indian tribes are merely led by a chief; such as have confederated meet together occasionally in general diets; but as these assemblies are not regulated by any law, they almost always separate without coming to any decision. They have a sense of their own insignificance and the discouragement which accompanies weakness.

Another cause has contributed to impair the government of the Savages; the establishment of English and American military posts in the midst of the forests. There a commandant constitutes himself the protector of the Indians in the wilderness; by means of a few presents he induces the tribes to appear before him; he declares himself their father, and the envoy of one of the *three white moons*—so the Savages call the Spaniards, the French, and the English. The commandant informs his *red children*, that he is going to fix such and such boundaries, to clear such and such lands, &c. The Savage begins at last to believe that he is not the real owner of the soil which is appropriated without his consent; he becomes accustomed to consider himself as a being of an inferior species to the white: he submits to receive orders to hunt, to fight, for his masters. What need have they to govern themselves who have nothing to do but obey?

It is natural that manners and customs should have deterioriated with religion and policy, that every thing should have been swept away at once.

When the Europeans penetrated into America, the Savages derived food and clothing from the produce of the chace, and carried on no kind of

traffic with it among themselves. The strangers soon taught them to barter it for arms, strong liquors, various household utensils, coarse cloths, and personal ornaments. Some Frenchmen, who were called *wood-rangers*, at first accompanied the Indians in their excursions. By and by there were formed companies of traders, which pushed forward advanced posts, and established factories in the midst of the deserts. Pursued by European rapacity and by the corruption of the civilized nations into the recesses of their forests, the Indians exchange in these magazines rich furs for articles of little value, but which are become with them objects of primary necessity. Not only do they traffic with the produce of the chace in hand, but even dispose of the proceeds of future expeditions, just as we should sell a growing crop.

These advances granted by the traders plunge the Indians into an abyss of debt: they are then exposed to all the calamities incident to the lowest classes of our cities and to all the distresses of the Savage. Anxious to augment the quantity of their booty, they transform their hunting excursions into a most severe toil; they take their wives along with them; these wretched creatures, on whom are imposed all the labours of the camp, drag the sledges, fetch the

game when it is killed, tan the hides, and dry the flesh. They are seen laden with the heaviest burdens, besides carrying their children at the breast or at their backs. When pregnant and near their time, in order to accelerate their delivery and their return to work, they lean with the abdomen upon a wooden bar elevated some feet above the ground, and, with their head and legs thus hanging down, they give birth to a miserable being, in all the severity of the malediction—*In dolore paries filios!*

Civilization, therefore, introduced by commerce among the American tribes, instead of developing their intelligence, has brutalized them. The Indian is become treacherous, selfish, dissolute, and a liar: his hut is a receptacle of filth and ordure. When he was naked, or covered with the skins of beasts, he had about him something proud and grand: now, European rags, without covering his nudity, merely attest his indigence: he is no longer a Savage in his forests; he is a beggar at the door of a factory.

Lastly, there has arisen a sort of cross-breed, the offspring of European adventurers and female Savages. These men, who are called *burnt wood*, from the colour of their complexion, are the agents or brokers between the nations from which they de-

rive their double origin; speaking the language both of their fathers and their mothers, interpreters for the traders with the Indians and with the Indians for the traders, they have the vices of both races. These bastards of civilized nature and of savage nature sell themselves sometimes to the Americans, at others to the English, who strive through them to secure the monopoly of the fur-trade; they keep up the rivalry between the English Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies, and the American Columbian Fur, and Missouri Fur Companies and others; and they themselves hunt on account of the traders and with hunters paid by the Companies.

The scene is then totally different from that exhibited by Indian hunting expeditions. The men are on horseback; they have covered waggons for the conveyance of the dried flesh and furs; and the women and children are drawn in small carts by dogs. These dogs, so useful in the northern regions, are an additional charge to their masters; for the latter, unable to feed them during summer, put them out to board with keepers on credit, and thus contract fresh debts. The famished dogs sometimes escape from the kennel; as they are prevented from hunting they go a-fishing, and may be

seen plunging into the rivers and seizing the fish at the very bottom of the water.

In Europe people know but of that American war which gave a free nation to the world. They are not aware that blood has been spilt for the petty interests of a few fur-dealers. In 1811 the Hudson's Bay Company sold to Lord Selkirk a large tract of land on the banks of the Red River, where a settlement was formed in 1812. The North-West or Canada Company took umbrage at this: the two Companies, with various Indian tribes, their allies, and seconded by *burnt woods*, came to blows. This petty civil warfare, which was terrible, took place in the frozen deserts of Hudson's Bay: Lord Selkirk's colony was destroyed in the month of June 1815, precisely at the moment when the battle of Waterloo was fought. On these two theatres, so different for brilliancy and for obscurity, the sufferings of the human species were the same. The two Companies, having exhausted their strength, felt that it would be more advantageous to both to unite than to tear each other in pieces: they are now pushing their operations in concert westward as far as the Colombia, and northward to the rivers which run into the Polar sea.

In short, the proudest nations of North America have retained nothing of their race but the language and the garb; even this latter is altered: they have learned somewhat of the art of cultivating the soil and rearing cattle. Instead of the famous warrior that he was, the Savage of Canada is become an obscure herdsman—an extraordinary sort of swain, driving his mares with a tomahawk, and his sheep with arrows. Philip, successor to Alexander, died a clerk at Rome; an Iroquois sings and dances for a few pieces of money at Paris: one ought not to see the morrow of glory.

In sketching this picture of a savage world, in referring incessantly to Canada and Louisiana, in observing on the old maps the extent of the ancient French colonies in America, I was haunted by one painful idea: I asked myself how the government of my country could have left colonies to perish which would now be to us a source of inexhaustible prosperity.

From Acadia and Canada to Louisiana, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississipi, the territories of New France surrounded what originally formed the confederation of the thirteen United States. The eleven other States, the district of Colombia, the Michigan, North-West, Missouri,

Oregon, and Arkansa, territories, belonged, or would have belonged to us, as they now belong to the United States, by the cession of the English and Spaniards, our first heirs in Canada and in Louisiana.

Take your point of departure between the 43d and 44th degree of north latitude, on the Atlantic, at Sandy Cape in Nova Scotia, formerly Acadia; from this point draw a line at the back of the first United States, Maine, Vernon, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia; let this line run by the Tennessee to the Mississipi and New Orleans: then carry it up from the 29th degree (the latitude of the mouths of the Mississipi), by the Arkansa territory to that of Oregon; let it cross the Rocky Mountains, and terminate at Point St. George, on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, in the 42d degree of north latitude; the immense region comprized between this line, the Atlantic Ocean to the north-east, the Polar Sea to the north, the Russian possessions to the north-west, and the gulph of Mexico to the south, that is to say, more than two thirds of North America, would acknowledge the sovereignty of France.

How would it have been, had we still retained possession of such colonies, at the moment of the

emancipation of the United States? would this emancipation have taken place? would our presence on the soil of America have hastened or retarded it? would New France itself have become free? why not? What misfortune could it have been to the mother-country to see an immense empire, sprung from its own bosom, free and flourishing—an empire which would spread the glory of our name and language throughout another hemisphere?

We possessed beyond sea vast countries which might have offered a home to the excess of our population, an important market to our commerce, a nursery to our navy: now, we are forced to confine in our prisons culprits condemned by the tribunals, for want of a spot of ground whereon to place these wretched creatures. We are excluded from the new world, where the human race is re-commencing. The English and Spanish languages serve to express the thoughts of many millions of men in Africa, in Asia, in the South Sea islands, on the continent of the two Americas; and we, disinherited of the conquests of our courage and our genius, hear the language of Racine, of Colbert, and of Louis XIV. spoken merely in a few hamlets of Louisiana and Canada, under a foreign sway: there it remains, as though

but for an evidence of the reverses of our fortune and the errors of our policy.

Thus then has France disappeared from North America, like those Indian tribes with which she sympathized, and some of the wrecks of which I have beheld. What has happened in this North America since the time when I travelled in it? this is the proper place for relating that. To cheer the reader, I will at the conclusion of this work, spread before his eyes a marvellous picture: he shall learn what liberty can accomplish for the happiness and the dignity of man, when it does not separate itself from religious ideas, when it is both wise and holy.

UNITED STATES.

WERE I to revisit the United States, I should not know them again; where I left forests, I should find cultivated lands; where I had to clear myself a way through thickets, I should now travel upon high roads. The Mississipi, the Missouri, the Ohio, no longer flow through a wilderness; large three-masted ships sail up them, and more than two hundred steam-vessels enliven their banks. At Natchez, instead of the cabin of Celuta there is now a charming town of about five thousand inhábitants. Chactas might now be a member of Congress, and travel to Atala's residence by two roads, one of which leads to St. Stephen's on the Tumbecbee, and the other to Natchicotches: a road-book would specify the stages, eleven in number: Washington, Franklin, Homochitt, &c.

The Alabama and Tennessee are divided, the former into thirty-three counties, containing twenty-one towns: the latter into fifty-one counties, comprising forty-eight towns. Some of these towns, such as Catawba, the capital of Alabama, retain

their savage name, but they are surrounded by other places with a different sort of denominations: among the Muscogulges, the Siminoles, the Cherokees, and the Chickasaws, we meet with a city of Athens, a Marathon, a Carthage, a Memphis, a Sparta, a Florence, a Hampden, and counties of Colombia and Marengo. The glory of all countries has placed a name in these same wilds where I met with Father Aubry and the obscure Atala.

Kentucky exhibits a Versailles; a county called Bourbon has a Paris for its capital. All the exiles, all the oppressed, who have retired to America, have carried with them the remembrance of their own country.

——— Falsi Simoentis ad undam
Libabat cineri Andromache.

Thus the United States cherish within their bosom, under the protection of liberty, an image and a memorial of most of the celebrated places of ancient and modern Europe—like that garden in the Campagna of Rome, in which Adrian had models of the different monuments of his empire erected.

It should be observed that there is scarcely a county but has a town, village, or hamlet, called Washington—touching unanimity of the gratitude of a nation.

The Ohio now waters four States: Kentucky,

Ohio properly so called, Indiana, and Illinois. These four States send thirty deputies and eight senators to Congress: Virginia and Tennessee border upon the Ohio at two points; it numbers on its banks one hundred and ninety-one counties, and two hundred and eighty towns. A canal which is digging at the portage of its rapids, and which will be finished in three years, will render the river navigable for large vessels as high as Pittsburg.

Thirty high-roads meet at Washington, as the Roman roads met at ancient Rome, and diverging from that point, run to the circumference of the United States. Thus you may go from Washington to Dover, in Delaware; from Washington to Providence, Rhode Island; from Washington to Robinstown, in the district of Maine, the boundary to the British dominions northward; from Washington to Concord; from Washington to Montpellier, in Connecticut; from Washington to Albany, and thence to Montreal and Quebec; from Washington to Sackett's Harbour, on Lake Ontario; from Washington to the fall and fort of Niagara; from Washington, through Pittsburg to Detroit and to Machillimackinac, on Lake Erie; from Washington, through St. Louis on the Mississipi, to Council Bluffs, in Missouri; from Washington to New

Orleans and the mouth of the Mississipi; from Washington to Natchez; from Washington to Charlestown, Savannah, and St. Augustin—the whole forming an interior circulation of roads of 25,747 miles.

From the points to which these roads tend it is obvious that they traverse tracts formerly wild, but now cultivated and inhabited. On a great number of these roads you may travel post, or public stage-coaches carry you from place to place at a moderate price. You may now take the diligence for the Ohio or the fall of Niagara, as in my time you engaged an Indian guide or interpreter. Cross-roads branch off from the principal roads and are equally provided with the means of conveyance. These means are almost always of two kinds, for as there are every where lakes and rivers, you may travel either in row-boats, sailing-boats, or steam-vessels.

Vessels of the latter class make regular trips from Boston and New York to New Orleans: they are likewise established on the lakes of Canada, the Ontario, the Erie, the Michigan, the Champlain, on those lakes where thirty years ago scarcely the canoes of Savages were to be seen, and where ships of the line now engage one another.

The steam-vessels of the United States are not

only subservient to the wants of commerce and of travellers, but are also employed for the defence of the country: some of them, of immense size, placed at the mouths of rivers, armed with cannon and boiling water, resemble at one and the same time modern citadels and fortresses of the middle ages.

To the twenty-five thousand seven hundred and forty-seven miles of general roads must be added the extent of four hundred and nineteen district roads, and of fifty-eight thousand one hundred and thirty-seven miles of water-ways. The canals increase the number of the latter: the Middlesex canal joins the harbour of Boston with the river Merrimack; the Champlain canal forms a communication between that lake and the Canadian seas; the famous Erie or New York Canal now unites Lake Erie and the Atlantic; the Sautee, Chesapeake, and Albemarle Canals were constructed by the States of Carolina and Virginia; and as broad rivers running in different directions approach towards their sources, nothing was easier than to connect them together. Five roads to the Pacific Ocean are already known; one only of these roads passes through the Spanish territory.

A law of Congress, passed in the session of 1824-5, directs the establishment of a military post

at Oregon. The Americans, who have a settlement on the Colombia, can thus penetrate to the great ocean by a zone of land nearly six degrees in breadth, between English, Russian, and Spanish America.

There are nevertheless natural limits to colonization. The forests to the west and north of the Missouri are bounded by immense steppes, where not a tree is to be seen, and which seem to be unsusceptible of culture, though grass grows abundantly upon them. This verdant Arabia affords a passage to the colonists who repair in caravans to the Rocky Mountains and to New Mexico; it separates the United States of the Atlantic from the United States of the South Sea, like those deserts which, in the Old World, are interposed between fertile regions. An American has offered to construct at his own expense a solid high road from St. Louis on the Mississipi to the mouth of the Colombia, if the Congress will grant him a tract ten miles in depth on either side of the road. This gigantic proposal has not been accepted.

In the year 1789 there were only seventy-five post-offices in the United States: there are now upwards of five thousand. From 1790 to 1795, these offices increased from seventy-five to four hundred

and fifty-three; in 1800 their number was nine hundred and three; in 1805 they amounted to fifteen hundred and fifty-eight; in 1810 to two thousand three hundred; in 1817 to three thousand three hundred and fifty-nine; in 1820 to four thousand and thirty: in 1825 to nearly five thousand five hundred.

Letters and packets are conveyed by mail-coaches which travel about one hundred and fifty thousand miles a day, and by couriers on horseback and on foot.

One great mail-coach line extends from Anson, in the state of Maine, through Washington, to Nashville, in the state of Tennessee, a distance of fourteen hundred and forty-eight miles. Another line connects Highgate, in the state of Vermont, with St. Mary in Georgia, a distance of thirteen hundred and sixty-nine miles. Relays for mail-coaches are stationed from Washington to Pittsburg, a distance of two hundred and twenty-six miles: they will soon be established as far as St. Louis on the Mississipi, by way of Vincennes, and as far as Nashville, through Lexington, in Kentucky. The inns are good and clean, and sometimes excellent.

Offices for the sale of the public lands are opened in the states of Ohio and Indiana, in the territory of

Michigan, Missouri, and Arkansas, and in the States of Louisiana, Mississipi, and Alabama. It is computed that one hundred and fifty millions of acres of land fit for cultivation, exclusively of the soil of vast forests, yet remain to be disposed of. These hundred and fifty millions of acres are estimated to be worth fifteen hundred millions of dollars, at the average rate of ten dollars per acre, and reckoning the dollar at no more three francs—a very low calculation in every respect.

We find twenty-five military posts in the Northern States and twenty-two in the Southern States.

In 1790 the population of the United States was 3,929,326 souls; in 1800, it was 5,305,666; in 1810, 7,239,300; in 1820, 9,609,827. This last number included 1,531,436 slaves.

In 1790, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Alabama, Mississipi, and Missouri, had not inhabitants enough to be worth numbering. In 1800 Kentucky alone contained 73,677, and Tennessee 35,691. Ohio, without inhabitants in 1790, had 45,365 in 1800; 230,760 in 1810; and 581,434 in 1820. Between 1810 and 1820, Alabama increased from 10,000 inhabitants to 120,901.

Thus the population of the United States has increased every ten years, from 1790 to 1820, at the

rate of thirty-five per cent. Six years have already elapsed of the ten which will be completed in 1830, when, it is presumed, the population of the United States will be little short of 12,875,000 souls; and the State of Ohio will have 850,000 inhabitants, and that of Kentucky 750,000.

If the population were to go on doubling every twenty-five years, the United States would have in 1855 a population of 25,750,000 souls; and in twenty-five years more, that is to say, in 1880, that population would exceed fifty millions.

In 1821, the value of native and foreign productions exported from the United States amounted to the sum of 64,974,382 dollars. In the same year, the public revenue was 14,264,000 dollars; the excess of the receipts beyond the expenditure was 3,334,826 dollars. In the same year, also, the national debt was reduced to 89,204,236 dollars.

The army has sometimes been raised to a hundred thousand men: and the navy of the United States is composed of eleven sail of the line, nine frigates, and fifty other ships of war of various sizes.

It is superfluous to say any thing concerning the constitutions of the different States; it is sufficient to know that they are all free.

There is no predominant religion, but every citizen is expected to conform to some mode of Christian worship. The Catholic religion is making considerable progress in the western States.

Supposing, which I believe to be the case, that the statistical summaries published by the United States are exaggerated by the national vanity, still there will be left a total of prosperity well worthy of our highest admiration.

To complete this astonishing picture, we must figure to ourselves cities like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Savannah, New Orleans, lighted at night, filled with horses and carriages, offering all the gratifications of luxury, brought to their ports by thousands of ships; we must figure to ourselves the Lakes of Canada, formerly so solitary, now covered with frigates, brigs, cutters, boats, steam-vessels, intermixed with the canoes of the Indians, as the large ships and galleys are with pinks, sloops, and caïques, in the waters of the Bosphorus. Churches and houses, embellished with columns of Grecian architecture, rise from amidst these forests, and on the banks of these rivers, the ancient ornaments of the wilderness. Add to these, spacious colleges, observatories, erected for science in the abode of savage ignorance, all religions, all opinions,

dwelling together in peace, labouring in concert for the melioration of the human race and the development of the human understanding. Such are the prodigies of liberty.

The Abbé Raynal offered a prize for a solution of the question: "What influence will the discovery of the New World have upon the Old World?"

Writers lost themselves in calculations relative to the exportation and importation of the precious metals, the depopulation of Spain, the increase of commerce, the improvement of the navy: nobody, as far as I know, sought the influence of the discovery of America upon Europe in the establishment of the American Republics. They figured to themselves the old monarchies continuing in much the same state as they then were, society stationary, the human mind neither advancing nor retrograding; they had not the least idea of the revolution which in the space of twenty years has taken place in opinions.

The most valuable of the treasures which America contained within her bosom was liberty; every nation is called to work this inexhaustible mine. The discovery of the representative republic by the United States is one of the greatest political events that ever occurred. This event proves, as I have

elsewhere observed, that there are two practicable kinds of liberty; the one belonging to the infancy of nations, the offspring of manners and of virtue, the liberty of the first Greeks and of the first Romans, and the liberty of the Savages of America; the other born in the old age of nations, the offspring of knowledge and reason, the liberty of the United States, which has superseded the liberty of the Indian. Happy country, which in less than three centries has passed from one liberty to the other, almost without effort, and by means of a contest which lasted only eight years!

Will America preserve its last kind of liberty? Will there not be a division of the United States? May we not already perceive the germs of these divisions? Has not a representative of Virginia already supported the thesis of the ancient Greek and Roman liberty with the system of slavery against a deputy of Massachusets, who advocated the cause of modern liberty without slaves, such as Christianity has made it?

Will not the Western States, extending themselves farther and farther, and being too remote from the Atlantic States, be desirous of having a government to themselves?

Lastly, are the Americans a perfect people? have

they not their vices like other men? are they morally superior to the English, from whom they derive their origin? Will not the tide of foreign emigration, incessantly pouring upon them from all parts of Europe, eventually destroy the homogeneousness of their race? Will not the mercantile spirit gain the ascendancy? Is not self-interest beginning to be a predominant national defect among them?

We are also obliged to confess with pain, that the establishment of the republics of Mexico, Colombia, Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres, is pregnant with danger to the United States. While the latter had about them nothing but the colonies of a Transatlantic kingdom, war was not probable. May not rivalships now spring up between the old republics of North America and the new republics of Spanish America? Will not the latter interdict alliances with European powers? If both sides should have recourse to arms; if the military spirit should take possession of the United States; a great captain might arise: glory loves crowns; soldiers are but brilliant forgers of chains, and liberty is not sure of preserving its patrimony under the guardianship of victory.

Let what will happen, liberty will never be entirely banished from America; and here it is right

to specify one of the great advantages possessed by liberty the offspring of knowledge over liberty the offspring of manners.

Liberty, the offspring of manners, perishes when its principle deteriorates, and it is in the nature of manners to deteriorate with time.

Liberty, the offspring of manners, begins before despotism in the days of poverty and obscurity; it is lost in despotism, and in ages of glory and luxury.

Liberty, the offspring of knowledge, shines after ages of oppression and corruption; it advances with the principle which preserves and renews it; the knowledge of which it is the effect, instead of becoming feeble with time, like the manners which give birth to the first liberty—knowledge, I say, grows stronger on the contrary with time: thus it forsakes not the liberty which it has produced; constantly about that liberty, it is at once its generative virtue and its inexhaustible source.

To conclude; the United States have one safeguard more: their population does not occupy an eighteenth part of their territory. America still dwells in the wilderness; for a long time to come her deserts will be her manners and knowledge her liberty.

I wish I could say as much of the Spanish repub-

lics in America. They enjoy independence; they are separated from Europe: it is a complete event, an immense event, undoubtedly, in its results, but of which liberty is not the necessary and immediate consequence.

SPANISH REPUBLICS.

When English America rose against Great Britain, its position was very different from the position in which Spanish America now is. The colonies which have since formed the United States had been peopled at different periods by English, dissatisfied with their native country, and who removed from it that they might enjoy civil and religious liberty. Those who settled principally in New England belonged to that republican sect famous under the second of the Stuarts.

The hatred of monarchy was kept up in the cold climate of Massachuset, New Hampshire, and Maine. When the revolution broke out at Boston, it was not, we may say, a new revolution, but the revolution of 1649 re-appearing after an adjournment of somewhat more than a century, and about to be prosecuted by the descendants of Cromwell's Puritans. If Cromwell himself, who had embarked for New England, and who was compelled by an order of Charles the First's to land again; if Cromwell, I say, had gone to America, he would have remained

obscure, but his sons would have enjoyed that republican liberty which he sought in a crime, and which gave him nothing but a throne.

Royalist soldiers, taken prisoners on the field of battle, sold for slaves by the parliamentary faction, and not recalled by Charles the Second, also left in North America children indifferent to the cause of kings.

As Englishmen, the colonists of the United States were already accustomed to the public discussion of the interests of the people, to the rights of citizens, to the language and form of constitutional government. They were conversant with the arts, sciences, and literature; they partook of all the knowledge of the mother-country. They enjoyed the institution of the jury; they had moreover in each of their colonies charters, by virtue of which they governed themselves, and managed their own affairs. These charters were founded on principles so generous that they still serve for constitutions to the different United States. From these circumstances it follows, that the United States did not change their existence, if I may be allowed the expression, at the moment of their revolution; an American congress was substituted for an English parliament; a president for a king; the bond of federalism super-

seded the feudatory chain, and it accidentally happened that there was a great man to tighten that bond.

Have the heirs of Pizarro and of Fernando Cortez any resemblance to the children of Penn's *brethren* and to the sons of the Independents? Have they been educated in Old Spain in the school of liberty? Have they found in their old country the institutions, the information, the examples, the knowledge, which mould a people to a constitutional government? Had they charters in those colonies subject to military authority, where poverty and rags cowered upon mines of gold? Has not Spain carried to the New World her religion, her manners, her customs, her ideas, her principles, and her very prejudices? Was a Catholic population swayed by a numerous, wealthy, and powerful clergy; a mixed population of 293,700 whites, 5,518,000 black and mulattoes, free or slaves, and 7,530,000 Indians; a population divided into nobles and commonalty; a population scattered in immense forests, through an infinite variety of climates, over two Americas, and along the coasts of two Oceans; a population almost without national relations and without common interest—was such a population as well fitted for democratic institutions, as the homogeneous po-

pulation, without distinction of ranks, and seven-eighths Protestant, of the ten millions of citizens of the United States? In the United States instruction is general; in the Spanish republics nearly the whole of the population cannot so much as read: the priest is the only scholar in the villages; these villages are rare, and the towns so wide apart that it takes three or four months to travel from one to another. Towns and villages have been destroyed by war: there are no roads, no canals; the immense rivers, which will some day carry civilization into the most secret recesses of those countries, still water nothing but deserts.

From these Negroes, these Indians, these Europeans, is sprung a mixed population, vegetating in that very mild slavery which is established by the Spanish manners wherever they bear sway. In Columbia there exists a race, the offspring of the African and the Indian, which has no other instinct but to live and to serve. The principle of the liberty of slaves has been proclaimed, and yet all the slaves have chosen to stay with their former masters.

In some of these colonies, forgotten even by Spain herself, and which were oppressed by petty despots, called governors, great corruption of manners prevailed: nothing was more common than to see ecclesi-

astics surrounded by a family whose origin they took no pains to conceal. Persons have been known to make a speculation of their intercourse with negresses, and to enrich themselves by selling the children borne to them by those slaves.

The democratic forms were so utterly unknown, the very name of a republic was so strange in those countries, that, but for a volume of Rollin's History, they could not have told in Paraguay what was the meaning of a dictator, consuls, and a senate. At Guatimala it was two or three young foreigners who digested the constitution. Nations among which political education is so backward always leave room to fears for liberty.

The upper classes in Mexico are polished and well-informed; but, as Mexico is destitute of ports, the general population has not been in contact with the intelligence of Europe.

Columbia, on the contrary, from the favourable disposition of its coast, has more communication with abroad, and a remarkable personage has arisen from its bosom. But is it certain that a generous soldier can succeed as easily in the attempt to establish liberty as to impose slavery? Force cannot compensate for time; when a people is deficient in the rudiments of political education, that education

must be the work of years. Thus liberty would thrive ill under the shade of the dictatorship, and there is always cause to apprehend lest a prolonged dictatorship should eventually give him who is invested with it a fondness for perpetual arbitrary rule. This is turning in a vicious circle. A civil war exists in the republic of central America.

The Bolivian republic, and that of Chili, have been convulsed by revolutions: placed on the Pacific Ocean, they seem to be cut off from the most civilized part of the world.*

Buenos Ayres has the inconveniences of its latitude: it is but too true that the temperature of many a region may be an obstacle to the action and progress of the popular government. A country, where the physical strength of man is melted down by the heat of the sun, where he must shut himself up all day, and lie stretched almost motionless on a mat—a country of this nature is not favourable to the deliberations of the forum. We ought certainly to beware of exaggerating, in any respect, the influence of climates: in the temperate zones free people and enslaved people have been seen alternately on

* At the moment I am writing, the public papers of all opinions announce the commotions, divisions, and bankruptcies of these different republics.

the same spot; but, within the polar circle, and under the line, there are incontestably exigences of climate which must produce permanent effects. The negroes, from this necessity alone, will always be powerful, if they should not become masters in South America.

The United States rose of their own accord, from weariness of the yoke and love of independence: when they had broken their fetters they found in themselves intelligence sufficient for their own government. A high state of civilization, a political education of old date, and a proficiency in arts and manufactures, raised them to that degree of prosperity at which we now behold them, without their having ever been obliged to resort to the money and the intelligence of foreigners.

The Spanish republics are in a very different predicament.

Though miserably administered by the mother country, the first movement of these colonies was rather the effect of a foreign impulsion than the instinct of liberty. It was produced by the war of the French revolution. The English who, ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had not ceased to turn their eyes to the Spanish Americas, sent out, in 1806, an expedition against Buenos Ayres,

—an expedition which was foiled by the bravery of a single Frenchman, Captain Liniers.

It then became a question with the Spanish colonies, whether they should follow the policy of the Spanish cabinet, at that time in alliance with Buonaparte; or whether, regarding this alliance as compulsory and unnatural, they should shake off the *Spanish government* to preserve themselves for the *king of Spain.*

So far back as the year 1790, Miranda had begun to negociate with England the business of emancipation. This negociation was resumed in 1797, 1801, 1804, and 1807, at which latter date a considerable expedition was fitting out at Cork for Terra Firma. At length, in 1809, Miranda was thrown into the Spanish colonies; his attempt proved disastrous, but the insurrection of Venezuela acquired consistence, and it was extended by Bolivar.

The question had meanwhile changed both for the colonies and for England. Spain had risen against Buonaparte; the constitutional system had been set a-going at Cadiz, under the direction of the Cortes; these ideas of liberty were necessarily carried to America by the authority of the Cortes themselves.

England, on her part, could no longer ostensibly attack the Spanish colonies, since the king of

Spain, then a prisoner in France, had become her ally. She therefore passed acts forbidding the subjects of his Britannic Majesty to afford assistance to the Americans; but at the same time six or seven thousand men, enrolled in spite of these diplomatic acts, went to support the insurrection in Columbia.

Spain, returning to her former government, after the restoration of Ferdinand, committed great errors: the constitutional government re-established by the insurrection of the troops in the Isla de Leon displayed no greater ability; and the Cortes were still less favourable to the emancipation of the Spanish colonies than the absolute government had been. Bolivar, by his activity and his victories, completely dissolved those ties which there was at first no intention of breaking. The English, who were every where, in Mexico, in Columbia, in Peru, in Chili with Lord Cochrane, at length publicly avowed what had been in a great measure their secret work.

It is obvious therefore that the Spanish colonies have not, like the United States, been urged to emancipation by a powerful principle of liberty; that this principle had not, at the commencement of the troubles, that vitality, that strength, which indicates firmness of will in nations. An impulsion communicated from without, extremely complicated

interests and events—these are what we perceive at the first glance. The colonies separated themselves from Spain, because Spain was invaded; they then gave themselves constitutions, as the Cortes did to the mother-country; reasonable propositions were not made to them, and they would not resume the yoke. This is not all: the money and the speculations of foreigners tended to rob them of every thing native and national that was yet left to their liberty.

From 1822 to 1826 ten loans, amounting to the sum of £20,978,000 sterling, were raised in England for the Spanish colonies. These loans were contracted upon an average at 75. A deduction was made from them of two years' interest at six per cent, and the sum of seven millions sterling was retained for supplies furnished. The amount really disbursed by England is estimated at seven millions sterling; but the Spanish republics are nevertheless saddled with a debt of £20,978,000.

To these loans, of themselves excessive, were added that multitude of associations or companies, formed to work the mines, to fish for the pearls, to dig the canals, to construct the roads, to clear the lands, of this new world, which seemed to have been but just discovered. These companies were twenty-

nine in number, and the nominal capital to be employed by them amounted to £14,767,500. The subscribers paid up only about a fourth of this sum, which makes three millions sterling to be added to the seven millions in loans; being a total of ten millions advanced by England to the Spanish colonies, and and for which she charges a nominal sum of £35,745,500 to the governments and to individuals.

England has vice-consuls in the smallest bays, consuls in the ports of any importance, consuls-general and ministers plenipotentary in Columbia and Mexico. The whole country is covered with English commercial houses and English commercial travellers, agents of English mining companies, English mineralogists, English military men, English contractors, English settlers, to whom land which cost the shareholder one shilling an acre has been sold at the rate of three shillings. The English flag flies on all the coasts of the Atlantic and the South Sea; vessels ascend and descend all the navigable rivers laden with the produce of the English manufactories, or goods exchanged for them: packets equipped by the Admiralty sail regularly every month from Great Britain for the different points of the Spanish colonies.

Numerous failures have been the consequence of these immoderate speculations: the populace in many places have destroyed the machinery for working the mines: mines sold could not be found; law-suits have commenced between the Spanish American merchants and the English merchants, and discussions relative to the loans have arisen between the governments.

From these facts it follows, that the late colonies of Spain became at the moment of their emancipation a sort of English colonies. The new masters are not loved, for people do not love masters; in general, British pride humbles even those whom it protects: but it is not the less true that this kind of foreign supremacy damps the ardour of the national genius in the Spanish republics.

The independence of the United States was not combined with so many different interests: England had not suffered, like Spain, an invasion and a political revolution, while her colonies were separating themselves from her. The United States received military succour from France, who treated them as allies; they did not become, by means of a multitude of wars, speculations, and intrigues, the debtors and the market of foreigners.

Besides, the independence of the Spanish colo-

nies is not yet acknowledged by the mother-country. This passive resistance of the cabinet of Madrid has much more weight and is productive of more inconvenience than may be imagined. Right is a power which long balances fact, even when events are not favourable to right; this was proved by our restoration. Had England, without making war upon the United States, contented herself with refusing to acknowledge their independence, would the United States be what they now are?.

The more obstacles the Spanish republics have met with and shall encounter in their new career, the more merit they will have in surmounting them. They contain within their vast territories all the elements of prosperity—variety of climate and soil, forests for the navy, ports for shipping, a double ocean which opens to them the commerce of the world. Nature has lavished every thing on these republics: the soil is rich above and below its surface, and gold fertilizes its bosom. Spanish America has therefore a propitious futurity before her; but to tell her that she can arrive at it without efforts would be to deceive her, to lull her into a fallacious security; the flatterers of nations are as dangerous as the flatterers of kings. When we

create a Utopia for ourselves we pay no regard either to the past or to the earth upon which we place it; the rivers fertilize not the history either of facts, or of manners, or of character, or of prejudices, or of passions; enchanted with our own dreams, we provide not against contingencies, and thus mar the brightest destinies.

I have candidly set forth the difficulties which may clog the liberty of the Spanish republics; I ought in like manner to point out the guarantees of their independence.

In the first place, the influence of the climate, and the want of roads and of culture, would frustrate any efforts that might be made to conquer these republics. The coast might be occupied for a moment, but it would be impossible for an enemy to advance into the interior.

Columbia has no longer any Spaniards, properly so called, within its territory; they were denominated the *Goths*, and they have either perished or been expelled. In Mexico measures have just been taken against the natives of the late mother-country.

The whole of the clergy of Columbia is American: many of the priests, by a culpable infringement of the discipline of the church, are fathers of families like any other citizens, and do not even wear the

habit of their order. This state of things is no doubt prejudicial to morals: but, on the other hand, it has the effect of rendering the clergy, though Catholic, favourable to the emancipation, from the dread of more intimate relations with the church of Rome. During the troubles, the monks were rather soldiers than churchmen. Twenty years of revolution have created rights, properties, places, which would not easily be destroyed; and the new generation, born during the course of the revolution of the colonies, is full of ardour for independence. Spain formerly boasted that the sun never set upon her dominions: let us hope that liberty will never cease to enlighten mankind.

But, might not this liberty have been established in Spanish America, in an easier and safer mode than that which has been pursued, a mode which, if adopted at a seasonable time, before events had produced any thing decisive, would have obviated a multitude of obstacles? I think it might.

In my opinion the Spanish colonies would have been great gainers if they had formed themselves into constitutional monarchies. Representative monarchy is, according to my notions, a government far superior to the republican government, because

it bars individnal pretensions to the executive power, and combines order and liberty.

It seems to me too that representative monarchy would have been better suited to the Spanish character, and to the state of persons and things in a country where extensive landed property gives the lead, where the number of Europeans is small, and that of the Negroes and Indians considerable, where slavery is a universal usage, where the religion of the state is the Catholic religion, and above all, where the inferior classes are totally destitute of instruction.

The Spanish colonies, independent of the mother country, formed into great representative monarchies, would have completed their political education, secure from the storms which may still overthrow the infant republics. A people suddenly starting out of slavery is liable, while hurrying into freedom, to fall into anarchy, and anarchy almost invariably begets despotism.

But, if there existed a system calculated to prevent these divisions, I may probably be addressed in such language as this: "You have been in power: were you content with merely wishing peace, prosperity, and liberty to Spanish

America? Did you confine yourself to empty aspirations?"

Here I will anticipate my *Memoirs*, and make a confession.

When Ferdinand was delivered at Cadiz, and Louis XVIII. had written to the Spanish monarch to persuade him to give a free government to his subjects, my mission seemed to me to be at an end. I had the idea of resigning to the king the portfolio of foreign affairs, and supplicating his majesty to transfer it to the virtuous duke de Montmorency. What anxiety I should then have spared myself! what divisions I should perhaps have spared the public opinion! friendship and power would not have furnished a melancholy example. Crowned with success, I should have gone out of administration in the most brilliant manner, to devote the remainder of my life to repose.

It was the interests of the Spanish colonies, of which my subject has led me to treat, that occasioned the last freak of my skittish fortune. I may assert that I sacrificed myself to the hope of ensuring the peace and independence of a great people.

At the time when I thought of resigning, important negociations had been carried very far; I had commenced others, the threads of which I held

in my hands: I flattered myself that I had laid down a basis, where there would be room at once for the rights of nations, the interest of my own country, and that of other countries. I cannot enter into the details of this plan, for reasons which will be sufficiently obvious.

In diplomacy, a project conceived is not a project executed: governments have their routine and their pace: one must have patience; one cannot take foreign cabinets by assault as the Dauphin took towns; policy cannot proceed as rapidly as glory did at the head of our troops. Unfortunately relinquishing my first intention, I remained with a view to complete my work. I fancied that, having prepared it, I should know more about it than my successor; I was afraid too that the portfolio might not be delivered to M. de Montmorency, and that another minister might adopt a superannuated system in regard to the Spanish colonies. I yielded to the seducing idea of attaching my name to the liberty of the second America, without compromising that liberty in the emancipated colonies, and without exposing the monarchical principle of the European states.

Assured of the friendly sentiments of the various cabinets of the continent, one alone excepted,

I did not despair of overcoming the resistance opposed to me in England by a statesman recently deceased — a resistance owing much less to himself than to the mistaken mercantile policy of his nation. The private correspondence which took place between me and my illustrious friend on this important subject will some day perhaps be made public. As all things are linked together in the destinies of man, so it is possible that Mr. Canning, by joining in plans which, moreover, differed but little from his own, might have found more peace, and have avoided the political disquietudes which harassed his latter days. Talents are fast disappearing: a very petty Europe is arraying itself in the garb of mediocrity: a desert must be traversed to arrive at new generations.

Be this as it may, I thought that the administration of which I was a member would suffer me to finish an edifice which could not fail to be an honour to it. I had the simplicity to believe that the affairs of my office, carrying me with them abroad, could not throw me in any person's way: like the star-gazer, I kept my eye fixed on the sky and tumbled into a well. England exulted at my fall: it is true that we had a garrison in Cadiz, under the white flag, and that the monarchical emancipa-

tion of the Spanish colonies, through the generous influence of the eldest son of the Bourbons, would have raised France to the highest degree of prosperity and glory.

Such has been the last dream of my mature age: I fancied myself in America, and I awoke in Europe. It yet remains for me to relate how I formerly returned from that same America, after the first dream of my youth had been in like manner dispelled.

CONCLUSION

OF THE

TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

WANDERING from forest to forest, I had approached the American settlements. One evening I descried on the brink of a stream a farm-house built of trunks of trees. I solicited hospitality and it was granted.

Night came on: the dwelling was lighted only by the flame of the fire; I seated myself in the chimney-corner. While my hostess prepared supper, I amused myself with reading, by the fire-light, with my head bent down, an English newspaper which I picked up on the floor. I saw in large letters these words: FLIGHT OF THE KING. It was the account of the flight of Louis XVI. and the apprehension of the unfortunate monarch at Varennes. The paper also contained a statement of the progress of the emigration and the rallying of almost all the officers of the army under the banners of the French princes. I fancied that I heard the call of honour, and relinquished my plans.

Returning to Philadelphia, I there embarked. A tempest drove me in nineteen days to the coast of France, where I was half shipwrecked between the islands of Guernsey and Origny. I landed at Havre. In the month of July, 1792, I emigrated with my brother. The army of the Princes was already in the field, and but for the intercession of my unfortunate cousin, Armand de Chateaubriand, I should not have been admitted. In vain did I allege that I had come on purpose from the Fall of Niagara; no attention was paid to my excuse, and I was on the point of fighting to obtain the honour of carrying a knapsack. My comrades, the officers of the regiment of Navarre, formed a company in the camp of the Princes, but I entered into one of the Breton companies. In my *History of Revolutions* the reader will see what afterwards became of me.

Thus what I considered my duty overthrew the first plans that I had conceived, and led to the first of those peregrinations which have marked my career. The Bourbons, it is true, had no need of the junior of a Bretagne family returning from beyond sea, to offer them his obscure devotion, any more than they needed his services after he had emerged from his obscurity. If, continuing my travels, I had lighted the lamp of my hostess with the paper

which changed the course of my life, nobody would have been aware of my absence, for nobody knew that I existed. A mere debate between me and my conscience brought me back to the theatre of the world: I might have done as I pleased, since I alone was witness to this debate: but of all witnesses it is this before whom I should most fear to have reason to blush.

Why is it that the wilds of the Eric and the Ontario appear at this day more charming to my imagination than the brilliant scenery of the Bosphorus?

It is because at the period of my tour in the United States I was full of illusion; the troubles of France began at the same time with my life; nothing was finished, either in me or in my country. It is a pleasure to me to call to mind those days, because they re-produce in my memory nothing but the innocence of feelings inspired by family affections and by the pleasures of youth.

Fifteen or sixteen years later, after my second tour, the revolution had already passed away: I lulled myself no longer with chimeras: my recollections, which then took their source in society, had lost their candour. Disappointed in my two pilgrimages, I had not discovered the north-west passage; I had not carried off glory from the depths of the

forests whither I went in quest of her, and I had left her sitting on the ruins of Athens.

Having set out to be a traveller in America, having returned to be a soldier in Europe, I did not follow up either of these careers: an evil genius wrested from me the staff and the sword, and put the pen into my hand. At Sparta, while contemplating the heavens during the night, I called to mind the countries which had already witnessed my peaceful or agitated slumbers: on the roads of Germany, on the moors of England, in the plains of Italy, in the midst of Ocean, in the forests of Canada, I had hailed the same stars which I saw glistening over the country of Helen and Menelaus. But what availed it to complain to the stars, immoveable witnesses of my vagrant destinies! Some day their look will no longer be tired of following me; they will be fixed upon my grave. At present, myself indifferent to my lot, I shall not solicit those malignant stars to change it by a kindlier influence, nor to restore to me what the traveller leaves of his life in the regions which he traverses.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BEAVER.

On beholding for the first time the works of the beavers, we cannot forbear admiring Him who taught a poor little brute the art of the architects of Babylon, and who frequently sends man, so proud of his genius, to school to an insect.

These astonishing creatures, when they have met with a valley having a rivulet running through it, throw a dam across the stream; the water rises and soon fills the space between the two hills: in this reservoir the beavers build their dwellings. The dam is constructed in the following manner:

From the two opposite slopes of the hills which form the valley commences a row of stakes, interlaced with branches and plastered with mud. This first row is strengthened by a second, placed about fifteen feet in the rear of the former. The space between these two fences is filled with earth.

The fence is continued in this manner from both sides of the valley, till an aperture of no more than twenty feet is left in the centre; but, at this centre, the action of the current operating with all its force, the engineers change their materials: they strengthen the middle of their hydraulic substructures by trunks of trees, piled one upon another and united together by a cement similar to that used for the fence. The whole dyke is about a hundred feet long, fifteen high, and twelve deep at the base; diminishing in thickness in mathematical proportion, it is but three feet broad at the horizontal plane in which it terminates. The side of the dam opposed to the water is a gradual slope; the outer side absolutely perpendicular.

A provision is made for every contingency: the beaver knows by the height of the dam how many stories he ought to allot to his future habitation; he knows that beyond a certain number of feet he has no inundation to fear, because the water would then pass over the dyke; of course an apartment built above that dyke affords him a retreat in great floods; and sometimes he introduces in the dam a safety sluice, which he can open and shut at pleasure.

The manner in which the beavers fell trees is very curious: they always select such as stand on the

bank of a river. A number of labourers proportionate to the urgency of the occasion, keep gnawing incessantly at the root: they cut into the tree on the side next to the water, not on the land-side, that it may fall over the current. A beaver stationed at some distance apprises the wood-cutters by a whistle, when he sees the top of the tree upon which they are at work beginning to incline, that they may guard themselves against its fall. The artisans drag the fallen trunk, by the aid of floatage to their towns, as the Egyptians of old conveyed upon the Nile the obelisks cut in the quarries of Elephantina for the embellishment of their cities.

The palaces of the Venice of the wilderness, erected in the artificial lake, have two, three, four, or five stories, according to the depth of the lake. The edifice built on piles is for about two-thirds of its height above water: the piles are six in number; they support the ground-floor made of birch sprays laid across. On this floor is the vestibule to the building: the walls of this vestibule are curved and rounded into a vault plastered with a smooth clay-like stucco. In the floor of the portico is contrived a hatchway, by which the beavers go down to bathe or to fetch aspen boughs for food: these boughs are heaped up in a general magazine under water

between the piles of the different habitations. Above the ground-floor of this palace are three other floors, constructed in the same manner, but divided into as many apartments as there are beavers. Their number is in general ten or twelve, divided into three families: these families assemble in the vestibule already described, and there take their meals together: the utmost cleanliness every where prevails. Besides the passage to the bath, there are outlets for the different occasions of the inhabitants; each apartment is strewed with young pine twigs, and no filth of any kind is suffered in it. When the owners go to their country-house, built on the banks of the lake, and constructed in the same manner as the town-houses here described, no other is permitted to take their places, but their apartments remain unoccupied till their return. On the melting of the snow the citizens retire to the woods.

'As there is a sluice for surplus water, so there is also a secret way for the evacuation of the city: in Gothic castles, a subterraneous passage dug under the towers led to the fields.

There are infirmaries for the sick. And it is a weak and unsightly animal which raises all these structures, which makes all these calculations!

About the month of July the beavers hold a ge-

neral council: they examine whether it is expedient to repair the old town and the old dam, or whether it will be better to build a new town and a new dyke. If provisions are scarce in that part, if the water or the hunters have damaged their works too much, they decide on forming another settlement. If, on the contrary, they judge that the first may stand, they repair the former habitations, and lay in provisions for the winter.

The beavers have a regular government: ediles are elected to superintend the police of the republic. During the time of general labour, sentinels are posted to prevent surprise. If any citizen refuses to bear his share of the public burdens, he is banished, and obliged to live by himself in his hole in disgrace. The Indians allege that this idle culprit is quite lean, and that his back is stripped of the fur as a mark of infamy. Of what benefit is all this intelligence to these ingenious animals? Man allows the ferocious beasts to live and exterminates the beavers, as he endures tyrants and persecutes innocence and genius.

War unfortunately is not unknown to the beavers: besides the foreign quarrels which they have with the musk-rats, civil discord sometimes springs up among themselves. The Indians relate that if a

beaver is caught marauding on the territory of a tribe to which he does not belong, he is conducted before the chief of that tribe, and receives corporal punishment; for the second offence, that useful tail, which serves at once for cart and trowel, is cut off: thus mutilated he returns to his friends, who assemble to revenge the injury. Sometimes the dispute is settled by a duel between the two chiefs of the two armies, or by a single combat of three against three, thirty against thirty, like the combat of the Curiatii and the Horatii, or that of the thirty Bretons with the thirty English. The general engagements are sanguinary: the Savages who come up to strip the dead have often found more than fifteen extended on the bed of honour. The victors take possession of the town of the vanquished beavers, and settle a colony or keep a garrison in it according to circumstances.

The female beaver produces two, three, and sometimes four young; she suckles and instructs them for the space of a year. When the population becomes too numerous, the young beavers go and form a new settlement, like a swarm of bees which quits the hive. The beaver lives chastely with a single female; he is jealous and sometimes kills his mate, if she has been guilty of infidelity, or he suspects her of it.

The average length of the beaver is from two feet and a half to three feet; his breadth from flank to flank about fourteen inches; and he weighs about forty-five pounds; his head resembles that of a rat; his eyes are small, his ears short, bare within, hairy without; his fore-legs are but about three inches long, and armed with hollow, crooked nails; his hinder legs, webbed like those of a swan, serve him for swimming. The tail is flat, an inch thick, covered with hexagonal scales, arranged tile-fashion like those of fish; this tail he uses for a trowel and a sledge. His jaws, which are exceedingly strong, cross one another like the two limbs of a pair of scissors: each jaw is furnished with ten teeth, of which the two incisors are two inches long; it is with these implements that the beaver fells trees, squares their trunks, strips off their bark, and masticates the young twigs on which he feeds.

The animal is black, rarely white or brown; he has two furs, the first long, hollow, and shining, the second a sort of down, which grows beneath the former, and is alone used by the hatter.

The beaver lives twenty years. The female is larger than the male, and his coat is of a lighter gray on the belly. It is not true that the beaver mutilates himself when he falls alive into the hands

of the hunters, that he may not leave his offspring in slavery. Another etymology for his name should be sought.

The flesh of the beaver is good for nothing, cook it how you will: the Savages, nevertheless, smoke and eat it when provisions run short with them.

The fur of the beaver is fine without being warm: in consequence, beaver-hunting was not formerly much in vogue among the Indians: bear-hunting, which was attended with greater peril and advantage, was the more honourable of the two. They were satisfied with killing a few beavers to obtain their skins as articles of dress; but they did not immolate whole tribes. The value which the Europeans have set on this fur has alone occasioned the extermination in Canada of these quadrupeds, which held by their instinct the first rank among the brutes. You must now travel very far towards Hudson's Bay to meet with beavers; and these no longer display the same ingenuity, because the climate is too cold: diminished in number they have declined in intelligence, and have ceased to develop the faculties which spring from association.*

* Beavers have been found between the Missouri and the Mississipi, they are particularly numerous beyond the Rocky Mountains, on the branches of the Columbia; but as the

These republics formerly numbered a hundred or a hundred and fifty citizens; some were still more populous. Near Quebec there was a pond formed by beavers, which was sufficient to turn a saw-mill. The reservoirs of these animals were frequently serviceable in furnishing water for the canoes which ascended the rivers during the summer. Thus beavers did for the Savages in New France what an ingenious mind, a great king, and a great minister, effected in the old for civilized men.

THE BEAR.

There are three species of bears in America; the brown or yellow, the black, and the white bear. The brown bear is small and frugivorous; he climbs trees.

The black bear is larger; he feeds on flesh, fish, and fruit. In fishing he displays singular dexterity. Seated on the brink of a river, he catches the fish with his right paw as he sees it passing in the water, and throws it on the shore. If, after appeas-

Europeans have penetrated into these regions, the beavers will soon be exterminated. Last year (1826) there were sold at St. Louis on the Mississipi one hundred bundles of beaver skins, each bundle weighing one hundred pounds, and each pound of this valuable commodity was sold at the rate of five calebashes.

ing his hunger, he has any thing over from his meal, he hides it. He sleeps part of the winter in dens or in hollow trees to which he retires. On recovering from his torpor in the first days of March, the first thing he does is to seek certain herbs which serve him for cathartics.

The white or sea-bear frequents the coasts of North America from the latitude of Newfoundland to Baffin's Bay, the ferocious guardian of those icy deserts.

THE STAG.

The stag of Canada is a species of rein-deer which may be tamed. The female, which has no antlers, is remarkably handsome; and if she had shorter ears she would very closely resemble a light English mare.

THE ELK.

The elk has the muzzle of the camel, the flat horns of the fallow-deer, and the legs of the stag. His colour is a mixture of gray, white, red, and black: he runs very swiftly.

According to the Savages, the elks have a king named the *great elk:* his subjects pay him every sort of homage. This great elk has legs of such length, that snow eight feet deep is no impediment to him. His hide is invulnerable: he has an arm,

which issues from his shoulder, and which he uses in the same manner as men use their arms.

The sorcerers assert that there is in the heart of the elk a small bone, which, reduced to powder, mitigates the pains of childbirth; they also say that the hoof of the left foot of this animal, applied to the region of the heart of an epileptic patient, effects a radical cure. The elk, they add, is himself subject to epilepsy; when he feels the attack coming on, he draws blood from his left ear with the hoof of his left foot, and is relieved.

THE BISON.

The bison carries his black, short horns low: he has a long beard, and a tuft of loose hair hangs between his horns down to his eyes. His chest is wide, his crupper small, and his tail thick and short: his legs are clumsy and turned outward. A bunch of long reddish hair rises from his shoulders like the first bunch of the dromedary. The rest of his body is covered with a black wool, which the Indian women spin for making corn-sacks and blankets. This animal has a ferocious look, but is very gentle.

There are varieties in the bisons, or if you please *buffaloes*, an anglicized Spanish word. The largest are met with between the Missouri and the Missis-

sipi: they approach the average height of the elephant. They resemble the lion in the mane, the camel in the hump, the hippopotamus or the rhinoceros in the tail and the hide of their hind quarters, and the bull in their horns and legs.

In this species the number of the females far surpasses that of the males. The male pays court to the female by galloping in a circle round her. Motionless in the centre of this circle, she lows gently. The Savages, in their propitiatory games, imitate this movement, which they call *the Bison's Dance.*

The bison has irregular seasons of migration: it is not known precisely whither he goes, but it appears that he travels far to the north in summer, since he is found on the banks of the Slave Lake, and has even been met with in the islands of the Polar Sea. Perhaps too he reaches the valleys of the Rocky Mountains to the west, and the plains of New Mexico to the south. The bisons are so numerous in the verdant steppes of the Missouri, that when they emigrate the herd is sometimes several days in passing, like an immense army: you hear their march at the distance of several miles and feel the ground shake.

The Indians tan the hide of the bison in a supe-

rior manner with birch bark: the shoulder-blade of the beast serves them for a scraping-knife.

The flesh of the bison, cut into large thin slices and dried in the sun or smoke, is very savoury: it will keep several years like ham: the humps and tongues of the females are the most delicate parts to eat fresh. The dung of the bison when burned makes a hot fire: it is found extremely useful in the savannahs, where wood is scarce. Thus this useful animal furnishes both the meat and the fire for the banquet. The Sioux make their beds and garments of its hide. The bison and the Savage, placed on the same soil, are the bull and the man in a state of nature: both appear to be waiting but for the first furrow, the one to become domestic, the other civilized.

THE POLE-CAT.

The American pole-cat has near the bladder a small bag filled with a reddish liquor: when pursued the animal expels this liquor as it runs; the smell from it is such that the hunters and the very dogs abandon the chace: it adheres to apparel and extinguishes sight. This smell is a sort of powerful musk, which turns one dizzy: the Savages assert that it is a specific for head-ache.

THE FOX.

The foxes of Canada are of the common species, only the extremity of their hair is of a shining black. The way in which they catch water-fowl is well known. La Fontaine, the first of naturalists, has not forgotten it in his immortal delineations.

The Canadian fox makes a thousand capers and gambols on the brink of a lake or river, The geese and ducks, charmed as they are, approach to have a closer view of him. He then claps himself down on his rump, and gently wags his tail. The birds, more and more delighted, land on the bank, and waddle towards the wily animal, who affects to be as stupid as themselves. The silly fowl, at length becomes so bold as to peck at the tail of the arch-knave, who darts upon his prey.

THE WOLF.

There are several species of wolves in America; that called the lynx comes at night and barks about the houses. He never howls more than once in the same place; and such is his swiftness that in a few minutes you hear his voice at a prodigious distance from the spot where he set up his first cry.

THE MUSK-RAT.

The musk-rat subsists in spring on the young shoots of shrubs, and in summer on strawberries or raspberries: in autumn he eats bilberries, and he lives in winter on nettle-roots; he builds and works like the beaver. When the Savages have killed a musk-rat, they appear extremely sorrowful: they smoke around its body, which they encompass with Manitous, at the same time deploring the parricide. It is well known that the musk-rat was the mother of the human race.

THE CARCAJOU.

The carcajou is a species of tiger or large cat. The manner in which he kills the elk, with the aid of his allies, the foxes, is remarkable. He climbs a tree, couches on a low branch, and wraps himself in his thick tail, which twists three times round his body. Distant yelpings are soon heard, and an elk appears, baited by three foxes, which contrive to drive him towards the carcajou's ambuscade. At the moment when the persecuted animal is passing under the fatal tree, the carcajou drops upon him, twists its tail round his neck, and strives to sever the jugular vein with its teeth. The elk bounds,

tosses his antlers in the air, and kicks up the snow with his feet: he crawls upon his knees, runs on in a straight line, backs, squats on his haunches, advances by leaps, shakes his head. His strength becomes exhausted; his flanks work; the blood trickles down his neck; his legs tremble; he falls. The three foxes are in at the death; the carcajou, an equitable tyrant, divides the prey equally between himself and his satellites. The Savages never attack the carcajou and the foxes while thus engaged: it would be unjust, they say, to rob the four hunters of the fruit of their toils.

BIRDS.

The birds of America are more diversified and more numerous than they were at first supposed to be: it was the same in regard to those of Asia and Africa. The first travellers, on their arrival, were struck only by those large and brilliant species which look like flowers upon the trees; but a multitude of small singing-birds have since been discovered, the notes of which are as sweet as those of our linnets.

FISH.

The fish in the lakes of Canada, and particularly in the lakes of Florida, are admirably beautiful and brilliant.

SERPENTS.

America may be called the native country of serpents. The water-snake resembles the rattle-snake, but it has neither rattle nor venom. It is met with every where.

I have made frequent mention of the rattle-snake in my works: it is well known that the teeth which it uses to introduce its poison are not the same with which it eats. The former may be pulled out, and it is then nothing more than a handsome serpent, full of intelligence and passionately fond of music. In the heat of noon, in the most profound silence of the forests, it sounds its rattle as a call to the female: this love-signal is the only noise that then strikes the ear of the traveller.

The female sometimes produces twenty young ones: when the latter are pursued, they seek refuge in the throat of the mother, as if they were returning into the maternal bosom.

Serpents in general, and the rattle-snake in particular, are held in great veneration by the natives of America, who attribute to them a divine spirit: they render them so tame, as to make them lie in winter in boxes placed for them by the side of the fire in

the hut. These singular Penates issue in spring from those receptacles and return to the woods.

A black snake, with a yellow ring round its neck, is extremely mischievous: another snake, all over black, without poison, climbs up trees and pursues the birds and squirrels. It charms, that is to say, it terrifies the bird by its looks. This effect of fear, which some have pretended to deny, is now placed beyond doubt: fear paralyzes a man's legs, and why should it not operate in the same manner on a bird's wings?

The ribbon snake, the green snake, the spotted snake, take their names from their colours and from the patterns of their skin: they are perfectly innocent and remarkably beautiful. But the most admirable of all is that called the *glass* snake, on account of the frailty of its body, which breaks at the slightest touch. This reptile is almost transparent and reflects colours like a prism. It lives upon insects and is not noxious: it is of the length of a small viper.

The prickly snake is short and thick. It has a sting in its tail, the wound of which is mortal.

The two-headed snake is not common: it nearly resembles the viper, only its heads are not flattened.

The hissing snake is very numerous in Georgia and the Floridas. It is eighteen inches long; its skin is green, sprinkled with black. When approached, it becomes flat, appears of different colours, and opens its mouth hissing. Great caution is necessary not to enter the atmosphere which surrounds it; for this serpent has the property of decomposing the air about it, and this air, imprudently inhaled, induces languor. The person so attacked wastes away; his lungs are affected, and in the course of a few months he dies of consumption —at least, so say the inhabitants of the country.

TREES AND PLANTS.

The trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers, introduced into our woods, fields, and gardens, proclaim the variety and wealth of the vegetable kingdom in America. Who is there now-a-days but knows the laurel crowned with roses called *magnolia*, the chesnut-tree which bears a real hyacinth, the catalpa which re-produces the flower of the orange, the tulip-tree, thus named from its blossom, the sugar-maple, the purple beech, the sassafras; and among the resinous evergreens, the Weymouth pine, the Virginia cedar, the balm of Gilead, and that cypress of Louisiana, with knotty roots and enormous

trunk, the foliage of which resembles a lace-work of moss? The lilachs, the azaleas, the pompadouras, have enriched our springs; and the hart-wort, the usteria, the bignonia, the decumaria, and the celastris, have blended their fruit and their perfumes with the verdure of our ivy.

The flowering plants are innumerable: the Virginia ephemeris, the helonia, the Canada lily, the lily called *superb*, the variegated tiger-lily, the rose achillea, the dahlia, the autumnal hellenia, and all the species of phlox, are now mingled with our native flowers.

Lastly, we have almost everywhere exterminated the Savage population; and America has given to us the potato, which has for ever secured from famine the nations that have destroyed the Americans.

BEES.

All these plants support brilliant insects. These have admitted among their tribes our bee, which has come to explore those embalmed savannahs and forests, of which so many wonderful things were related. It has been remarked that the colonists are frequently preceded in the woods of Kentucky and Tenessee by bees: the advanced-guard of the labourers, they are the emblem of the industry and

the civilization which they announce. Strangers to America, whither they have come in the suite of the vessels of Columbus, these pacific conquerors have robbed a new world of flowers of such treasures only as the natives knew not the use of; and these treasures they have employed solely to enrich the soil whence they derived them. What cause should we have to congratulate ourselves, if all invasions and all conquests resembled those of these children of the sky!

The bees have, however, had to encounter myriads of musquitoes, which attacked their swarms in the trunks of trees: their genius has triumphed over these envious, malicious, and ugly foes. The bees have been acknowledged queens of the desert, and they have established their representative monarchy in the forests beside the republic founded by Washington.

TRAVELS IN ITALY.

TRAVELS IN ITALY.

TO M. JOUBERT.*

LETTER I.

Turin, June 17, 1803.

I COULD not write to you from Lyons, my dear friend, as I had promised. You know how fond I am of that beautiful city, in which I was so well entertained last year, and still better this. I have retraced the old walls of the Romans, defended by the brave Lyonese of our days, when the bombs of

* M. Joubert (eldest brother of the Advocate-general of the Court of Cassation), a man of rare parts, with a lofty and benevolent mind, and powers of conversation at once fascinating and piquant; gifted with talents, indeed which could not have failed to procure him merited reputation, had he not preferred a life of retirement; a man too early snatched from his family, and from that select circle of which he was the connecting link; a man whose death has left in my existence one of those voids which years create, but which they fill up no more!

See for the rest respecting these Travels in Italy, the Advertisement at the commencement of these two volumes.

the conventionists obliged our friend Fontanes to remove the cradle of his daughter. I have re-visited the abbey of the Two Lovers, and the fountain of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The uplands of the Saône are more smiling and picturesque than ever; the barks which glide along that sweet river, *mitis Arar*, covered with linen, illuminated at night, and conducted by young females, delight the eye. You love the sound of bells; repair, then, to Lyons! all the convents spread over its hills, appear to have recovered their inmates.

You already know that the academy of Lyons has done me the honour of admitting me among its members. Here is a confession:— If the Evil Spirit have any hand in this matter, pray recognise not his agency in my sentiment of pride; you know one would look even upon hell on the bright side. The greatest satisfaction I have experienced in my life arises from having been honoured, both in France and foreign countries, with demonstrations of interest that I had by no means anticipated. It has sometimes happened, while I was resting myself in a wretched village inn, that a father and mother have entered with their son; they had brought their child, they said, to thank me. Is it from mere self-love that the pleasure springs wherewith

I have been thrilled at such moments? What could it import to my vanity, that these obscure though worthy people should testify to me their gratification, upon a high road, in a place where no individual, save myself, could hear them? That which has touched me so sensibly has been, — at least, I will venture to believe so,— the consciousness of having produced some good; of having given consolation to some afflicted hearts; of having rekindled in the depth of some mother's bosom the hope of rearing a Christian son—in other words, a son submissive, respectful, devoted to his parents. I know not what degree of value my work * may possess; but should I have tasted this pure delight, had I written a book which, even though displaying the utmost imaginable talent, had tended to wound either morals or religion?

Pray express to our little circle, my dear friend, how much I miss and regret it. It has an inexpressible charm, because one feels and knows, that the persons who enter so readily into common conversation are at the same time capable of discussing the highest subjects, and that this simplicity of discourse is not indigence but choice.

I quitted Lyons the —— at five o'clock A. M. I

* The *Spirit of Christianity.*

will not endeavour to give you a eulogy upon this city: its ruins are to be seen; they will speak to posterity; and whilst courage, loyalty, and religion, shall be held in honour amongst men, Lyons will never be forgotten.*

Our friends have made me promise to write to them as I proceed; my progress, however, has been too swift, and I have had no time to keep my word. I have only scribbled with a pencil in a pocket-book the little journal which I send to you. You will be able to find in the road-book, the names of the *unknown* countries I have discovered; as, for instance, Pont-de-Beauvoisin and Chambery; but you have so often repeated to me the necessity of keeping notes—constantly *notes*—that our friends will have no reason to complain if I follow your advice.

* It is delightful to me to retrace, after an interval of twenty-four years, in an unpublished manuscript, an expression of the same sentiments which I now profess in a higher degree than ever for the inhabitants of Lyons: and it is still more delightful, to have received latterly from these worthy people the same marks of esteem with which they favoured me almost a quarter of a century ago.

JOURNAL.

The road is gloomy enough on quitting Lyons. From Tour-du-Pin as far as Pont-de-Beauvoisin the country is cold and woody. In approaching Savoy the traveller perceives three ranges of mountains, nearly parallel, and rising one above another. The plain at the foot of these mountains is watered by the little river called Le Gué (the Ford), and when seen at some distance appears quite undivided; but on nearer approach, it is found to be strewed with irregular hillocks, and its compass encloses several woods, with fields of corn and vineyards. The majestic heights which bound it are either verdant and mossy, or crowned with rocks in the form of crystals. The Gué flows through so deep a channel that one might term its bed a valley; indeed, its extreme brink is shaded by trees; a peculiarity that I have only remarked in certain rivers of America, particularly at Niagara.

In one place, the road runs extremely near to this river, whose opposite bank is formed of a barrier of stones resembling high Roman walls, and whose construction is like that of the arenas of Nismes.*

* I had not then seen the Coliseum.

On reaching Echelles the country becomes more wild. You pursue, in order to obtain egress, tortuous defiles among rocks more or less horizontal, shelving, or perpendicular. Upon these rocks sail white masses of cloud, like the mists that rise, at day-break, from the earth, in low places. These clouds either lift themselves above, or sink below, the huge blocks of granite, as if to display the crests of the mountains, or to occupy the space between those crests and the sky. The whole presents a chaos whose undefined boundaries seem referable to no specific element.

On the highest summit of these mountains is situated the great Chartreuse, or Carthusian monastery, while at their feet runs the road of Emanuel. Religion dispenses its benefits from a point approaching Him *who is in the heavens:* the prince approximates his to the dwellings of men.

There had formerly been an inscription here, announcing that Emanuel, for the good of the people, had caused the hill to be cut through. During the revolutionary epoch, this inscription was effaced; Buonaparte restored it, only adding his name:—would that he had always acted with equal dignity!

In olden time, the traveller penetrated even into the heart of the rock, by a subterraneous passage,

which is now closed. I have met, in this region, only with small mountain birds, who float silently at the mouth of the cavern, like the shadows placed by Virgil before the entrance of hell—

Foliisque sub omnibus hærent.

Chambéry is situated in a hollow, whose elevated boundaries are naked enough: but it is approached through a charming defile, and quitted by way of a lovely valley. The mountains which shut in this valley were partly clothed with snow. They hid and developed themselves in ceaseless alternation, beneath the influence of an ever-changing sky, impregnated with vapours and clouds.

It is at Chambéry that a man was entertained by a female, and that, as a recompence for the hospitality he had received at her hands, and for the friendship which she expressed toward him, he believed himself philosophically bound to dishonour her. Either Jean Jacques Rousseau looked upon the conduct of Madame de Warens as a mere ordinary affair—and then, what become of the pretensions of the citizen of Geneva to virtue?—or he was of opinion, that her conduct was reprehensible—in which case he has sacrificed the memory of his benefactress to the vanity of writing a few eloquent pages:—or, finally, Rousseau persuaded himself that his eulogies, and

the charms of his composition, might throw a glare over the evils he imputes to Madame de Warens—and this is the most odious species of self-love. Such is the danger of letters: the desire of obtaining celebrity sometimes casts into the shade noble and generous sentiments. Had Rousseau never become a distinguished person, he would have buried in the valleys of Savoy the frailties of the woman who had cherished him—he would have sacrificed himself rather than have exposed his friend—he would have solaced and protected her in her declining years, instead of giving her a gold snuff-box, and then deserting her. But as all is now finished for Rousseau, what imports it to the author of the "Confessions" that his dust should be either famous or unknown? Oh! may the voice of betrayed friendship never be heard to lift itself over my tomb!

Historical recollections constitute much either of the pleasure or disappointment of the traveller. The princes of the House of Savoy, chivalric and adventurous, have successfully wedded their memory to the mountains that cover their little empire.

After having passed Chambéry, the current of the Isère merits observation from the bridge of Montmélian. The Savoyards are active, pretty well made, of pale complexion, and regular shape; they

have something both of the Italian and the Frenchman; and exhibit, like their valleys, the air of poverty without destitution. Throughout their entire country, the traveller encounters crosses erected on the roads, and Madonnas carved in the trunks of pines and walnut-trees — indications of a devout character among the people. Their little churches, enveloped in trees, form a touching contrast with their huge mountains. When the whirlwinds of winter descend from the summits of the latter, charged with eternal ice, the Savoyard seeks an asylum in the temple which stands among the fields, and lifts his prayers, under its thatched roof, to Him who commands the elements.

The valleys upon which we enter above Montmelian are bounded by heights of various form, sometimes half-naked, sometimes covered with wood. The bottoms of these valleys, which are under cultivation, nearly resemble the varieties of ground and the anfractuosities of Marly, and there are, besides, abundant pools and a river. The highway has less the air of a public road than of a path through a park. The walnut-trees wherewith this path is umbrageous, reminded me of those we used to admire in our promenades at Savigny. Shall those trees again behold

us in company beneath their shade?* The poet cries, in a melancholy moment —

> Beaux arbres qui m'avez vu naître,
> Bientôt vous me verrez mourir !†

Those who die within the shadow of the trees which witnessed their birth, have they much ground of complaint?

The valleys of which I have spoken terminate at a village bearing the pretty name of *Aigue-belle.* When I entered this village, the heights which overlook it were covered with snow, which, yielding to the influence of the sun, had descended in long tortuous radii into the black and green cavities of the rock—resembling, in its descent, a flight of rockets, or a swarm of beautiful white serpents issuing forth from the top of the mountain into the dale.

Aigue-Belle looks as if quite close to the Alps: but shortly, in turning a large isolated rock, fallen into the road, you perceive new valleys which lose themselves in the chain of hills following the course of the Arche. These fresh valleys assume a character of greater sterility and savageness.

* They have not so beheld us.

† Beauteous trees, which witnessed my birth,
Soon shall you see me die!

The hills rise on either hand: their sides become perpendicular; and their rude summits begin to display some glaciers. Torrents, precipitating themselves in every direction, tend to swell the current of the Arche, which itself flows heavily. In the midst of this tumult of waters I remarked a light and tranquil cascade, which falls with infinite grace beneath a screen of willows, whose moist drapery, when agitated by the wind, might have originated, in the poet's fancy, the waving robe of the Naiad, seated on a lofty precipice. The ancients would not have failed to dedicate in this spot an altar to the Nymphs.

Speedily, the country assumed all its magnificence: the forests of pine-trees, which up to that point had looked sufficiently young, now wore the garb of age; the road grew steep, hovering here and there on the verge of an abyss: bridges of wood served whereby to cross the gulfs, where one might see the water bubbling up, or hear its hoarse roar.

Having passed St. John de Maurienne, and arrived toward sunset at Saint André, I could obtain no horses, and was therefore obliged to stop. I went to take a walk beyond the village. The air became clear at the top of the mountains, whose outlines were relieved with extraordinary strength

against the sky, while deep night spread by degrees at the foot of those hills, and rose slowly toward their crests.

I heard the voice of the nightingale and the cry of the eagle; I saw the nettle-trees blooming in the valley, and the snows reigning on the heights: a castle, built, according to popular tradition by the Carthaginians, displayed its ruins on a point of rock. All the work of man's hands in these regions is pitiful and transitory: there were sheepfolds, formed of interlaced rushes — houses of clay, built in a couple of days — as if the goatherd of Savoy, in the face of the eternal masses that surround him, had not thought it necessary to trouble himself with making any provision for his own brief career! as if the demolished tower of Hannibal had warned him of the vanity and perishableness of human labour!

I could not, however, whilst contemplating this desert, avoid thinking, with a kind of dread, of the hostility of a man more powerful than all obstacles —of a man who, from the Straits of Cadiz, opened a road across the Pyrenees and the Alps, in order that he might reach the Romans! That the relations of antiquity do not indicate to us the precise course of Hannibal's passage matters little: it is

beyond doubt that this great captain traversed these heights then unexplored, and whose inhabitants were still more savage than their torrents, their rocks, and their forests. They say that I shall understand better at Rome the extent of that furious hatred, which the battles of the Trebia, of Thrasimene, and of Cannæ, could not satiate: I am assured that, at the baths of Caracalla, the walls, up to the natural height of a man, are pierced with the blows of pikes. Was it the German, the Gaul, the Goth, the Vandal, or the Lombard, whose hand was thus furiously uplifted against these walls? It was right that the vengeance of the human race should fall heavily upon a people who, esteeming themselves free, could only build their greatness upon the slavery and with the blood of the rest of the world.

I departed at day-break from St. André, and arrived about two o'clock, P. M. at Lans-le-Bourg, at the foot of Mount Cénis. On entering the village, I saw a peasant holding by its legs a young eagle, whilst a pitiless mob were aiming blows at the youthful monarch of the air, insulting its fallen majesty and the weakness of its age: the parent birds had both been killed. They proposed to sell this noble orphan to me; but it died of the ill treatment it had received, before I could liberate it. Do

not these birds remind one of the little Louis XVII. and his father and mother?

Here we began to ascend Mount Cénis,* leaving the little river Arche, which conducts you to the foot of the mountain: on the other side of Mount Cénis, the Doria opens to you the entrance of Italy. I have often had occasion, in the course of my travels, to observe the utility of streams. Not only are they (as Pascal says) *great high roads which themselves travel,* but they indicate the route to men, and render more accessible the passage of the mountains. It is in coasting their shores that nations have been discovered; and the primeval dwellers upon earth penetrated, by aid of their currents, into depths and solitudes hitherto unexplored. The Greeks and Romans offered sacrifices to running streams, which fable makes the offspring of Neptune, because they are formed by the vapours of the Ocean, and lead to the discovery of lakes and seas—wandering children are they, which fail not, however, to creep back into the paternal bosom.

Mount Cénis presents, on the side of France, nothing deserving of notice. The "lake" on the level part seemed to me no better than a pond. I was

* The high-road, although in use, was not at that time finished, they were still employed in forming it.

disagreeably surprised, also, at the commencement of the descent toward La Novalaise: I expected, though I scarcely know why, to see the plains of Italy; but nothing presented itself save a black and deep gulf—save a very chaos of torrents and precipices.

In general, the Alps, although higher than the mountains of North America, have not struck me as possessing that original character, that extreme peculiarity of site observable in the Apalachianes, and even in the highlands of Canada: the hut of a Siminole under a magnolia, or of a Chipaway under a pine, wears altogether a different aspect from the cabin of a Savoyard beneath a walnut-tree.

TO M. JOUBERT.

LETTER II.

Milan, Monday Morning, June 21, 1808.

I ALWAYS begin my letter, my dear friend, without knowing when I shall have time to finish it.

Let complete reparation be made to Italy! You will have seen, by my little journal, dated from Turin, that I had contracted no love for it *at first sight.* The effect of the environs of that city is fine; but they still speak of Gaul:—one might fancy oneself in Normandy, close to the mountains. Turin is, in itself, a new town, convenient, regular, well adorned with palaces, but amidst all presenting an aspect somewhat dull.

My opinions have undergone a revolution in traversing Lombardy. This result, however, is only produced in the traveller by degrees. You see at first, it is true, a country very rich in the aggregate, and you speak of it, accordingly, in general terms of commendation; but it is when you proceed to view the objects in detail, that the enchantment begins to operate. Meadows, whose verdure surpasses the freshness and delicacy of English turf, are inter-

mingled with fields of maize, rice, and wheat, surmounted by vines spreading from one prop to another, and thus forming garlands above the corn; the whole studded with mulberry-trees, walnuts, young elms, willows, and poplars, and intersected by rivers and canals. Dispersed over the landscape, may be seen the country-men and women, with naked feet, and a large straw hat upon the head, singing whilst they mow the fields or reap the corn, or drive the teams of oxen, or steer up and down the courses of the streams. This scene prolongs itself during forty leagues, still increasing in fertility as you approach Milan, the centre of the picture: on the right the Appennines uplift themselves—on the left the Alps soar into heaven.

The mode of travelling is very swift, the roads excellent, the inns superior to those of France, and almost equal to English taverns. I really begin to think that this same France, well-ordered as it is, is a little barbarous or so.*

* It is necessary to advert to the epoch at which this letter was written (1803). If travelling was even then so convenient a thing in Italy, being, as it was, nothing more than a camp of France, how much more so must it be now, in profound peace, when a multitude of new roads have been opened in that beautiful country. We are called thither by every species of invocation! The Frenchman is a singular enemy: he is at first

I am no longer astonished at the contempt which the Italians have always entertained for us Trans-Alpine tribes—Vingoths, Gauls, Germans, Scandinavians, Sclavonians, Anglo-Normans;—our leaden skies, smoky cities, and muddy villages, may well inspire them with horror! The towns and hamlets here have quite another-guess aspect: the houses are large and their exterior of shining whiteness; the streets are wide, and frequently intersected by sparkling rivulets wherein the women wash their linen and bathe their children. Both Turin and Milan have the commodiousness, the regularity, and the pavements of London, together with the architecture of the finest quarters of Paris: they possess even peculiar refinements; in the middle of the streets (in order that the motion of the carriage may be gentler) two rows of flat stones are placed, upon which the wheels glide, and thus avoid any shock from inequality of surface.

found to be somewhat restless and insolent—perhaps a little too gay and active:—but he is no sooner gone than he is regretted. The French soldier takes a part in the labours of the host under whose roof he is lodged:—his good-humour gives life and interest to every thing; and he is at length regarded as a sort of conscript belonging to the family. With regard to the roads and inns of France, they are even much worse now than in 1803. We are in truth, in this respect, behind all the other countries of Europe, Spain excepted.

The temperature is delightful, yet they tell me that I shall not find the true Italian climate until I have passed the Appennines: the height and size of the apartments prevents one's suffering from the heat.

June 23.

I have seen General Murat: he received me with ardour and complaisance; and I have handed him the letter of the amiable Madame Bacchiochi.* I have passed the day amongst aides-du-camp and young officers, than whom nobody could be more courteous. The French army is ever the same; honour is there perfect.

I dined in great style with M. de Melzi, who took an active part in a fête given on occasion of the baptism of General Murat's child. M. de Melzi was known to my unfortunate brother, of whom we talked together long. The Vice-President is a man of very dignified manners: his mansion is that of a prince, and of one who has always held that rank. His treatment of me has been marked by reserved politeness, which on my part I have been equally careful to manifest.

I say nothing, my dear friend, of the works of

* Since Princess of Lucca, eldest sister of Buonaparte, who, at that epoch, was only First Consul.

art in Milan, and above all, of the cathedral (which they are finishing). The Gothic, even though wrought in marble, seems to me to clash both with the sun and with the manners of Italy. I am on the move immediately, and will write to you from Florence* and from Rome.

TO M. JOUBERT.

LETTER III.

Rome, on arrival, the evening of June 27, 1803.

HERE I am at last! all my indifference is vanished. I am overwhelmed, haunted, by what I have witnessed! I have seen, I believe, what none other has seen—what no other traveller has attempted to paint: the dolts! the icy-hearted creatures! the barbarians! When they arrive here, have they not traversed Tuscany — that English garden, in the midst whereof rises the temple—Florence? Have not they passed, in company with the eagles and wild boars, the solitudes of this second

* The letters written from Florence have not been recovered.

Italy, called the Roman States? Why do these frigid beings travel at all?—Arrived as the sun was setting, I have found the whole population about to promenade in *Arabia deserta* at the gates of Rome: what a city! what recollections!

June 28, 11 *o'clock p. m.*

I have been running about all this day, which is the eve of the festival of St. Peter. I have already seen the Coliseum, the Pantheon, Trajan's pillar, the Castle of St. Angelo, St. Peter's: but what do I know of them? I have witnessed the illumination and fireworks which announce for to-morrow the grand rites dedicated to the prince of the apostles. Whilst I pretended to be admiring the fire placed at top of the Vatican, I was in truth watching the effect of the moon upon the Tiber, upon the Roman mansions, and upon those illustrious ruins which are scattered about on every side.

June 29.

I am just come from divine service at St. Peter's. The Pope has a very interesting person—pale, devout, and sorrowful of aspect, all the tribulations of the Church seem written on his brow. The ceremony was superb; during some few minutes, particularly, it was quite overwhelming; but the sing-

ing was mediocre, and the church deserted—nobody there!

July 3, 1803.

I really know not whether all these scraps of lines will end by forming a letter. I should, in fact, be ashamed, my dear friend, to talk to you so triflingly, were I not desirous, before endeavouring to describe objects, to see them a little more clearly. Unfortunately, I want no further observation to perceive that modern Rome is falling in its turn: all is over!

His Holiness received me yesterday. He made me sit down beside him in the most affectionate manner, and told me, with an air of complaisance, that he had read the *Génie du Christianisme*, a volume of which, indeed, lay open on his table. There cannot be a better man, a more worthy prelate, or a more unaffected prince;—take me not for Madame de Sévigné! The Secretary of State, Cardinal Gonsalvi, is a man of acute penetration and liberal character. Adieu! I suppose I must, after all, commit these odds and ends to the post.

TIVOLI, AND THE VILLA OF HADRIAN.

December 10, 1803.

I am perhaps the first stranger who has made the excursion to Tivoli in a disposition of mind but little entertained in travelling. Behold me arriving alone at seven, P. M. on the 10th of December, at the inn of *the Temple of the Sybil.* I occupy a little room at the extremity of the house, and in front of the cascade, whose roar strikes my ear. I have directed several glances toward it, but have been able to distinguish nothing in the depth of the obscurity, except some white glimmerings produced by the agitation of the waters. It seems to me as if I could perceive in the distance an enclosure formed of trees and houses, and around this enclosure a circle of hills. I know not into what definite features the return of day will metamorphose this nocturnal landscape.

The spot is calculated for reflection and reverie. I recall the events of my past life; I feel the weight of the present, and seek to penetrate the future. Where shall I be, what shall I be, and in what shall I be engaged, twenty years hence? Whenever we descend into ourselves, to all the vague projects we

may be inclined to form, a gigantic obstacle opposes itself—an uncertainty caused by a certainty—that obstacle, that uncertainty, is death, terrible death, which arrests every thing, and is eternally striking either ourselves or others.

Is it a friend that you lose? In vain have you a thousand things to say to him:—unhappy, isolated, a wanderer on the face of the earth, without an individual to whom to confide either pains or pleasures, you summon your friend to your side, and he comes no more to solace your cares or partake your joys!, no more does he re-assure you by exclaiming, "You were wrong, you were right in acting as you did." Henceforth you must journey on alone. What imports it, that you are become rich, or celebrated, or powerful? prosperity receives lustre only from participation. One thing has overturned the whole fabric—death! Ye waves, which toss and tumble into yon profound gulph, whence your murmur rises upon my ear, disappear ye more quickly than the days of man? or can ye tell me what this *man* is—ye, who have witnessed so many generations pass upon these shores?

December 11.

As soon as daylight appeared I opened my windows. My first impression of Tivoli in the dark-

ness turns out to have been correct enough; but the cascade looks small, and the trees which I thought I had seen, exist not. A heap of wretched houses stand on the other side of the river; and the whole is surrounded by naked hills. A bright dawn, however, rising behind these mountains, and the temple of Vesta four paces from me, overhanging the grotto of Neptune, have soothed my disappointments. Immediately above the fall, a herd of oxen, with horses and asses, extends along a bank of sand: all these beasts have advanced one step into the Teverone, and with bowed necks are drinking leisurely from the current which glances like lightning before them, being just about to precipitate itself. A Sabine countryman, clothed in a goat-skin, and wearing a kind of mantle rolled back over his left arm, is leaning upon his staff, and looking on whilst his cattle drink;—a scene this, powerfully contrasting itself, in its immobility and silence, with the noise and motion of the waters.

My breakfast ended, they brought me a guide, in whose company I am about to place myself on the bridge of the cascade (I had seen the cataract of Niagara). From the bridge of the cascade we descend to the grotto of Neptune, so called, I be-

lieve, by Vernet. The Anio, after its first fall below the bridge, engulfs itself among rocks, and appears again in this grotto of Neptune, in order to make a second fall at that of the Syrens.

The basin of the grotto of Neptune has the form of a vase, and I have seen pigeons drinking at it. A kind of dove-house excavated in the rock, but resembling the ayry of an eagle rather than the shelter of a pigeon, presents to these poor birds a deceitful hospitality: thinking themselves perfectly safe in this seemingly inaccessible spot, they hesitate not to construct their nests; but alas! a secret passage leads thither; and during the reign of darkness, a ravisher snatches away the young birds while sleeping, regardless of the roar of waters, under their mother's wing. *Observans nido, implumes detraxit.*

Returning from the grotto of Neptune to Tivoli, and taking the Angelo gate, or that of Abruzzo, my *cicerone* has led me into the country of the Sabines, *pubemque sabellum.* I have walked down the course of the Anio as far as a field of olives, where a most picturesque view has opened to me over this celebrated solitude. At the same time are perceived the temple of Vesta, the grottoes of Neptune and of the Syrens, and the little waterfalls which

issue from one of the porticoes of the villa of Mæcenas. A bluish kind of vapor spreads across the landscape, softening and blending its outlines.

We conceive a high idea of Roman architecture when we think that these structures, raised so many ages ago, have passed from the service of man to that of the elements; that they sustain to-day the weight and motion of a mass of waters, and are become the immoveable rocks of these tumultuous cascades.

My walk has lasted six hours;—and on its conclusion I re-enter my inn, situate in a dilapidated court, to the walls of which are applied monumental stones covered with mutilated inscriptions. I have copied several of these inscriptions:

DIS. MAN.
ULLÆ PAULIN
VIXIT ANN. X
MENSIBUS DIEB. 3.

SEI. DEUS.
SEI. DEA.

D. M.
VICTORIÆ.
FILLÆ QUÆ.
VIXIT. AN. XV
PEREGRINA,
MATER. B. M. F.

D. M.
LICINIA
ASELERIO
TENIS.

What can possibly be more vain than all this? I read upon a block of stone the expressions of regret which some living person bestowed on the dead; the survivor having perished in his turn, I, one of the barbarous Gauls, come after an interval of two thousand years amongst the ruins of Rome, and pore over these epitaphs in an abandoned retreat—I, indifferent alike to him who mourns and him who is mourned—I, who to-morrow shall depart for ever from this place, and disappear, ere long, from earth itself!

All the poets of Rome who dwelt on the banks of the Tiber wept upon recurring to the brevity of life. *Carpe diem*, said Horace; *Te spectem suprema mihi cùm venerit hora*, exclaimed Tibullus. Virgil thus paints this last hour, *Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua palmas.* Who has not lost some object of his affections? Who has not seen failing arms extended toward him? A dying man often desires that his friend may grasp his hand, as if the loved pressure might avail to arrest the fleeting breath, while at the moment he feels the icy fingers of death upon his heart. *Heu! non tua!* This exclamation of Virgil is admirable for its sorrowful tenderness. Woe be to him that loves not the poets! I am almost in-

clined to apply to such individuals what Shakspeare says of the men who are insensible to harmony.

On returning to my chamber, I still felt around me the solitude which I had left without. The little terrace belonging to the inn leads to the temple of Vesta. Painters understand well that tint of antiquity which the hand of Time spreads over those monuments that survive its devastation, and which varies according to climate: it is very perceptible in the temple of Vesta. The visiter makes the *tour* of the little building between the peristyle and the *cella*, in about threescore steps. The true temple of the Sybil is contrasted with this by its square shape and the severe style of its architecture. When the fall of the Anio took place a little more to the right (as it is supposed to have done), the temple must have hung, as it were, immediately over the cascade; the spot was well calculated to show off the inspiration of the priestess, and to excite the religious enthusiasm of the crowd.

Having thrown a last glance upon the hills to the north, which the mists of evening had covered with a white veil, upon the valley to the south, and upon the entire landscape, I returned to my solitary apartment. At one o'clock, the wind blowing most violently, I arose, and passed the remainder of the night

upon the terrace. The heavens were obscured with clouds: the storm mingled its moanings through the columns of the temple with the noise of the cascade: one might fancy that one heard sorrowful voices issuing from the apertures of the cave of the Sybil. The spray of the waterfall dashed toward me from the depth of the abyss like a hoary ghost: it was indeed a genuine apparition! I imagined myself standing on the heaths or sandy shores of my native Armorica, in the midst of an autumn night; and the recollections of my paternal roof effaced those of the dwellings of the Cæsars. Every man bears within himself a little world composed of all that he has seen and loved, and into the sanctuary of which he constantly retires, even then when he is traversing, and seems to inhabit a foreign world.

A few hours hence, I shall start to explore the Villa of Hadrian.

December 12th.

The grand entrance of Hadrian's Villa was through the hippodrome, upon the ancient Tiburtine way, and at a little distance from the tomb of the Plautii. There remain no vestiges of this hippodrome, which is converted into a sort of vineyard.

On issuing from a narrow cross-road, an alley

of pollard cypresses led to a miserable farm-house, the shattered staircase of which exhibited sundry pieces of porphyry, of *verd antique*, of granite, and of white marble, together with a number of architectural ornaments. Behind this farm the Roman theatre is discovered, in pretty good preservation, and forming a semicircle composed of three rows of seats. This semicircle is enclosed by a wall stretching in a right line, which serves to mark the diameter: the orchestra and the stage must have faced the box of the emperor.

The son of the mistress of the farm, a little fellow about twelve years old, and almost naked, pointed out to me this box, and also the dressing-rooms of the actors. Underneath the benches for the spectators, in a place where the farm-labourers now deposit their implements of husbandry, I found the torso of a colossal Hercules, buried amidst ploughshares, harrows, and rakes:—thus, empires spring from the plough, and disappear beneath it.

The interior of the theatre serves for the farm-yard, and the garden to the house; it is planted with plum and pear-trees. Close to the well that has been excavated in its centre, stand two pillars, whereto the buckets are affixed—one of them is composed of dried earth and stones heaped together at random; the other, of the shaft of a beauti-

ful fluted column: but, as if to do away with the magnificence of this latter, and assimilate it to the rusticity of its companion, nature has spread over it a mantle of ivy. A herd of black swine were raking into and turning up the turf that covered the benches of the theatre. In order to shake and overthrow the seats of the masters of the earth, Providence had only to cause a few roots of fennel to spring between their joints, and to deliver up the ancient enclosure dedicated to Roman elegance to the unclean animals of the faithful Eumæus.

From the theatre, ascending the staircase of the farm, I arrived at the *palestrina*, strewed with sundry relics. The vaulted ceiling of a hall still exhibited ornaments in exquisite taste.

From hence commences the valley called by Hadrian the *Vale of Tempe*.

> Est nemus Æmoniæ, prærupta quod undique claudit
> Sylva.

I have seen, at Stowe, in England, a duplicate of this imperial fantasy: but Hadrian had laid out his *English* garden as became the man who possessed the world.

At the end of a little wood of green elms and oaks, are perceived the ruins which stretch through the whole length of the Vale of Tempe; double

and triple porticoes, serving to sustain the terraces of Hadrian's buildings. The vale continues to extend itself farther than eye can reach, toward the south; its bosom is planted with reeds, with olive-trees, and cypresses. The hill to the west of the valley, meant to represent the ridge of *Olympus*, is decorated by the mass of the palace, of the Library, of the Hospitia, of the temples of Hercules and of Jupiter—and by the long arcades, festooned with ivy, which support these structures. A similar, but less lofty height, borders the valley to the east; behind which rise in a kind of amphitheatre the mountains of Tivoli, which were to typify *Ossa*.

In a field of olive-trees, an angle of the wall of the villa of Brutus forms a companion to the ruins of the villa of Cæsar. The relics of liberty sleep in peace beside those of despotism: the axe of the one, and the poniard of the other, are now nothing more than pieces of rusty iron buried beneath the same heap of rubbish.

From the immense building which, according to tradition, was dedicated to the entertainment of strangers, we come, in traversing the open halls around us, to the site occupied by the library; and here commences a very labyrinth of ruins, intersected by young coppices, clumps of pines, patches

of olive-trees, and various other plantations, which at once delight the eye and grieve the heart.

A fragment, suddenly detached from the vaulted roof of the library, rolled at my feet, as I passed along. It raised a little dust; and several plants were broken and borne down with it. These, however, will spring again to-morrow; whilst the noise and the dust subside immediately: behold this new ruin, henceforth to be bedded, for ages, near those which appeared to be awaiting it! Empires are, in like manner, plunged into eternity, where they lie silently; nor are men unlike these ruins which drop, one after another, to encumber the earth; the only difference among them, as among these fragments, is, that some fall in the presence of spectators, and others sink without a witness.

I have passed from the library to the circus of the Lyceum: they come here to cut down bushes for firewood. This circus adjoins the temple of the Stoics; in the passage leading to which, casting a glance behind me, I perceived the towering but dilapidated walls of the library, which, half-hidden as they were by the upper branches of wild olive-trees, overtopped the less elevated ones of the circus, and were themselves overtopped by an enormous umbrella-like pine; while above the

whole, the last summit of mount Calva uplifted itself, capped with cloud. Never were heaven and earth, the works of nature and those of man, better grouped together in one picture.

The temple of the Stoics is not far from the Parade. Through the opening of a portico we discovered, as in a glass, at the extremity of an avenue of olives and cypresses, the mountain of Palomba, crowned by the first village of the Sabines. On the left of the Pœcile, and under the Pœcile itself, the visitor descends into the *Cento-Cellæ* of the prætorian guards: they are vaulted chambers about eight feet square, of two, three, or four stories, and having no communication with each other: the light is admitted through the door. A moat runs the whole length of these military cells, which were most probably entered by means of a drawbridge. When the hundred bridges were let down, when the Pretorians passed and repassed over them, this must have formed a curious spectacle in the gardens of the philosophical Emperor who placed another god in Olympus. The husbandman in the patrimony of St. Peter comes to-day to dry his crops in the barracks of the Roman legionary. When the imperial nation and its masters erected so many proud structures, they little

thought that they were building cellars and granaries for a Sabine goatherd, or a farmer of Albano.

After having explored a portion of the *Cento-Cellæ*, I had still time before me to visit that part of the gardens attached to the Thermæ of the women: here, I was overtaken by the rain.*

I have frequently asked myself two questions, when standing in the midst of Roman ruins: the houses of private men were composed of a multitude of porticoes, of vaulted chambers, of chapels, halls, subterranean galleries, and obscure and secret passages: what was the use of all this display to an individual master? Offices for the slaves, and other domestics and dependents, appear to have been generally built apart.

In resolving this first question, I figure to myself the Roman citizen in his house, as a sort of monk, who had erected cloisters for his private use. Might not this recluse life, indicated by the prevailing character of the dwellings, be one of the causes of that calm, so remarkable in the writings of the ancients? Cicero recovered, in the long galleries of his abode, in the domestic temples therein enclosed, that tranquillity which he had lost in his commerce with men. The light even which was received into

* See the letter which follows, upon Rome, to M. de Fontanes.

these habitations would seem to tempt their inmates to a state of quietude: it descended almost always from the roof, or from windows placed very high up: this perpendicular light, so equal and so tranquil (with which we illume our picture-galleries) served the Roman, if I may so express myself, to contemplate the picture of his life. As for us, we must have our windows open upon the streets, the market-places, or cross-ways. Every thing calculated to agitate and make a noise delights us; reflection, gravity, silence, fill us with ennui.

The second question which has occurred to me, is this: why were so many edifices dedicated to the same uses? One sees incessantly halls for the purpose of *libraries*; yet there were but few books among the ancients. We encounter *Thermæ* at every step: the thermæ of Nero, of Titus, of Caracalla, of Diocletian, &c. Even had Rome been thrice as populous as it ever could have been, the tenth part of these baths would have sufficed for public uses.

I answer, it is probable that these monuments were, almost ever since their erection, in a state of dilapidation. One emperor overturned or despoiled the works of another, with a view of undertaking similar ones himself, and these were, in

turn, speedily abandoned by his successor. The blood and sweat of the people were exhausted upon the useless labours projected by the vanity of an individual, up to that hour when the avengers of the world, issuing from the depths of their forests, came to plant the humble standard of the cross upon these monuments of pride.

The rain having ceased, I visited the *stadium*, and took a view of the temple of Diana, in front of which stands that of Venus; and I penetrated amongst the rubbish of the Emperor's palace. In the most complete state of preservation amidst this undistinguishing decay, is a sort of cellar or cistern, of square shape, under the court of the palace itself. Its walls are double, each wall two feet and a half thick, and the interval which separates them not exceeding two inches.

Issuing from the palace, which I left behind me on the left, I advanced, inclining to the right, toward the Campagna di Roma. Passing across a field of corn, sown over vaults, I arrived at the Thermæ, still known by the name of *Halls of the Philosophers*, or *Prætorian Halls*,—one of the most imposing ruins throughout the entire Villa. The beauty, the height, the strength (and at the same time lightness), of the arches, the various effect of

the porticoes which either cross, intersect, or run parallel with it, the landscape spread at the back of this grand architectural relic, all combine to produce a surprising impression. Hadrian's Villa has furnished several precious remains of the art of painting: the few arabesques that I have seen are of very skilful composition, and of drawing equally delicate and true.

The Naumachia, situated behind the Thermæ, is a basin excavated by human labour, into which enormous pipes, yet visible, conducted the water. This basin, now dry, was in the days of antiquity kept full, and on its bosom were represented naval combats. It is known, that, in these exhibitions, one or two thousand men were sometimes slaughtered for the *amusement* of the Roman populace.

Around the Naumachia terraces were raised for the accommodation of the spectators. These terraces were supported by piazzas, which served underneath as places for constructing or harbouring the galleys.

A temple, copied from that of Serapis, in Egypt, adorned this scene: one half of the great dome of this temple has fallen. At sight of its sombre pillars, concentric arches, and a sort of funnel (whence the Oracle might have murmured), one would think

that one no longer stood amongst the works of Italy or Greece, but that the genius of some other people had presided here. An old sanctuary presents upon its green and humid walls some characters in pencil. I know not what mourner had strayed into the abandoned edifice.

From this place, I proceeded to the temple of Pluto and Proserpine, vulgarly called the *Entrance of Hell.* This structure is now the dwelling of a vine-dresser; I could not therefore explore it—the master, like the god, being absent. Beneath the Entrance of Hell, runs a valley called the *Valley of the Palace:* one might take it for the Elysian Fields. Advancing toward the south, and following the line of a wall which supported the terraces attached to the temple of Pluto, I perceived the last ruins of the Villa, situated at more than a league's distance.

Retracing my steps, I was desirous to see the Academy, consisting of a garden, a temple of Apollo, and sundry buildings destined for the use of the philosophers. A peasant opened to me a gate leading into the field of some other proprietor, and I found myself in the Odéon and the Greek theatre; pretty well preserved, as to shape. Some melodious Genius must surely still hover about and

preside over this spot; for I heard, even on the 12th of December, the note of the blackbird: a troop of children, occupied in gathering olives, made the echoes resound with their songs—echoes which had perhaps repeated the verses of Sophocles and the music of Timotheus.

Here terminated my survey; a much longer one than is generally taken: I owe this compliment to a princely traveller. Further on is to be seen the grand Portico, of which little remains; and still further, the relics of some other buildings, whose uses are not known: finally, the *Colle di San Stephano,* where the Villa terminates, and on which stand the ruins of the Prytaneum.

From the Hippodrome to the Prytaneum, the Villa of Hadrian occupies the sites at present known under the appellations of *Rocca Bruna, Palazza, Aqua Fera,* and the *Colle di San Stephano.*

Hadrian was a remarkable prince; and though not one of the greatest of the Roman emperors, his name is among the most lasting. He has left traces every where; including a celebrated wall in Great Britain; in all probability the arena at Nismes and the *Pont du Gard,* in France; sundry temples in Egypt; aqueducts at Troy; a new city both at Jerusalem and at Athens; and in Rome itself a

bridge still used, with a multitude of other monuments: all attesting the good taste, the activity, and the power, of this prince. He was himself at once poet, painter, and architect; and his age might be denominated that of the restoration of the arts.

The destiny of the *Mole* of Hadrian is singular. The ornaments of this sepulchre served for arms against the Goths: civilization thus overthrew and cast columns and statues at the head of barbarism, whose entrance, however, it could not prevent. The mausoleum is now become the fortress of the Popes, and is converted into a prison;—which, by the bye, is not much belying its primitive destination. These vast piles erected over the ashes of men enlarge not the dimensions of the coffin! the dead, in their sepulchral lodgments, are like that statue seated in too small a temple of Hadrian's;—if they were to rise, they would strike their heads against the ceiling.

Hadrian, on mounting the throne, said aloud to one of his enemies—"You are saved!" The exclamation was magnanimous; but that clemency was not extended in matters of genius as of politics. The jealous emperor, on seeing the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Apollodorus, whispered to himself, "He is lost!" and the artist was slain.

I did not quit the Villa of Hadrian without first filling my pockets with little bits of porphyry, alabaster, verd antique, painted stucco, and mosaic work—all of which I have since thrown away.

And now — these ruins exist for me no longer, since it is not likely that I shall be again led to the spot. One laments, at every moment, some period, some thing, some person, which one shall behold no more! — Life is thus one continuous death. Many travellers who preceded me have inscribed their names upon the marbles of Hadrian's Villa: they hoped to prolong their existence, by attaching to celebrated places a token of their visit: they are deceived! Whilst I attempted to read one of these names, newly traced in pencil, and which I thought I recognized, a bird flew off from a tuft of ivy, and in so doing shook down a few drops of the past rain:—the name disappeared.

To-morrow, to the Villa D'Este.*

* See, in a further part of the volume, the letter on Rome.

THE VATICAN.

December 22d, 1803.

I visited the Vatican at one o'clock; — the day has been fine, with a brilliant sun and an extremely mild atmosphere.

Solitude reigns among these grand flights of steps, or rather successive terraces, which one might ascend with mules, and over these galleries adorned with the master-pieces of genius, which in other times the Popes traversed in all their pride; solitude is spread over those works which so many celebrated artists have studied, so many illustrious men admired—Tasso, Ariosto, Montaigne, Milton, Montesquieu, together with kings and queens, either powerful or fallen, and pilgrims from every quarter of the globe.

God dispelling Chaos.

I have remarked the angel which followed Lot and his wife.

A beautiful view, over Rome, of Frascati, at a corner or angle of the gallery.

Entrance into the *Chambers:*

Battle of Constantine.—The tyrant and his horse are drowning.

St. Leo stopping Attila.—Why has Raphael given a fierce instead of a religious air to the Christian group? in order to express the sentiment of divine assistance.

The Holy Sacrament, the first work of Raphael; cold, and inexpressive of piety, but the dispositions and figures admirable.

Apollo, the Muses, and the Poets.—The character of the latter is very well made out; but the whole presents a strange medley.

Heliodorus chased from the Temple.—An angel is remarkable in this composition, as is likewise the figure of a celestial female, imitated by Girodet, in his Ossian.

The Conflagration of the Town.—The woman bearing a vase has been copied eternally. The contrast is remarkable between the man stupified with affright and he who is striving to reach the child. Art is too visible here.—The mother and infant have been a thousand times depicted by Raphael, and always excellently.

The School of Athens.—I like the Cartoon as well.

Deliverance of St. Peter.—The effect of the three lights has been cited by every body.

Library: an iron gate bristling with spikes—a

true emblem of the gate of science. The arms of a Pope—three bees—a happy symbol.

Magnificent vessel: books invisible. Were they open for examination, one might here find materials wholly to remodel modern history.

Christian Museum.—Instruments of martyrdom: claws of iron, to tear the skin; a scraper to scratch it off; iron hammers; small pincers, &c. beautiful *Christian antiquities!* How did men suffer in former days? Just as at present—witness these instruments. In matters of suffering, the human race is stationary.

Lamps found in the Catacombs.—Christianity commences at the tomb: at the lamp of death that torch was kindled, which has illumined the world. Ancient crosses, ancient chalices, and other articles, wherewith to administer the communion. Paintings brought from Greece, to preserve them from the Iconoclasts.

Ancient figure of Jesus Christ, since multiplied by painters. Its execution cannot be more remote than the eighth century. Was that divine Being *the most comely of men,* or was he ill-favoured? The Greek and Latin fathers are divided in opinion. I incline to the former.

Donation to the Church upon papyrus:—the world recommences here.

Antique Museum.—The hair of a female, found in a tomb.—Is it that of the mother of the Gracchi?—Is it that of Delia, of Cinthia, of Lalage, or of Lycinia, of which Mæcenas, if we may believe Horace, would not exchange a single fibre for all the wealth of a King of Phrygia?

> Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
> Permutare velis crine Lyciniæ?

If any thing carries with it the idea of fragility, it is the hair of a young female, which might have been an object of idolatry to the most fleeting of passions, and yet has survived the Roman empire! Death, which breaks the strongest chains, has not destroyed this light network.

Beautiful *torso* column of alabaster.—A winding-sheet of amanthus, taken out of a sarcophagus. Death, however, has not the less consumed his prey.

An Etruscan vase. Who drank out of this cup? One of the departed! Every thing in this Museum appertains to the grave, whether it once administered to funereal rites, or to the wants and functions of the living.

CAPITOLINE MUSEUM.

Dec. 23d, 1803.

The Milliary Column.—*In the Court,* the feet and head of a Colossus: to what figure have they belonged?

In the Senate-house; the names of modern senators; the wolf struck by thunder; the geese of the Capitol.

> Tous les siècles y sont: on y voit tous les temps;
> Là sont les devanciers avec leurs descendans.*

Ancient measures of corn, of oil, and of wine, in the shape of altars, decorated with lions' heads.

Paintings representing the first events of the Roman Republic.

Statue of Virgil: the countenance is rustic and grave, the brow melancholy, the eyes animated; and there are wrinkles which, diverging from the nostrils and terminating at the chin, furrow each cheek.

Cicero: a certain regularity of contour, with an expression of airy lightness; less strength of character intimated, than philosophy — as much wit as eloquence.

* All ages—all periods, are mingled around;
And descendants and forefathers strew the same ground!

The Alcibiades has not struck me with its beauty: it expresses the air of an imbecile.

A young Mithridates, resembling an Alexander.

Consular regalia, both ancient and modern.

The Sarcophagus of Alexander Severus and his mother. A basso-relievo of the infant Jupiter in the Island of Crete: admirable.

A column of oriental alabaster, the most beautiful known to be extant.

An antique plan of Rome, engraved upon marble; an emblem of the perpetuity of the Eternal City.

Bust of Aristotle: the style of face intelligent and powerful.

Bust of Caracalla: eye, nose, and mouth pointed; the nostrils contracted;—the air fierce and at the same time foolish.

Bust of Domitian: the lips very rigid.

Bust of Nero: the visage large and round, sunken about the eyes, so that both forehead and chin project: the air, that of a debauched Greek slave.

Busts of Agrippina and Germanicus: the second long and thin; the first grave.

Bust of Julian: the forehead small and narrow.

Bust of Marcus Aurelius: grand forehead, with the eyes and eyebrows lifted toward Heaven.

Bust of Vitellius: a large nose, thin lips, puffed cheeks, little eyes, and the head slightly bent down, like that of a swine.

Bust of Cæsar: the visage thin; the wrinkles deep; the air prodigiously intellectual; the forehead very prominent between the eyes, as if the skin were puckered up and intersected by a perpendicular wrinkle; the eyebrows depressed, and sinking over the eyes; the mouth fine, and singularly expressive—one might almost fancy it about to speak, so living is the smile; the nose is certainly prominent, but not so decidedly aquiline as it is usually represented; the temples are flattened like those of Buonaparte; scarcely any occiput; the chin round and double; the nostrils a little contracted; the whole head indicative of imagination and genius.

A basso-relievo: Endymion sleeping, seated upon a rock: his head is bent down on his chest, and at the same time leans slightly against the shaft of his lance, which rests upon his left shoulder. The left hand, thrown negligently upon the lance, holds loosely the string of a dog, which, standing upon its hinder legs, is endeavouring to look over the rock. This is perhaps one of the most exquisite bassi-relievi existing.*

* I have made use of this attitude in the *Martyrs*.

From the windows of the Capitol may be perceived the whole of the Forum; the temples of Fortune and of Concord; the two columns of the temple of Jupiter Stator; the Rostra; the temple of Faustina; the temple of the Sun; the temple of Peace; the ruins of the golden palace of Nero, as well as those of the Coliseum; the triumphal arches of Titus, of Septimus Severus, and of Constantine; —one vast cemetery of ages, with their funereal monuments, each bearing the date of extinction.

DORIA GALLERY.

December 24th 1803.

Grand Landscape of Gaspar Poussin: Views of Naples: Front of a ruined temple standing on a plain.

Cascade of Tivoli, and temple of the Sybil.

Landscape of Claude Lorraine. The Flight into Egypt, by the same master:—the Virgin is halting on the borders of a wood, with the Child upon her knees; an angel presents food to the Infant, and St. Joseph is employed in removing the pack-saddle from an ass: a bridge is in the background, over

which several camels, with their drivers, are passing; on the horizon are just perceptible the buildings of a great city; the tranquil character of the light is quite marvellous.

Two other little landscapes of Claude Lorraine; one of which represents a kind of patriarchal marriage in a wood:—this is perhaps the most finished composition of the illustrious master.

The Flight into Egypt, by Nicholas Poussin: the Virgin and Infant, riding upon an ass which an angel leads, are descending a hill into a wood; St. Joseph brings up the rear; the movement of the wind is observable both upon the vestments and trees.

Several landscapes of Dominichino: colour lively and brilliant; the subjects cheerful; but in general a raw tone of verdure, and a light somewhat vapourous and ideal:—strange that French eyes should have best caught the true light of an Italian atmosphere.

Landscape of Annibal Caracci: great truth, but not much elevation of style.

Diana and Endymion, by Rubens: the idea of this picture is happy. Endymion is almost asleep, in the position of the beautiful basso-relievo of the Capitol. Diana, hovering in the air, rests one

hand lightly upon the shoulder of the hunter, as if about to kiss without arousing him. The hand of the goddess of night is white as the silver moon, and her head is scarcely distinguishable from the azure of the firmament. The whole is well drawn; but when Rubens drew well he painted ill; the great colourist lost his pallet when he found his pencil.

Two heads by Raphael. The Four Misers, by Albert Durer. Time plucking the feathers of Love, either by Titian or Albano: a picture both cold and affected, but the carnations excellent.

The Aldobrandini Nuptials, copied from Nicholas Poussin: ten figures upon the same plane, forming three groups, of three, four, and three figures. The ground is a sort of grey screen, breast-high: the attitudes and drawing have all the simplicity of sculpture—one might say of a basso-relievo. There is no richness of ground-colour, no detail, no draperies, no furniture, no trees, — in short, no accessories whatever; nothing but the before-mentioned individuals naturally grouped.

WALK THROUGH ROME, BY MOONLIGHT.

From the top of the *La Trinita da Monte*, the steeples, and other edifices afar off, look like first draughts effaced by a painter, or like jagged coasts beheld from the sea, whilst on board a ship at anchor.

The shadow of the Obelisk: how many men have cast their eyes on this shadow in Egypt and in Rome?

La Trinita da Monte is deserted: a dog is barking in this retreat of the French. A small light issues from an elevated chamber in the Villa Medicis.

The Corso: calm, and whiteness of the buildings; depth of the transverse shadows. The Colonna Square. The Antonine Column half illuminated.

The Pantheon: extremely beautiful by moonlight.

The Coliseum: its air of awful grandeur and stillness by this same light.

St. Peter's: effect of the moon upon the dome; as also, upon the Vatican, the Obelisk, the two fountains, and the circular colonnade.

A young girl asked me for alms — her head

wrapped in her lifted petticoat: *la poverina* resembled a Madonna, and had well selected both time and place. Had I been Raphael, I would have made a picture of her. The Roman will beg when he is dying of hunger, but he is not even then importunate if refused: like his ancestors, he makes no effort to sustain life—either his senate or his prince must support him.

Rome slumbers amidst her ruins. This luminary of the night, this globe which some have imagined to be a depopulated and deserted world, moves her pale solitudes over the solitudes of Rome: she lights up streets without inhabitants, enclosures, squares, gardens, which no person enters, monasteries no longer resonant with the voices of recluses, cloisters as deserted as the porticoes of the Coliseum.

What was doing here eighteen centuries ago, at a like hour to this? Not only has ancient Italy vanished, but the Italy of the middle ages is also gone. Nevertheless, the traces of both are plainly marked at Rome. If the modern city vaunts her St. Peter's, ancient Rome opposes her Pantheon and all her ruins: if the one marshals from the Capitol her consuls and emperors, the other arrays from the Vatican her long succession of pontiffs. The Tiber divides the rival glories: seated in the same dust,

Pagan Rome sinks faster and faster into decay, and Christian Rome is gradually re-descending into the catacombs whence she issued.

I have in my mind subjects for a score of letters upon Italy, which perhaps might be read, if I could express my ideas as vividly as they are conceived; but the days are gone by, and I need repose. I feel like a traveller, who, conscious that he must depart to-morrow, has sent before him his *luggage*—as we may denominate man's illusions and his years: every minute some fresh article is confided to that swift runner (as the Scripture terms him) Time.*

* Of this score of letters which I had in my head, I have written only one—namely, that upon Rome, to M. de Fontanes. The several fragments that have preceded and follow might have formed materials for other letters; but I have completed a description of Rome and Naples in the fourth and fifth books of the *Martyrs*. The only addition wanting to what I was desirous to say about Italy is the historical and political part.

JOURNEY FROM NAPLES.

Terracina, December 31st.

Behold the personages, the equipages, the things and objects which one encounters pell-mell upon the roads of Italy: English and Russians, who travel at great expence in good berlins, with all the customs and all the prejudices of their respective countries; Italian families, journeying in old calashes, in order to repair economically to the vintage; monks on foot, leading perhaps by the bridle a restive mule, laden with relics; labourers driving carts drawn by large oxen, and bearing a little image of the Virgin at top of a staff, supported on the pole or beam; country-women veiled, or with the hair fantastically braided, and wearing a short petticoat of glaring colour, boddices open at the bosom and laced with ribbons, necklaces and bracelets of shells; waggons drawn by mules adorned with little bells, feathers, and red cloth; ferry-boats, bridges, mills; herds of asses, of goats, and sheep; horse-dealers; couriers, with heads enveloped in little bags, as in Spain; children quite naked; pilgrims, mendicants, penitents, both black and white; soldiers jolting along in wretched tilted carts; parties of gendarmerie; old men mingled with young

girls. The air of good-humour is prevalent, but that of curiosity equally so. They follow you with their eyes as long as they can; they look as if they wished to speak with you, but never utter a syllable.

Ten o' clock at night.

I have just opened my window: the waves come to expire at the base of the walls of the inn. I never look on the sea without a glad and almost tender sensation.

Gaeta, January 1, 1804.

Behold, another year has run out its term!

In coming from Fondi, I have greeted the first orange-orchard. These fine trees were as fully laden with ripe fruit as the most productive apple-trees of Normandy. I write these few lines at Gaeta, upon a balcony, at four o'clock P. M. by the light of a brilliant sun, and having the ocean full in view. Here died Cicero, in the country, as he himself said, which he had saved. *Moriar in patriâ sœpè servatâ.* Cicero was slain by a man whom he had formerly defended—a degree of ingratitude of which history furnishes abundant examples. Antony received at the Forum the head and hands of Cicero: he gave a golden crown and a sum equal to 200,000 livres, to the assassin, and this was not the value of the thing: the head was nailed

up in the public tribune between the two hands of the orator. Under Nero, Cicero was highly lauded; during the reign of Augustus his name was not mentioned. In Nero's time vice was brought to perfection; the old assassinations of the *divine* Augustus dwindled into mere trifles, essays, nay almost into innocence itself, when compared with the new crimes. Besides, the people were then far removed from any thing like liberty; they had become ignorant even of the meaning of the word: the slaves who attended the games of the Circus, were they susceptible of being inspired by the reveries of a Cato or a Brutus? The rhetoricians could then in all the safety of servitude, praise the peasant of Arpinum. Nero himself would have been the very person to put forth harangues upon the excellence of liberty; and if the Roman people had felt oppressed with drowsiness during such harangues (as may readily be imagined), their lord and master, according to custom, would have directed a resort to sharp blows, in order to extort the applause of his auditory.

Naples, Jan. 2.

The Duke of Anjou, king of Naples, brother of St. Louis, caused Conrad, the legitimate heir to the

crown of Sicily, to be put to death. Conrad, when upon the scaffold, threw his gauntlet among the crowd: who picked it up? Louis XVI., a descendant of St. Louis.

The kingdom of the Two Sicilies must be regarded as something apart from Italy. Grecian under the ancient Romans, it has been since their time alternately Saracen, Norman, German, French, and Spanish.

The Italy of the middle ages was the Italy of the two great factions of Guelf and Ghibelline—the Italy of rival republics and petty tyrannies: nothing was spoken of but *crime* and *liberty*, and every thing was accomplished by the blow of the poniard. The adventures of this Italy are full of romance: who has not heard of Ugolino, Francesco of Rimini, Romeo and Juliet, Othello? The Doges of Genoa and of Venice, the princes of Verona, of Ferrara and of Milan, the warriors, navigators, writers, artists, and merchants, of this Italy, were all men of genius: Grimaldi, Fregose, Adorni, Dandolo, Marino Zeno, Morosini, Gradenigo, Scaligieri, Visconti, Doria, Trivulce, Spinola Zeno, Pisani, Christopher Colombus, Amerigo Vespucci, Gabato, Dante, Petrarch, Bocchacio, Ariosto, Machiavelli, Cardan, Pomponace, Achellini, Erasmus, Politian, Michael

Angelo, Perugino, Raphael, Giulio Romano, Dominichino, Titian, Careggio, the Medicis; but amongst all not a single knight—in fact, nothing of Transalpine Europe.

At Naples, on the contrary, chivalry was engrafted upon the Italian character, and individual prowess threw a grace over popular commotion. Tancred and Tasso, Joan of Naples and the good king Réné who did not reign; the Sicilian Vespers, Massaniello, and the last Duke of Guise—all these figured in the Two Sicilies. The breath of Greece came also to expire at Naples; Athens pushed its frontiers as far as Pæstum: its temples and its tombs form a line at the utmost horizon of an enchanted sky.

I have not been much struck with Naples on my arrival: from Capua, and its loveliness, to this place, the country is fertile, but has little of the picturesque. One enters Naples almost without seeing it, by a very deep road. *

January 3, 1804.

Visited the Museum.

Statue of Hercules, of which there are copies

* You can no longer, if you would, follow the old route. Under the last French domination, another entrance was opened, and a beautiful road has been traced round the hill of Pausylippo.

everywhere. The figure is in repose, resting upon the trunk of a tree; lightness of the club. Venus; beauty of contour; moist drapery. Bust of Scipio Africanus.

Why should antique sculpture be so superior* to modern, whilst modern painting is apparently superior, or, at all events, equal, to ancient?

With regard to sculpture, I reply:

The habits and manners of the ancients were graver than ours—their passions less turbulent. Now sculpture, which is unable to mark light and shifting gradations, or playful motion, accommodates itself admirably to the tranquil gesture and serious physiognomy of the Greek or Roman.

Besides, the antique draperies displayed in part the naked figure, which was thus always exposed to the artist's eye, whilst it is but very rarely developed to that of the modern sculptor; and, to

* This assertion, however generally true, admits of numerous exceptions. Antique statuary has nothing to show which surpasses the Cariatides of the Louvre, by John Goujon. We have these chefs-d'œuvre daily before our eyes, and yet we notice them not. The Apollo has been far too much vaunted: the metopes of the Parthenon alone exhibit the perfection of the Grecian sculpture. What I said respecting the Arts, in the *Spirit of Christianity*, is eccentric, and often incorrect. At that time I had seen neither Greece, Italy, nor Egypt.

conclude, the human form was then undoubtedly more symmetrical.

With regard to painting, I answer:

This art admits of great freedom in the attitudes; consequently, affectation, when unfortunately it is visible, detracts less from the great effects of the pencil.

The rules of perspective, which have little or nothing to do with sculpture, are better understood by the moderns. We are likewise acquainted with a greater variety of colours, although it is yet to be learnt whether they are purer or more brilliant.

In my review of the Museum, I admired the mother of Raphael, painted by her son; gentle and beautiful, she somewhat resembles Raphael himself, as the virgins of this divine master resemble angels.

Michael Angelo, painted by himself.

Armida and Rinaldo; the scene of the magic mirror.

PUZZUOLI AND LA SOLFATARA.

January 4th.

At Puzzuoli I have examined the temple of the Nymphs; the house of Cicero — that which he called the *Puteolana* — whence he often wrote to

Atticus, and where he probably composed his second Philippic. This villa was built after the plan of the Academy of Athens; afterwards enriched by Vetus, it was turned into a palace under the emperor Hadrian, who died here, bidding farewell to his soul in the well-known verses:

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis, etc.

He desired they would inscribe on his tomb, that he was killed by physicians:

Turba medicorum regem interfecit.

The science has since made, it should seem, some progress.

At that epoch, all men of talent were either Christians or "philosophers."

A fine prospect is commanded from the portico: a little orchard now occupies the site of the house of Cicero.

The temple of Neptune, and tombs.

La Solfatara, field of sulphur. Noise of the springs of boiling water — the sound of Tartarus to the poets.

View of the gulf of Naples in returning: cape illumined by the light of the setting sun; reflexion of this light upon Vesuvius and the Appennine;

agreement or harmony of this radiance and of the sky. Transparent vapour on the surface of the water and mid-way up the mountain. Whiteness of the sails of vessels entering the port. The isle of Capri in the distance. The hill of the Camaldules, with its convent and tufts of trees, above Naples. Contrast of all this with La Solfatara. A Frenchman now inhabits the island whither Brutus retired. Grotto of Esculapius. Tomb of Virgil, whence may be perceived the cradle of Tasso.

VESUVIUS.

Jan. 5, 1804.

I left Naples this 5th of January, at seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to Portici. The sun had dispersed the clouds of night, but the top of Vesuvius is always wrapt in mist. I began my journey up the mountain with a *Cicerone*, who provided two mules, one for me, and another for himself.

At first our ascent was by a tolerably wide road, between two plantations of vines, which were trained upon poplars. I soon began to feel the cold wintry

air, but kept advancing, and at length perceived, a little below the vapours of the middle region, the tops of some trees. They were the elms of the hermitage. The miserable habitations of the vine-dressers were now visible on either side, amidst a rich abundance of *Lachrymæ Christi.* In other respects, I observed a parched soil, and naked vines intermixed with pine-trees in the form of an umbrella, some aloes in the hedge, innumerable rolling stones, and not a single bird.

On reaching the first level ground, a naked plain stretched itself before me, and I had also in view the two summits of Vesuvius — on the left the *Somma,* on the right the present mouth of the volcano. These two heads were enveloped in pale clouds. I proceeded. On one side the Somma falls in, and on the other I could distinguish the hollows made in the cone of the volcano, which I was about to climb. The lava of 1766 and 1769 covered the plain I was then crossing. It was a frightful smoky desert, where the lava, cast out like dross from a forge, displays its whitish scum upon a black ground, exactly resembling dried moss.

I left the cone of the volcano to the right, and following the road on the left, reached the foot of a hill or rather wall, formed of the lava which over-

whelmed Herculaneum. This species of wall is planted with vines on the borders of the plain, and on the opposite side is a deep valley, filled by a copse. The air now began to feel extremely keen.

I climbed this hill in order to visit the hermitage, which I perceived from the other side. The heavens lowered; the clouds descended and swept along the surface of the earth like grey smoke, or ashes driven before the wind. I began to hear a murmuring sound among the elms of the hermitage.

The hermit came forth to receive me, and held the bridle of my mule while I alighted. He was a tall man with a frank expression of countenance and good address. He invited me into his cell, and placed upon the table a repast of bread, apples, and eggs. Sitting down opposite me, he rested both elbows on the table, and calmly began to converse while I ate my breakfast. The clouds were collected all round us, and no object could be distinguished through the windows of the hermitage. Nothing was heard in this dreary abyss of vapour but the whistling of the wind, and the distant noise of the waves, as they broke upon the shores of Herculaneum. There was something interesting in the situation of this tranquil abode of Christian hospi-

tality—a small cell at the foot of a volcano and in the midst of a tempest.

I was presented by the recluse with the book in which strangers who visit Vesuvius are accustomed to make some memorandum. In this volume I did not find one single remark worthy of recollection. The French, indeed, with the good taste natural to our nation, had contented themselves with mentioning the date of their jonrney, or paying a compliment to the hermit for his hospitality. It would seem that this volcano had no very remarkable effect upon the visitors; which confirms me in an idea I some time since formed,—namely, that grand objects and grand subjects are less capable of giving birth to great ideas than is generally supposed; their sublimity is evident, and all that is added beyond the recognition of it becomes merely superfluous. The "nascetur ridiculus mus" is true of all mountains.

I quitted the hermitage at half-past two o'clock, and continued to ascend the hill of lava, on which I had before proceeded. On my left was the valley which separated me from the Somma; on my right the plain of the cone. Not a living creature did I see in this region of desolation but a poor, meagre

squalid, half-naked girl, bending under a load of faggots, which she had cut on the mountain.

The prospect was now wholly obstructed by the clouds; the wind blowing them upward from the black plain,—of which, if clear, I should have commanded a view,—and causing them to pass over the lava road upon which I was pursuing my way. I heard nothing but the sound of my mule's footsteps.

Quitting the hill at length, and bending to the right, I re-descended into the plain of lava, which adjoins the cone of the volcano, and which I crossed lower down on my road to the hermitage; but even when in the midst of these calcined fragments, the mind can hardly form any idea of the appearance which the district must assume when covered with fire and molten metals by an eruption of Vesuvius. Dante had, perhaps, seen it when he described, in his Hell, those showers of ever-burning fire, which descend slowly and in silence "come di neve in Alpe sanza vento."

"Arrivammo ad una landa
Che dal suo letto ogni pianta rimove
.....
Lo spazzo er' un' arena arida e spessa
Sovra tutto 'l sabbion d'un cader lento
Pioven di fuoco dilatata, e falde,
Come di neve in Alpe sanza vento."

Snow was here visible in many places, and I suddenly discovered, at intervals, Portici, Capri, Ischia, Pausylippo, the sea, studded with the white sails of fishing-boats, and the coast of the gulph of Naples, bordered with orange-trees. It was a glimpse of paradise caught from the infernal regions.

On reaching the foot of the cone, we alighted from our mules. My guide gave me a long staff, and we began to climb the huge mass of cinders. The clouds rolled around us, the fog became still denser, and thick darkness hung upon our steps.

Behold me now at the top of Vesuvius, where, seating myself at the mouth of the volcano, I wrote down what had hitherto occurred, and prepared for a descent into the crater. The sun appeared from time to time through the mass of vapours, which enveloped the whole mountain and concealed from me one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world, while it doubled the horrors of the place I was in. Vesuvius, thus separated by clouds from the enchanting country at its base, has the appearance of being placed in the completest desert; and the terror it inspires is in no degree diminished by the situation of a flourishing city at its foot.

My guide made some objection to my proposal of descending into the crater, but this was all put

on for the purpose of obtaining a little more money, and we at length agreed upon a sum, which he received on the spot. He then took off his clothes, and we walked some time on the edge of the abyss, in order to find a part which was less perpendicular, and more commodious for our descent. My companion having discovered one, gave the signal for me to follow him, and we plunged down.

You must fancy us at the bottom of the gulph,* for I despair of describing the chaos which surrounded me.

Let the reader figure to himself a basin, a thousand feet in circumference and three hundred feet high, which takes the shape of a funnel. Its borders, or interior walls, are furrowed by the liquid fire which this basin has contained and vomited forth. The projecting parts of these walls resemble those brick pillars with which the Romans supported their enormous masonry. Large rocks hang down in various parts, and their fragments, mixed with a crust of cinders, cover the bottom of the abyss.

* There is some fatigue, but very little danger, attendant on a descent into the crater of Vesuvius, unless the investigator should be surprised by a sudden eruption. The later eruptions have changed the form of the cone.

This bottom of the basin is ploughed and indented in sundry ways. Near the middle are three vents, or small mouths, recently opened, which discharged flames during the occupation of Naples by the French in 1798.

From different points of the crater smoke proceeds, especially on that side toward Torre del Greco. On the opposite side, toward Caserta, I perceived flame. If you plunge your hand into the cinders, you find them of a burning heat several inches under the surface. The prevailing colour of the gulph is jet black; but Providence, as I have often observed, can impart grace at pleasure even to objects the most revolting. The lava, in some places, is tinged with azure, ultra marine, yellow, and orange. Rocks of granite are warped and twisted by the action of the fire, and bent to their very extremities, so that they exhibit the semblance of the leaves of palms and acanthus. The volcanic matter having cooled on the rocks over which it flowed, many figures are thus formed, such as roses, girandoles, and ribbons. The rocks likewise assume the forms of plants and animals, and imitate the various figures which are to be seen in agates. I particularly noticed, on a bluish rock, a white swan, modelled so perfectly that I could have almost sworn I

beheld this beautiful bird sleeping upon a placid lake, its head bent under its wing, and its long neck stretched over its back like a roll of silk.

Ad vada Meandri concinit albus olor.

Here reigned that perfect silence which I formerly met with at noon in the forests of America, when I have held my breath, and heard nothing except the beating of my heart and temporal artery. It was only at intervals that gusts of wind, descending from the cone to the bottom of the crater, rustled through my clothes or whistled round my staff. I also heard the rolling of some stones, which my guide kicked aside as he climbed through the cinders: a confused echo, similar to the jarring of metal or glass, prolonged the noise of their fall, and again all was still as death. Compare this gloomy silence with the tremendous explosions which shake these places when the volcano vomits fire from its entrails, and covers the earth with darkness!

A philosophical reflection may here be made, tending to excite our contempt for human things. What, in fact, are the famous revolutions of empires, in comparison with those convulsions of nature, that change the face of the earth and of ocean? It would at least be a happy cir-

cumstance if men would cease to employ themselves in rendering each other miserable, during the short time that they are permitted to dwell together. Vesuvius has not once opened its abyss to swallow up cities, without its fury surprising mankind in the midst of blood and tears. What are the first signs of civilization, the first marks of the passage of men which have been found, during our own days, under the extinct ashes of the volcano? Instruments of suffering and skeletons in chains!*

Times change, and human destinies are liable to similar inconstancy. "Life," says a Greek song, "is like the wheels of a chariot."

Τροχὸς ἅρματος γὰρ οἷα
Βίοτος τρέχει κυλιθεὶς.

Pliny perished owing to his desire to contemplate, at a distance, the volcano, in the centre of which I was now tranquilly seated. I saw the abyss smoking round me. I reflected that a few fathoms below me was a gulph of fire. I reflected that the volcano might at once disgorge its entrails, and launch me into the air amidst the rocky fragments by which I was surrounded.

By what Providence was I conducted hither? By what chance did the tempests of the American

* At Pompeii.

ocean cast me on the plains of Lavinia? *Lavinaque venit littora.* I cannot refrain from returning to the agitations of this life, in which, says St. Augustine, things are full of misery, and even hope devoid of happiness: "Rem plenam miseriæ, spem beatitudinis inanem." Born on the rocks of Armorica, the first sound which struck my ear on entering the world was that of the sea; and on how many shores have I seen the same waves break, that I here meet with again!

Who would have predicted, a few years since, that I should hear these wanderers moaning at the tombs of Scipio and Virgil, after they had rolled at my feet on the coast of England, or upon the strand of Canada? My name is in the hut of the savage of Florida, and in the hermit's book at Vesuvius. When shall I lay down, at the gate of my fathers, the pilgrim's staff and mantle?

"O patria! O Divum domus Ilium!

PATRIA, OR LITERNUM.

January 6th, 1804.

Leaving Naples by way of the grotto of Pausilippo, I have jolted a full hour in a calash over the plain; after traversing several little umbrageous roads, I alighted from the vehicle to seek, on foot, the place now called *Patria*, the ancient Liternum. A clump of poplars was the first object that presented itself to my view, and afterwards vineyards and a plain sown with corn. Nature was beautiful around, yet sorrowful. At Naples, as in the Roman States, the cultivators of the soil are not much in their fields except at seed-time and harvest, after which they repair either into the suburbs of the towns, or into the larger villages. The country, properly speaking, thus wants hamlets, herds, and inhabitants; and the rustic movements common to Tuscany, the Milanese, and the Transalpine countries, are not visible. In the environs of Patria, however, I have met with several neatly-built farm-houses; each having, in its court-yard, a well adorned with flowers, and with two pillars, crowned with aloes in baskets. There is, throughout this country, a kind of natural taste for architecture

illustrative of the ancient seat of civilization and the arts.

Swampy grounds overgrown with fern, and adjoining woody bottoms, have reminded me of the aspect of Brittany. How long is it, since I have quitted my *native* heaths? An old wood of oaks and elms, among which I was brought up, has just been cut down: I should be tempted to utter lamentations, like those ideal beings whose lives were attached to the trees of the magic forest of Tasso.

I perceived afar off, on the borders of the sea, the tower which bears the name of Scipio. At the further end of a great house, forming at once a chapel and a sort of inn, was a troop of fishermen, whom I found occupied in mending their nets beside a piece of water. Two of them brought a boat, and disembarked me near a bridge, in the vicinity of the tower. I have passed over downs, on which grow laurels, myrtles, and dwarf olive-trees. Ascending, not without some difficulty, to the top of the tower, which serves as a landmark for vessels at sea, my eyes have wandered over that ocean which Scipio so many times contemplated. Several fragments of the ruined vaults, called grottoes of Scipio, presented themselves to my enthusiastic

investigation; and I trod with an emotion of profound respect the earth which covers the bones of him who, in the midst of glory, preferred solitude. I can have nothing in common with this great citizen, save that last exile, from which no man is recalled.

BAIÆ.

January 9th.

View from the top of Monte Nuovo: culture in the very depth of the hollows: myrtles and elegant heaths.

The lake Avernus, of circular form, and buried amidst the mountains: its shores are decked with vines with long stems. The cave of the Sybil is situated toward the south, on the side of a steep bank, near a wood; I heard the birds sing, and saw them fly around the cave, in spite of the lines of Virgil:

> Quam super haud ullæ poterant impunè volantes
> Tendere iter pennis ———

As to the *golden bough*, had all the doves in the world pointed it out to me, I could not have gathered it.

The Avernus communicated with another, namely, the Lucrine lake, which latter is merged in the sea: the remains of the *Julia* bridge.

It is the custom to embark, and follow the dyke as far as the baths of Nero. I have had eggs boiled in the Phlegethon. On leaving the baths, the traveller re-embarks, doubling the promontory. Upon an abandoned coast lie, washed by the waves, the ruins of a multitude of baths and Roman villas: temples of Venus, of Mercury, and Diana: tombs of Agrippina, &c. Baiæ was the Elysium of Virgil, and the Hell of Tacitus.

HERCULANEUM, PORTICI, POMPEII.

January 11th.

The lava has filled Herculaneum, as melted lead fills the cavities of a mould.

Portici is a magazine of antiquities.

There are four parts of Pompeii discovered: 1st. the temples, the quarters of the soldiers, and the theatres; 2d. a house recently cleared by the French; 3d. a division of the town; and 4th. a house without side it.

The circumference of Pompeii is about four miles. The quarters of the soldiers are a sort of cloister, round which forty-two chambers are ranged. Some Latin words, mutilated and badly spelt, are daubed upon the walls. Not far off were

discovered the chained skeletons. "Those who were formerly chained together," says Job, "suffer no longer, and no longer hear the voice of the task-master."

A little theatre; twenty-one semicircular benches, with corridors behind. A large theatre: three doors serve to give egress from the scenes at the back, and communicate with the rooms of the actors. Three rows are marked for benches: the lower one largest, and of marble.

The visitor enters by a corridor at the upper part of the theatre, and descends into the hall by the *vomitoria*. Six doors open upon this corridor. At a little distance stands a square portico, of sixty columns; other pillars run in a right line, from south to north; dispositions which I do not thoroughly understand.

Two temples have been discovered; one of which presents three altars and a raised sanctuary.

The house discovered by the French is very curious: the bed-rooms are extremely small, painted with blue or yellow, and decorated with little frescoes, in which one recognizes a Roman personage, an Apollo playing on his lyre, landscapes, or perspectives of gardens or towns. In the largest apartment of this house, a painting represents

Ulysses fleeing from the Syrens: the son of Laertes, tied to the mast of his ship, listens to three Syrens stationed on the rocks; the first touches the lyre, the second sounds a kind of trumpet, while the third sings.

That part of Pompeii first discovered, is entered by a street about fifteen feet wide, with pavements on either side; the road in the middle still retains in several places, the marks of wheels. The street is bordered by shops and houses whose first story has fallen. In two of these houses, the following objects are to be seen:

A surgery and a dressing-room, with analogous paintings.

A corn-mill has been pointed out to me, as have also the marks of some sharp instrument upon the walls of a pork-butcher's or baker's shop—I do not recollect which.

This street leads to a gate of the city, where they have laid bare a portion of the wall that surrounded it. At this gate commences the file of sepulchres which borders the high-road.

Having passed through the gate, we come upon the country-house so much talked of. The portico surrounding the garden of this house is composed of square pillars, grouped three and three.

Beneath this first portico there is a second; and here it was that the young female was suffocated, the impression of whose breast is marked on the piece of earth which I saw at Portici. Death, like a statuary, modelled his victim.

In passing from one excavated part of the city to another, we traverse a rich and cultivated soil, occasionally planted with vines. The heat was considerable, the earth smiling with verdure, and enamelled with flowers.*

In walking through this city of the dead, one idea has pursued me. As the labourers clear the different edifices of Pompeii, they remove whatever they discover, household utensils, implements of divers trades, pieces of furniture, statues, manuscripts, &c. all of which are promiscuously carried to the Portici Museum. In my opinion, people might have employed their time better: why not have left these things as they found them, and where they found them? Instead of their removal, they should have been preserved on the spot: roofs and ceilings, floors and windows, should have been carefully restored, in order

* I have given at the end of this volume some curious details respecting Pompeii, which must serve to complete my short description.

to prevent the destruction of the walls and paintings; the ancient enclosure of the town should be rebuilt, the gates repaired, and a guard of soldiers stationed there, together with some individuals well versed in the arts. Would not this have been the most interesting museum in the world? a Roman town preserved quite entire, as if its inhabitants had issued forth but a quarter of an hour previous!

One might, then, better learn the domestic history of the Roman people, and the degree of Roman civilisation, in a few walks through the restored Pompeii, than by reading all the books of antiquity. The whole of Europe would flock hither; and the cost incurred in the prosecution of the scheme would be amply covered by the expenditure of affluent foreigners at Naples. Besides, it would not be necessary to complete such a plan hastily; the investigation of the spot might be leisurely but regularly continued; and nothing would be wanting but a few bricks and slates, a little plaster, stone, and wood, with some masonry and carpenter's work, supplied in proportion to the progress of the discoveries. With respect to the restorations, an able architect might follow the local style, models of which would be found in the landscapes

painted upon the walls of the houses of Pompeii itself.

What is at present done seems to me lamentable. Abstracted from their natural situations, the rarest curiosities are buried in cabinets where they are no longer in keeping with surrounding objects. Besides, the structures discovered at Pompeii, if left as they are, will soon fall; the ashes which overwhelmed, at the same time preserved them; exposed to the air, they will perish, if not taken care of and repaired.

In every country, the public monuments alone, erected at great expense, with blocks of granite and marble, have resisted the influence of time; whilst domestic habitations, the *cities* (properly so called) are crumbled into ruins, because the means possessed by private individuals have not enabled them to build for ages.

TO M. DE FONTANES.

Rome, 10 *Jan.* 1804.

I AM just arrived from Naples, my dear friend, and send you all my journey has produced, for you have a right to this all—a few laurel leaves snatched

from the tomb of Virgil. *Tenet nunc Parthenope.* I should long since have given you a description of this classic region, well calculated to interest such a mind as yours, but various circumstances have hindered me. I will not leave Rome, however, without saying a few words about that celebrated city. We agreed that I was to address you unceremoniously, and to tell you at a venture whatever impressions were made upon me in Italy, as I formerly related to you the ideas I had formed, while wandering through the solitudes of the New World. Without further preamble, then, I will attempt to give you some account of the environs of Rome, that is to say, of the adjacent country and the ruins.

All that has been written on this subject you have read, but I am not sure that travellers have given you a very just idea of the picture which the Roman territory presents. Imagine for yourself something of the desolation of Tyre and Babylon, as described in Scripture—silence and solitude vast as was formerly the noise and tumult of men crowded together on this spot. One may almost fancy that the prophet's curse is still heard, *Venient tibi duo hæc subitò in die unâ—sterilitas et vidui-*

*tas.** You see here and there some remains of Roman roads, in places where nobody ever passes, and some dried-up tracks of winter torrents, which, at a distance, have themselves the appearance of large frequented roads, but which are in reality the beds of waters that formerly rushed onward with impetuosity, though, like the Roman nation itself, they have now passed away. It is with difficulty you discover any trees; but on every side are beheld the ruins of aqueducts and tombs, which may be termed the forests and indigenous plants of this land—composed as it is of mortal dust and the wrecks of empires. I have often thought that I beheld rich crops in a plain, but on approaching, found that my eye had been deceived by withered grass. Under this barren herbage traces of ancient culture may occasionally be discovered. Here are no birds, no labourers, no lowing of cattle, no villages. A few miserably managed farms appear amidst the general nakedness of the country, but the windows and doors of each habitation are closed. Neither smoke, noise, nor inhabitant, issues from them. A sort of savage, in tat-

* Two things shall fall upon thee in a single day,—sterility and widowhood.—*Isaiah.*

tered garments, pale and emaciated by fever, guards these melancholy dwellings, like the spectres who defend the entrance of abandoned castles in our gothic legends. It may therefore be said, that no nation has dared to take possession of the country once inhabited by the masters of the world, and that you see these plains as they were left by the ploughshare of Cincinnatus, or the last Roman team.

In the midst of this uncultivated region which is overlooked and rendered still more dreary by a monument called by the popular voice the "Tomb of Nero," * here does the shade of Eternal City raise its head. Fallen from her terrestrial power, she seems to have resolved on proudly isolating herself. She has separated from the other cities of the world, and like a dethroned queen, nobly conceals her misfortunes in solitude.

I should vainly attempt to describe the sensation experienced, when Rome suddenly appears to your view amidst her *inania regna*, as if raising herself for you from the sepulchre in which she had been lying. Fancy the emotion and astonishment which the prophets experienced when God, in a vision, shewed

* The real tomb of Nero was at the "Porta del Populo," on the very spot where the church of *Santa-Maria del Populo* has since been erected.

them some city to which he had attached the destiny of his chosen people: *Quasi aspectus splendoris.** The multitude of recollections and the crowd of sensations oppress you, so that your very soul is confounded on beholding the place—for it is Rome, which has twice inherited the empire of the world, first as the heir to Saturn, and secondly to Jacob.†

Perhaps, my dear friend, you will think, from my description, that nothing can be more frightful than the Roman environs; but in this conjecture you would be egregiously mistaken. They possess inconceivable grandeur, and in contemplating them, you would be always ready to exclaim with Virgil;

> Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
> Magna virûm! ‡

If you view them as an economist, they will dis-

* It was as a vision of splendour.—*Ezekiel.*

† Montaigne thus describes the neighbourhood of Rome about two centuries ago:

"We had at a distance, on our left, the Appenines, and the prospect of a country by no means pleasant, uneven and full of gaps, which would render it difficult to range troops in regular order. The ground is without trees, and a considerable part of it sterile, the country open all about, and for more than ten miles round. Like all other countries too of this description, it is very thinly inhabited."

‡ Hail, happy land, producing richest fruits,
And heroes of renown!

please you: but if as an artist, as a poet, or philosopher, you will perhaps not wish them to be altered. The sight of a corn-field or a vineyard would not cause such strong emotions in your mind as that of a country where modern culture has not renovated the soil, and which may be said to have become as purely antique as the ruins which cover it.

Nothing is so beautiful as the lines of the Roman horizon, the gentle inclination of the planes, and the soft fugitive outlines of the mountains which bound them. The valleys often assume the form of an arena, a circus, or a riding-house. The hills are cut into terraces, as if the mighty hand of the Romans had moved the whole land at pleasure. A peculiar vapour is spread over distant objects, which rounds them and removes all harshness. The shadows are never black and heavy; since there are no masses so obscure, even among the rocks and foliage, but that a little light always insinuates itself. A singular tint and most peculiar harmony unite the earth, the sky, and the waters. All the surfaces are blended at their extremities by means of an insensible gradation of colour, and without the possibility of ascertaining the point at which one ends, or another begins. You have doubtless admired this sort of

light in Claude Lorraine's landscapes. It appears ideal, possessing a beauty beyond nature; it is however, the genuine light of Rome.

I did not neglect to visit the Villa Borghese, and to admire the sun as he cast his setting beams upon the cypresses of Mount Marius and the pines of the Villa Pamphili, planted by Le Notre. I have also often directed my way up the Tiber to enjoy the grand scene of departing day at Ponte Mole. The summits of the Sabine mountains then appear to consist of lapis lazuli and pale gold, while their bases and sides are enveloped in a vapour, which has a violet or purple tint. Sometimes beautiful clouds, like light chariots, borne on the winds with inimitable grace, make you easily comprehend the appearance of the Olympian deities under this mythologic sky. Sometimes ancient Rome seems to have stretched into the West all the purple of her Consuls and her Cæsars, and spread it under the last steps of the god of day. This superb decoration disappears not so swiftly as in our climate. When you suppose the tints are vanishing, they suddenly illumine some other point of the horizon. Twilight succeeds twilight, and the charm of closing day is prolonged. It is true that at this hour of rural repose, the air no longer resounds with *bucolic*

song; you no longer hear the "*dulcia linquimus arva*," but you still see the "great victims of the Clytumnus"—white bulls and herds of half-wild horses, which descend to the banks of the Tiber, and quench their thirst with its waters. You might fancy yourself transported to the times of the ancient Sabines, or to the age of the Arcadian Evander, ποίμενες λαῶν,* when the Tiber was called *Albula*,† and the pious Eneas navigated its unknown stream.

I confess without hesitation that the vicinity of Naples is more dazzling than that of Rome. When the blazing sun, or the large red moon rises above Vesuvius, like a body of fire shot from its volcanic crater, the bay of Naples, and its banks fringed with orange-trees, the mountains of Apulia, the island of Capri, the coast of Pausilippus, Baiæ, Misene, Cumæ, the Avernus, the Elysian fields, and all this Virgilian soil, present to the view a magic spectacle: still it does not possess, in my opinion, the imposing grandeur of the Campagna di Roma. It is at least certain that almost every body is prodigiously attached to this celebrated region. Two thousand years have elapsed since Cicero believed himself an exile for life, and wrote to one of his intimate friends, "*Urbem, mi*

* Pastors of the people. *Homer.* † *Vide* Livy.

Rufi, cole, et in istâ luce vive."* The attraction of the lovely Ausonia is still the same. Many examples are quoted of travellers who came to Rome for the purpose of passing a few days, and remained there all their lives. Poussin could not resist the temptation of residing, till his death, in a country which afforded such exquisite landscapes; and at the very moment that I am writing this letter, I have the pleasure of being acquainted with M. d'Agincourt, who has lived here alone for five-and-twenty years, and who holds forth fair promise that France will also have her Winckelmann.

The man who occupies himself solely in the study of antiquities and the fine arts, or he who has no other ties in life, should live at Rome. He will there find, for his society, a country calculated to nurture reflection and take possession of the heart, with walks which will always afford him instruction. The very stone he treads on will speak to him; and the dust, blown by the wind around him, will be decomposed particles of some great human being. Should he be unhappy—should he have mingled

* "It is at Rome that you must live, my dear Rufus; it is that luminary which you must inhabit." I believe the passage occurs in the first or second book of the Familiar Epistles; but as I quote from memory, I hope that any little mistake in this respect will be overlooked.

the ashes of those he loved with the ashes of the illustrious dead,—what placid delight will he not experience when he passes from the sepulchre of the Scipios to the tomb of a virtuous friend; from the superb mausoleum of Cecilia Metella to the modest grave of an ill-fated woman! He will fancy that their beloved shades find pleasure in wandering round these monuments, perhaps with that of a Cicero still lamenting his dear Tullia, or an Agrippina still occupied with the urn of Germanicus. If he be a Christian, how will he be able to tear himself away from this land, which is become his own country;—this land, which is become the seat of a second empire more sacred, and more powerful than the first;—this land, where the friends whom we have lost sleep with saints in their catacombs, under the eye of the faithful, appearing as if they would be the first to awake from their long sleep, and to be the nearest to heaven!

Although Rome, internally examined, now resembles in a great degree the generality of European cities, it still preserves some peculiarity of character; no other city affords a similar mixture of architecture and ruins, from the Pantheon of Agrippa to the gothic walls of Belisarius, or from the monuments brought from Alexandria to the dome erected

by Michael Angelo. The beauty of the women is another distinguishing feature. They recal by their gait and carriage the Clelias and the Cornelias. You might fancy that you saw the ancient statues of Juno and Pallas descended from their pedestals, and walking round their temples. Among the Romans too is to be seen that tone of carnation which artists call the historic colour, and which they use in their paintings. It appears natural that men, whose ancestors played so conspicuous a part on the great stage of the world, should have served as models for Raphael and Dominichino, when they represented the personages of history.

Another singularity of the city of Rome is the number of goats, and more particularly, of large oxen with enormous horns. The latter are used in teams; and you will find these animals lying at the feet of Egyptian obelisks, among the ruins of the Forum, and under those arches through which the ancients passed, conducting some triumphant Roman to that Capitol which Cicero calls *the public council of the universe:*

Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos.

In addition to the usual noises of great cities, that of waters is heard here on every side, as if you were near the fountains of Blandusia or Egeria.

From the summit of the hills inclosed within the boundaries of Rome, or at the extremity of several streets, you have a perspective view of the fields; and the mixture of town and country has a very picturesque effect. In winter the tops of the houses are covered with green herbage, not unlike the old thatched cottages of our peasantry. These circumstances combined, impart to Rome a sort of rural appearance, and remind you that its first dictators guided the plough, that it owed the empire of the world to its labourers, and that the greatest of its poets did not disdain to instruct the children of Romulus in the art of Hesiod:

Ascræumque cano romana per oppida carmen.

With regard to the Tiber, which waters, and participates in the glory of this city, its destiny is altogether strange. It runs through a corner of Rome, as if it did not exist. No one deigns to cast his eyes toward it, no one speaks of it, no one drinks its waters, nay, the women do not even use it for washing. It steals away between the paltry houses which conceal it, and hastens to precipitate itself into the sea, as if ashamed of its modern appellation, *Tevere*.

I will now, my dear friend, say something of the ruins, which you particularly requested me to men-

tion when I wrote to you, and which occupy so much of the environs of modern Rome. I have minutely examined them all, both at Rome and Naples, except the temples of Pæstum, which I have not had time to visit. You are aware that they assume different characters, according to the recollections attached to them.

One beautiful evening in last July I seated myself at the Coliseum, on a step of the altar dedicated to the sufferings of the Passion. The setting sun poured floods of gold through all the galleries, which had formerly been thronged with men; while, at the same time, strong shadows were cast by the broken corridors and other relics, or fell on the ground in large black masses. From the lofty parts of the structure, I perceived, between the ruins, on the right of the edifice, the gardens of Cæsar's palace, with a palm-tree, which seems to have been placed in the midst of this wreck expressly for painters and poets. Instead of the shouts of joy, which heretofore proceeded from the ferocious spectators in this amphitheatre, on seeing Christians devoured by lions and panthers, nothing was now heard but the barking of dogs, which belonged to the hermit resident here as a guardian of the ruins. At the moment that the sun descended below the horizon,

the clock in the dome of Saint Peter's resounded under the porticoes of the Coliseum. This correspondence, through the medium of religious sound, between the two grandest monuments of Pagan and Christian Rome, caused a lively emotion in my mind. I reflected that this modern edifice would fall in its turn, like the ancient one, and that the memorials of human industry succeed each other like the men who erected them. I called to mind that the same Jews, who, during their first captivity, worked at the pyramids of Egypt and the walls of Babylon, had also, during their last dispersion, built this enormous structure; that the vaulted roofs which now re-echoed the sound of this Christian bell were the work of a Pagan emperor, who had been pointed out by prophecy as destined to complete the destruction of Jerusalem. Are not these sufficiently exalted subjects of meditation to be inspired by a single ruin,—and do you not think that a city, where such effects are to be produced at every step, is worthy of examination?

Yesterday, the 9th of January, I again repaired to the Coliseum, for the purpose of seeing it at another season, and in another point of view. I was surprised at not hearing the dogs on my arrival, who generally appeared and barked in the upper

corridors of the amphitheatre, among the ruins and withered herbage. I knocked at the door of the hermitage, which was formed under one of the arches, but received no answer—the hermit was dead. The inclemency of the season, the absence of this worthy recluse, combined with several recent and afflicting recollections, increased the melancholy inspired by the place to such a degree that I almost supposed myself looking at the ruins of an edifice which I had, a few days before, admired in a fresh and perfect state! It is thus, my dearest friend, that we are constantly reminded of our nothingness. Man searches around him for objects to convince his reason. He meditates on the remains of edifices and empires; forgetting that he himself is a ruin still more unstable, and that he will perish even before these relics.* What most renders our life "the shadow of a shade,"† is that we cannot hope to live long even in the recollection of our friends. The heart, in which our image is engraven, is like the object of which it retains the features—perishable clay. I was shewn, at Portici, a piece of cinder from Vesuvius, which crumbles into dust when touched, and which preserves the impression

* The man to whom this letter is addressed is no more.

† Pindar.

(although daily diminishing) of the arm and breast of a female, who was buried under the ruins of Pompeii. Though not flattering to our self-love, this is a true emblem of the traces left by our memory in the hearts of men who are themselves but dust and ashes.*

Previously to my departure for Naples, I passed some days alone at Tivoli. I traversed the ruins in its environs, and particularly those of Hadrian's Villa. Overtaken by a shower of rain in the midst of my excursion, I sought refuge in the halls of the Thermæ, near the Pæcile,† under a fig-tree, the growth of which had dislodged a wall. In a small octagonal saloon, which lay open before me, a vine had penetrated through fissures in the arched roof, while its smooth and red crooked stem mounted along the wall like a serpent. Round me, across the arcades, the Roman country was seen in different points of view. Large elder trees filled the deserted apartments, wherein some solitary blackbirds had found a retreat. The fragments of masonry were garnished with the leaves of scolopendra, the satin verdure whereof appeared like mosaic work upon the white marble. Here and there lofty

* Job.

† Remains of the Villa. For the description of Tivoli and the *Villa Adriana*, see p. 206.

cypresses replaced the columns, which had fallen in these palaces of death. The wild acanthus crept at their feet over the ruins, as if nature had delighted in re-producing, upon these mutilated *chefs-d'œuvre* of architecture, the ornament of their past beauty. The several apartments, and the summits of the ruins, were covered with pendant verdure; the wind agitated these humid garlands, and the plants bent beneath the rain of heaven.

Whilst contemplating this picture, a thousand confused ideas passed through my mind. One moment I admired, the next I detested Roman grandeur. At one time I thought of the virtues, at another of the vices, which distinguished that master of the world, who had wished to render his garden a representation of his empire. I called to recollection the events by which his superb villa had been destroyed. I saw it despoiled of its most beautiful ornaments by the successor of Hadrian: I saw the barbarians passing like a whirlwind, sometimes cantoning themselves here; and, in order to defend themselves amidst these monuments of art which they had half destroyed, surmounting the Grecian and Tuscan orders with Gothic battlements: finally, I saw Christians leading back civilization to this district, planting the vine, and guiding the

plough into the temple of the Stoics, and the halls of the Academy.* Ere long the arts revived and new monarchs employed persons to overturn what still remained of these gorgeous palaces, for the purpose of obtaining certain masterpieces of the arts. While these different thoughts succeeded each other, an inward voice mixed itself with them, repeating to me what has been a hundred times written on the vanity of human things. Indeed there is a double vanity in the remains of the *Villa Adriana;* which, it is known, were only imitations of other remains, scattered through the provinces of the Roman empire. The real temple of Serapis and Alexandria, and the real Academy at Athens, no longer exist at all; so that in the copies of Hadrian you merely see ruins of ruins.

I should now, my dear friend, describe to you the temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli, and the charming temple of Vesta, suspended over the cascade; but I cannot spare time for this purpose. I regret, too, that I am unable to depict this cascade, on which Horace has conferred celebrity. When there, I was in your domain, for you are the inheritor of the Grecian ἀφελεία, or the "*simplex munditiis*,"†

* Remains of the Villa. See pp. 201, 204.

† Elegant simplicity.—*Horace.*

described by the author of the *Ars Poetica;* but I saw it in very gloomy weather, and was not myself in good spirits.* I will further confess, that I was in some degree annoyed by this roar of waters, though I have been so often charmed by it in the forests of America. I have still a recollection of the happiness which I experienced during a night passed amidst the wilderness, when my wood fire was half extinguished, my guide asleep, and my horses grazing at a distance. I have still, I say, a recollection of the happiness which I experienced when I heard the mingled melody of the winds and waters, as I reclined upon the earth, deep in the heart of the forest. These murmurs, at one time feeble, at another loud, increasing and decreasing momentarily, occasionally made me start; while every tree was to me a sort of lyre, from which the winds drew strains ineffable.

But now I perceive that I am less sensible to the charms of nature; and I doubt whether the cataract of Niagara itself would cause the degree of admiration in my mind, which it formerly inspired. When one is very young, Nature is eloquent even in silence, because there is a superabundance in the

* See p. 194.

heart of man. All his futurity is before him (if my Aristarchus will allow me to use this expression): he hopes to impart his sensations to the world, and feeds hiself with a thousand chimeras; but at a more advanced age, when the prospects which we had before us have passed into the rear, and we are undeceived as to a host of illusions, then Nature, left to herself, becomes colder and less eloquent: "*les jardins parlent peu.*"* To interest us at this period of life, it is necessary that we have the additional pleasure of society, for we are become less satisfied with ourselves. Absolute solitude oppresses us, and we feel a want of those conversations *which are carried on, at night, in a low voice, among friends.* †

I did not quit Tivoli without visiting the house of the poet just quoted. It faced the Villa of Mecænas, and there he greeted "*floribus et vino genium memorem brevis ævi.*"‡ The hermitage could not have been large, as it is situated on the very ridge of the hill; but one may easily perceive that it must have been very retired, and that every thing was commodious, though on a small scale. From

* La Fontaine. † Horace.

‡ There he greeted "with flowers and wine the genius who reminds us of the brevity of life."

the orchard, which fronts the house, the eye wanders over an immense extent of country. It conveys, in every respect, the true idea of a poet's retreat, whom little suffices, and who enjoys so much that does not belong to him—"*spatio brevi spem longam reseces.*"*

It is very easy, after all, to be such a philosopher as Horace was. He had a house at Rome, and two country villas, the one at Utica, the other at Tivoli. He quaffed, with his friends, the wine which had been made during the consulate of Tully. His sideboard was covered with plate; and he said familiarly to the prime minister of the sovereign who guided the destinies of the world, "I do not feel the wants of poverty; and if I wish for any thing more, you, Mecænas, will not refuse me." Thus situated, a man may very comfortably sing of Lalage, crown himself with *short-lived lilies*, talk of death while he is drinking Falernian, and *give his cares to the winds.*

I remark that Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, and Livy, all died before Augustus, whose fate in this respect was the same as that experienced by Louis XIV. Our great prince survived his contemporaries awhile,

* Close in a narrow space thy far extended hopes.
Horace.

and was the last who descended to the grave, as if to be certain that nothing remained behind him.

It will, doubtless, be a matter of indifference to you if I state the house of Catullus to be at Tivoli above that of Horace, and at present occupied by monks; but you will, perhaps, deem it more worthy of remark, that Ariosto composed his "*fables comiques*"* at the same place in which Horace enjoyed the good things of this world. It has excited surprise that the author of Orlando Furioso, when living in retirement with the Cardinal d'Este at Tivoli, should have fixed on France as the subject of his divine extravaganzas, and France too when in a state of semi-barbarity, while he had under his eyes the grave remains and solemn memorials of the most serious and civilized nation upon earth. In other respects, the Villa d'Este is the only modern one which has interested me, among the wrecks of proud habitations belonging to so many Emperors and Consuls. This illustrious house of Ferrara has had the singular good fortune of being celebrated by the two greatest poets of its age, and the two men who possessed the most brilliant genius to which modern Italy has given birth.

* Boileau.

Piacciavi generose Ercolea prole,
Ornamento, e splendor del secol nostro
Ippolito, etc.

This is the exclamation of a happy man, who returns thanks to the powerful House which bestows favours on him, and of which he constitutes the delight. Tasso, who was more affecting, conveys, in his invocation, the acknowledgments of a great but unfortunate man;

Tu magnanimo Alfonso, il qual ritogli, etc.

He who avails himself of power to assist neglected talent makes a noble use of it. Ariosto and Hippolyto d'Este have left, in the valleys of Tivoli, a reputation which does not yield, in point of the charm conveyed by it, to that of Horace and Mecænas. But what is become of the protectors and the protected? At the moment that I write this letter, the House of Este is extinct, and the villa of cardinal d'Este is falling into ruins like that of the minister of Augustus. Such is the history of all things and of all men.

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor.*

Almost a whole day was spent by me at this superb villa. I could not put a period to my admiration of the immense prospect enjoyed from the

* Man must quit his estate, his house, and amiable wife.

high ground of the terraces. Below me were gardens, stretching to a considerable extent, and displaying numbers of plantains and cypresses. Beyond these were the ruins of the house once belonging to Mecænas, on the borders of the Anio.* On the opposite hill, which is on the other side of the river, is a wood of ancient olives, and among these are the ruins of the villa once occupied by Varus. † A little further to the left rise the three mountains Monticelli, San Francesco, and Sant Angelo, and between the summits of these three neighbouring mountains appears the azure brow of old Soracte. In the horizon, and at the extremity of the Roman plains, describing a circle by the West and South, may be discerned the heights of Monte Fiascone, Rome, Civita Vecchia, Ostia, the sea, and Frascati, surmounted by the pines of Tusculum. To conclude, returning in search of Tivoli toward the East, the entire circumference of this immense prospect is terminated by Mount Ripoli, formerly occupied by the houses of Brutus and Atticus, at the foot of which lies the Villa Adriana.

* Now the Teverone.

† The Varus who was massacred with the legions in Germany. See the admirable passage in Tacitus.

We might follow, in the midst of this picture, the course of the Teverone, which descends rapidly toward the Tiber, as far as the bridge, where stands the mausoleum of the Plautian family in the form of a tower. The high road to Rome is also visible in the plain. It was the ancient Tiburtine way, then bordered by sepulchres; and at present, haystacks of a pyramidal form remind the spectator of the tombs, which they resemble in shape.

It would be difficult to find, in the rest of the world, a place more calculated to beget powerful reflections. I do not speak of Rome, though the domes of that city are visible, by which I at once say much for a prospect; but I speak only of the district and its truly interesting remains. There you behold the house in which Mecænas, satiated with the luxuries of the world, died of a tedious complaint. Varus left this hill to shed his blood in the marshes of Germany. Cassius and Brutus abandoned these retreats, in order to convulse their country. Under these pines of Frascati, Cicero pursued his studies. Hadrian caused another Peneus to flow at the foot of that hill, and transported into this region the charms and recollections of the vale of Tempe. Toward this source of the Solfatara the captive queen of Palmyra ended her days in

obscurity, and her city of a moment disappeared in the desert. It was here that king Latinus consulted the god Faunus in the forest of Albunea. Here was the temple of Hercules, and here the Sybil dictated her oracles. Those are the mountains of the ancient Sabines, the plains of Latium, the land of Saturn and Rhea, the cradle of the golden age, sung by all the poets. In short, this is the smiling region whose graces French genius alone has been able to describe, through the pencil of Poussin and of Claude Lorraine.

I descended from the Villa d'Este* about three o'clock in the afternoon, and crossed the Teverone over the bridge of Lupus, for the purpose of re-entering Tivoli by the Sabine gate. In passing through the grove of olives, which I before mentioned to you, I perceived a white chapel, dedicated to the Madonna Quintilanea, and built upon the ruins of the villa formerly belonging to Varus. It was Sunday—the door of the chapel was open, and I entered. I saw three altars disposed in the form of a cross; and on the middle one was a silver cru-

* It will have been seen, at the close of my description of the *Villa Adriana*, that I announced, for the next day, a walk to the Villa d'Este. I did not give the particular details of this walk, because they were already introduced in the letter to M. de Fontanes.

cifix, before which burnt a lamp suspended from the roof. A solitary man, of most unhappy mien, was kneeling at a bench, and praying with such fervour that he did not even raise his eyes at the noise of my footsteps, as I approached. I felt what I have a thousand times experienced on entering a church—a sort of solace to the troubles of the heart, and an indescribable disgust of every thing earthly. I sunk upon my knees at some distance from the man, and, inspired by the place, could not refrain from uttering this prayer:

" God of the traveller, who sufferest the pilgrim to adore thee in this humble asylum, built on the ruins of a palace once occupied by a great man of this world;—Mother of the afflicted, who hast mercifully established thy worship in the inheritance of this unfortunate Roman, who died far from his country among barbarians—here, at the foot of your solitary altar, are only two prostrate sinners. Grant this stranger, so deeply humbled before your greatness, all that he implores, and let his prayer obtain for me the removal of my infirmities; so that we two Christians, who are unknown to each other, who have never met but for one instant during our lives, and who are about to part and no more see each other here below, may be

astonished when we again meet at the foot of your throne in mutually owing part of our happiness to the intercession of this day, and to the miracles of your charity."

When I contemplate, my dear friend, all the leaves scattered over my table, I am alarmed at having trifled to such an extent, and hesitate as to sending such a letter. The fact is, I am aware of having said nothing to you, and of having forgotten a thousand things which I ought to have said. How happens it, for instance, that I have not spoken of Tusculum, and of that wonderful man, Cicero, who, according to Seneca, was the only genius ever produced by the Roman nation, equal to the vastness of its empire? "Illud ingenium quod solum populus Romanus par imperio suo habuit." My travels to Naples, my descent into the crater of Vesuvius,* my tours to Pompeii, Caserta,† Solfatara, the Lake of Avernus, and the grotto of the

* There is only (as I have already observed in another note) some fatigue attendant on the descent into the crater of Vesuvius, but no danger, unless indeed a person should be surprised by a sudden irruption; and even in that case, if not blown into the air by the explosion of the matter, experience has proved that he may still save himself on the lava, which, as it flows very slowly, congeals sufficiently quick for a person to pass rapidly over it.

† I can find nothing about Caserta.

Sibyl would interest you. Baiæ, where so many memorable scenes occurred, would itself deserve a volume. I could fancy that I still saw the tower of Bola, where Agrippina's house stood, and where she used this sublime expression to the assassins sent by her son: "Ventrem feri."* The isle of Nisida, which served as a retreat to Brutus, after the murder of Cæsar, the bridge of Caligula, the admirable Piscina, and all those palaces, built in the sea, of which Horace speaks, well deserve that any one should linger awhile. Virgil has fixed or found in these places the beautiful fictions of his sixth Eneid. It was from hence that he wrote to Augustus these modest words, the only lines of prose, I believe, written by this great man, that have reached us: "Ego vero frequentes a te litteras accipio. De Ænea quidem meo, si me hercule jam dignum auribus haberem tuis, libenter mitterem; sed tanta inchoata res est, ut pene vitio mentis tantum opus ingressus mihi videar; cum præsertim, ut scis, alia quoque studia ad id opus multoque potiora impertiar."†

* Tacitus.

† This fragment occurs in the Saturnalia of Macrobius, but I cannot point out the book, having no immediate means of reference. I believe, however, that it is the first. See the *Martyrs* upon the residence at Baiæ.

My pilgrimage to the tomb of Scipio Africanus is one of those from which I derived the highest satisfaction, though I failed in attaining the object for which I undertook it. I had been told that the mausoleum of this famous Roman still existed, and that even the word *patria* was distinguishable on it, being all that remained of the inscription, which was asserted to have been carved thereon:

"Ungrateful land, thou shalt not have my bones!"

I went to Patria, the ancient Liternum, but did not find the tomb. I wandered, however, through the ruins of the house, which the greatest and most amiable of men inhabited during his exile. I saw in imagination the conqueror of Hannibal walking on the sea-coast opposite to that of Carthage, and consoling himself for the injustice of Rome amidst the charms of friendship, and the consciousness of rectitude.*

* I was not only told that this tomb was in existence, but I have read the circumstances above mentioned in some travels, though I do not recollect by whom they were written. I doubt these statements, however, for the following reasons:

1st. It appears to me that Scipio, in spite of his just complaints against Rome, loved his country too much to have wished that such an inscription should be recorded on his tomb. It is contrary to all we know of the genius of the ancients

As to the modern Romans, Duclos appears to have been sarcastic when he calls them *the Italians of Rome.* It strikes me that there is still among them the materials requisite towards the formation

2dly. The inscription spoken of, is almost literally conceived in the terms of the imprecation which Livy puts into the mouth of Scipio when he left Rome. May not this have given rise to the error?

3dly. Plutarch mentions that in the neighbourhood of Gaieta a bronze urn was found in a marble tomb, where the ashes of Scipio would most probably have been deposited, and that it bore an inscription very different from the one now under discussion.

4thly. The ancient Liternum having taken the name of *Patria,* this may have given birth to the report that the word *Patria* was the only remaining one of the inscription upon the tomb. Would it not, in fact, be a very singular coincidence that the town should be called Patria, and that the same word should also be found in this solitary state upon the monument of Scipio—unless indeed we suppose the one to have been taken from the other?

It is possible, nevertheless, that authors with whom I am unacquainted may have spoken of this inscription in a way which leaves no doubt. I grant that there is even an expression in Plutarch apparently favourable to the opinion I am combating. A man of great merit, and who is the dearer to me because he is very unfortunate,* visited Patria much about the same time that I did. We have often conversed together

* M. Bertin, the elder, whom I now dare name. He was then an exile, and persecuted by Buonaparte, on account of his devotion to the house of Bourbon.

of no common people. When the Italians are closely examined, great sense, courage, patience, genius, and deep traces of their ancient manners, are to be discovered in them, with a kind of superior air, and some noble customs still partaking of royalty. Before you condemn this opinion, which may perhaps appear singular, you must hear my reasons for it, and at present I have not time to give them.

How many observations have I to make on Italian literature? Do you know, I never saw Count Alfieri but once in my life;—and can you guess in

about this celebrated place; but I am not quite sure whether he said that he had seen the *tomb* or the *word* (which would solve the difficulty), or whether he only grounded his arguments on popular tradition. For my own part I never found the tomb itself, but merely saw the ruins of the villa, which are of no great consequence.—See page 247.

Plutarch mentions some one to have stated that the tomb of Scipio was near Rome; but they evidently confounded the tomb of the *Scipios* with that of Scipio Africanus. Livy affirms that the latter was at Liternum, and that it was surmounted by a statue, which a tempest had thrown down; adding that he himself had seen the statue. We know too from Seneca, Cicero, and Pliny, that the other tomb, namely that of the Scipios, had actually existed at one of the gates of Rome. It was discovered during the pontificate of Pius VI, and the inscriptions appertaining to it were conveyed to the museum of the Vatican. Among the names of the members composing the family of the Scipios, found in this monument, that of Africanus is wanting.

what situation? I saw him put into his coffin! I was told that he was scarcely at all altered. His countenance appeared to me noble and grave; but death had doubtless imparted some additional degree of severity to it. The coffin being rather too short, a person bent the head of the corpse over the breast, which gave him a frightful look. Through the kindness of one who was very dear to Alfieri,* and the politeness of a gentleman, who was also the count's friend, I am in possession of some curious particulars as to the posthumous works, life, and opinions of this celebrated man. Most of the public papers in France have given vague and mutilated accounts of the subject. Till I am able to communicate these particulars, I send you the epitaph which Alfieri wrote for his noble friend, at the same time that he composed his own:

* The lady for whom that epitaph was written before hand, which I here subjoin, has not long belied the expression *hic sita est:* she is gone to rejoin Count Alfieri. Nothing is so sad, I think, as to re-peruse, toward the end of one's days, what has been written in youth: all that was present when we held the pen, has passed away; we talked of the living, and there are none but the dead. The man who grows old, on his pilgrimage through life, turns, sometimes, to look upon the former companions of his journey, and all have disappeared! He seems to proceed alone, along a deserted road.

HIC. SITA. EST.
AL.... E.... ST....,
ALB.... COM....
GENERE. FORMA. MORIBUS.
INCOMPARABILI. ANIMI. CANDORE.
PRÆCLARISSIMA.
A. VICTORIO. ALFERIO.
JUXTA. QUEM. SARCOPHAGO. UNO.*
TUMULATA. EST.
ANNORUM. 26. SPATIO.
ULTRA. RES. OMNES. DILECTA.

ET. QUASI. MORTALE. NUMEN.
AB IPSO. CONSTANTER. HABITA.
ET. OBSERVATA.
VIXIT ANNOS.... MENSES.... DIES....
HANNONIÆ. MONTIBUS. NATA.
OBIIT.... DIE.... MENSIS....
ANNO DOMINI. M. D. CCC.†

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* *Sic inscribendum, me, ut opinor et opto, præmoriente: sed, aliter jubente Deo, aliter inscribendum:*

Qui. juxta. eam. sarcophago. uno
Conditus. erit. quamprimùm.

† Here lies Eloisa E. St. Countess of Al., illustrious by her ancestry, the graces of her person, the elegance of her manners, and the incomparable candour of her mind; buried near Victor Alfieri, and in the same grave; ‡ he preferred her during twenty-six years to every thing in the world; and though mortal, she was constantly honoured and revered by him as if she had been a divinity.

She was born at Mons, lived ..... and died on .....

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‡ "To be thus inscribed, if I die first, as I believe and hope I shall; but if God ordain it otherwise, the inscription to be thus altered—

"*Buried by the direction of Victor Alfieri, who will soon be inclosed in the same tomb.*"

The simplicity of this epitaph, and particularly of the note which accompanies it, appears to me very affecting.

For the present, I have finished. I send you *a heap of ruins*—do what you like with them. In describing the different objects of which I have treated, I do not think that I have omitted any remarkable circumstance, unless it be that the Tiber is still the "*flavus Tiberinus*" of Virgil. Its muddy colour is said to result from the rains which fall in the mountains whence it descends. I have often, while contemplating its discoloured current, in the serenest weather, represented to myself a life begun amidst storms. It is in vain that the remainder of its course is passed beneath a serener sky; the stream continues to be tainted with the waters of the tempest which have rendered it turbid at its source.

FIVE DAYS AT CLERMONT,

IN AUVERGNE.

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IN AUVERGNE.

August 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 1805.

HERE I am at the cradle of Pascal and the tomb of Massillon! What recollections! the ancient kings of Auvergne and the invasion of the Romans, Cæsar and his legions, Vercingetorix, the last struggles of the liberty of the Gauls against a foreign tyrant, then the Visigoths, then the Franks, then the bishops, then the counts and the dauphins of Auvergne, &c.

Gergovia, oppidum Gergovia, is not Clermont: on that hill of Gergoye, which I perceive to the south-east, was the genuine Gergovia. Yonder is Mount Rognon, *Mons Rugosus,* which Cæsar occupied to cut off provisions from the Gauls shut up in Gergovia. I know not which of the dauphins built on the *Mons Rugosus* a castle, the ruins of which still subsist.

Clermont was *Nemossus,* supposing that this is

not a false reading in Strabo; it was likewise *Nemetum*, *Augusto-Nemetum*, *Averni urbs*, *Civitas Averna*, *Oppidum Avernum*, witness Pliny, Ptolemy, Peutinger's map, &c.

But how came it by the name of Clermont, and when did it assume that appellation? In the ninth century, say Loup de Ferrieres and William of Tyre: but there is an authority which furnishes a better solution of the question. The anonymous writer of the Gestæ of Pipin, or as we call him Pepin, says: *Maximam partem Aquitaniæ vastans usque urbem Avernam, cum omni exercitu veniens (Pipinus)* CLARE MONTEM *castrum captum atque succensum, bellando cepit.*

The passage is curious, inasmuch as it distinguishes the city, *urbem Avernam*, from the castle, *clare montem castrum*. Thus the Roman town was at the foot of the hill, and it was defended by a castle built upon the hill: this castle was called Clermont. The inhabitants of the lower, or Roman town, tired of being incessantly plundered in an open place, withdrew from it by degrees to the protection of the castle. A new town, named Clermont, arose, on the spot where it now stands, about the middle of the eighth century, that is, a century earlier than the epoch fixed by William of Tyre.

Are we to believe that the ancient Averni, the Auvergnats of the present day, had made incursions into Italy before the arrival of the pious Æneas; or are we to assume with Lucan that they descended in a right line from the Trojans? In this case they had no need to trouble themselves about the imprecations of Dido, since they made alliance with Annibal, and placed themselves under the protection of Carthage. According to the Druids, if however we know what the Druids said, Pluto was the progenitor of the Averni. Might not this fable derive its origin from the tradition of the ancient volcanoes of Auvergne?

Are we to believe, with Athenæus and Strabo, that Luerius, king of the Averni, gave great feasts to all his subjects, and that he rode about in a high chariot, throwing bags of gold and silver to the multitude? The kings of the Gauls, nevertheless, lived in a sort of huts built of wood and earth *(Cæsar. Rom.)* just like our mountaineers of Auvergne.

Are we to believe that the Averni had trained regiments of dogs to manœuvre like regular troops, and that Bituitus had a sufficient number of these dogs to eat up a whole Roman army?

Are we to believe that this king Bituitus, with two hundred thousand fighting men, attacked Fa-

bius, the consul, who had but thirty thousand? that these thirty thousand Romans nevertheless slew, or drowned in the Rhone, one hundred and fifty thousand Auvergnats, neither more nor fewer? Let us calculate:

Fifty thousand drowned—this is a great number.

One hundred thousand slain.

Now, as there were but thirty thousand Romans, each soldier must have killed three Auvergnats, which makes ninety thousand Auvergnats.

There still remain ten thousand to be divided among the best butchers or the machines of the Fabian army.

We must take it for granted that the Auvergnats submitted quietly to their fate, that their regiments of dogs made no more resistance than their masters, that a single stroke of the sword, the javelin, the arrow, or the sling, duly aimed at a mortal part, was sufficient to dispatch its man; that the Auvergnats neither did nor could flee; that the Romans lost not a single soldier; and, finally, that a few hours sufficed for the *material* slaughter with the sword of one hundred thousand men. Robastre, the giant, was a myrmidon to this. At the time of Fabius's victory, each legion did not drag after it

ten machines of war of the largest size and fifty-five of smaller dimensions.

Are we to believe that the kingdom of Auvergne, transformed into a republic, armed under Vercingetorix four hundred thousand men against Cæsar?

Are we to believe that Nemetum was an immense city, which had not fewer than thirty gates?

In regard to history, I am somewhat of the way of thinking of my countryman, Father Hardouin, who asserted that ancient history had been re-written by the monks of the thirteenth century after the Odes of Horace, the Georgics of Virgil, and the works of Pliny and Cicero. He made game of those who pretended that the sun was at a distance from the earth:—now that was a reasonable man!

The city of the Averni, having become Roman by the name of *Augusto-Nemetum*, had a capitol, an amphitheatre, a temple of Wasso-Galates, and a colossus nearly equal in dimensions to that of Rhodes. Pliny makes mention of its quarries and its sculptors. It had also a celebrated school, which produced Fronto, the rhetorician, the master of Marcus Aurelius. *Augusto-Nemetum*, governed by the Roman law, had a senate; its citizens, Roman citizens, were qualified to hold high offices of state;

it was still the recollection of republican Rome that gave power to the slaves of the empire.

The hills surrounding Clermont were covered with wood and studded with temples: at Champturgues a temple of Bacchus; at Montjuset a temple of Jupiter, where female fairies *(fatuæ, fatidicæ)* officiated; at Puy de Montaudon a temple of Mercury, or Teutates—Montaudon, *Mons Teutates.*

Nemetum fell with the whole of Auvergne under the dominion of the Visigoths, by the cession of the emperor Nepos; but Alaric having been vanquished at the battle of Vouillé, Auvergne was transferred to the Franks. Then came the feudal times, and the frequently independent government of the bishops, counts, and dauphins.

The first apostle of Auvergne was St. Austremoine; *Gallia christiana* numbers ninety-six bishops from this first apostle to Massillon. Thirty-one or thirty-two of these bishops have been acknowledged as saints, and one of them was Pope by the name of Innocent VI. The government of these bishops presents nothing remarkable. I shall have something to say of Caulin.

Chilping said to Thierry, who purposed to destroy Clermont: "The walls of this city are very strong,

and fortified with impregnable bulwarks; and that your majesty may understand me better, I allude to the saints and their churches which surround the walls of this city."

It was at the council of Clermont that Pope Urban II. preached the first crusade. The whole congregation cried out: *Diex el volt!* and Aymar, bishop of Puy, set off with the crusaders. Tasso represents him as being slain by Clorinda:

——— Fu del sangue sacro
Su l'arme femminili ampio lavacro.

The counts who reigned in Auvergne, or were its first feudal lords, produced very singular men. About the middle of the tenth century, William, seventh count of Auvergne, who was descended on the mother's side from the dauphins of Vienne, assumed the title of dauphin, and gave it to his possessions.

William's son was called Robert—a name of adventure and romance. This second dauphin of Auvergne favoured the love of a poor chevalier. Robert had a sister, the wife of Bertrand the First, sire de Mercœur; Perols, a troubadour, was enamoured of this great lady; he confessed his passion to Robert, who was not at all angry with him: this is the story of Tasso reversed. Robert himself was a poet,

and exchanged *serventes* with Richard Cœur de Lion.

Robert's grandson, commander of the Templars in Aquitaine, was burned alive at Paris: in his torments he courageously atoned for a first moment of weakness. He found not in Philip the Fair that tolerance which a troubadour had experienced from Robert: yet Philip, who burned Templars, caused popes to be carried off and cuffed.

A multitude of historical recollections attach to different places in Auvergne. The village of La Tour reminds us of a name for ever glorious to France, La Tour d'Auvergne.

Margaret de Valois consoled herself rather too gaily at Usson for the loss of her grandeur and the calamities of her country: she had seduced the Marquis de Canillac, who was the keeper of that castle where she was confined. She feigned a fondness for the wife of Canillac. "The best of the sport," says d'Aubigné, "was, that as soon as her husband (Canillac) had his back turned to go to Paris, Margaret stripped her of her most valuable jewels, sent her off like a *peteuse* with all her guards, and made herself mistress of the place. The marquis found that he was made a fool of, and that he served for a laughing-stock to the king of Navarre."

Margaret was extremely fond of her lovers while they lived: at their death she deplored them, made verses in memory of them, and declared that she would always be faithful to them: *Mentem Venus ipsa dedit.*

Atys, de qui la perte attriste més années,
Atys, digne des vœux de tant d'âmes bien nées,
Que j'avois élevé pour montrer aux humains
Une œuvre de mes mains—
* * * * *
Si je cesse d'aimer qu'on cesse de pretendre;
Je ne veux désormais être prise ni prendre.

And the very same evening Margaret was *caught*, and broke her vow to her love and to her Muse.

She had loved La Molle, who was beheaded with Conconnas: during the night she caused the head of that young man to be brought to her, perfumed it, buried it with her own hands, and sighed forth her regret to the fair Hyacinthus. "The poor devil d'Aubiac, as he went to the gallows, instead of thinking of his soul and his salvation, kissed a muff of blue velvet which was left him of the gifts of his lady." Aubiac, when he beheld Margaret for the first time, exclaimed: "Would that I could pass one night with her upon pain of being hanged as soon as it was over!" Martigues carried with him to battles and assaults a little dog which had been given to him by Margaret.

D'Aubigné asserts that Margaret had the bedsteads of her ladies at Usson made extremely high, that she might no longer hurt her shoulders, as she used, in scrambling under them on all fours, in quest of Pominy, the son of a brazier of Auvergne, who from being a singing-boy became secretary to Margaret.

The same historian represents her as prostituting herself at the age of eleven years to d'Antragues and Charin; and as giving herself up to her two brothers, Francis duke of Alençon, and Henry III.; but we must not implicitly believe the satires of d'Aubigné, a morose, ambitious, discontented Huguenot, and a man of a caustic turn of mind: Pibrac and Brantôme do not tell the same story.

Margaret disliked Henry IV. whom she thought uncleanly. She received Champvallon "in a bed lighted with torches, between two sheets of black taffeta." She had listened to M. de Mayenne, *bon compagnon gros et gras*, and a voluptuary like herself; and to that *grand degouté*, vicomte de Turenne; and to that *vieux rufian* de Pibrac, whose letters she showed for a laugh to Henry IV.; and to that *petit chicon de valet de Provence*, Date, whom she had ennobled at Usson with six ells of stuff; and to that "*bec jaune* de Bajaumont," the

last of the long list begun by d'Autragues, and continued with the favourites above-named by the duke of Guise, Saint Luc, and Bussy.

According to Father Lacoste the mere sight of the "ivory of Margaret's arm" subdued Canillac.

To conclude this "notable commentary which has escaped me from an overflow of gossip," as Montaigne has it, I shall observe that the two royal lines of Orleans and Valois were destitute of morals, but possessed genius; they were fond of literature and the arts: the French blood and the Italian blood were mixed in them by Valentine of Milan and Catherine de Medicis. Francis I. was a poet, witness his charming verses on Agnes Sorel; his sister, *la Royne de Navarre*, wrote tales in the manner of Boccaccio; Charles IX. vied with Ronsard; the songs of Margaret de Valois, otherwise tolerant and humane—she saved several victims at the massacre of St. Bartholomew—were repeated by the whole court: her *Memoires* are full of dignity, grace, and interest.

The age of the arts in France is that of Francis I. down to Louis XIII.—by no means the age of Louis XIV. The *little palace* of the Tuileries, the old Louvre, part of Fontainebleau and Anet, and the palace of the Luxembourg, are or were far superior to the monuments of the great king.

A very different sort of person from Margaret de Valois was that Chancellor de l' Hôpital, born at Aigueperse, fifteen or sixteen leagues from Usson. "That man was another Cato the Censor," says Brantome, "and who well knew how to censure and correct the world. He had at least all the appearance of it, with his long white beard, his pale face, and his grave manner, which, to look at him, would have made you say that he was a true portrait of St. Jerome.

"There was no playing with this great judge and rigid magistrate; and yet he was sometimes mild enough where he saw reason. . . . . Those humane belles lettres abated much of his judicial severity. He was a great orator and well spoken, a great historian, and, above all, a most divine Latin poet, as several of his works have proved him to be."

The Chancellor de l'Hôpital, disliked by the court and disgraced, retired poor to a small country-seat near Etampes. He was accused of moderation in religion and politics: assassins were sent at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew to murder him. His servants would have securely fastened the doors of his house. "No, no," said he, "if the little door is not sufficient to afford them entrance, open the great one."

The widow of the duke of Guise saved the chancellor's daughter by concealing her in her house; and the chancellor himself owed his safety to the intercession of the duchess of Savoy. We have his will in Latin; Brantome has given it to us in French: it is curious both for the dispositions and the particulars which it contains.

"Those who drove me away," says l' Hôpital, "wore the cloak of religion, and were themselves without piety or religion: but I can assure you, that nothing influenced them more than the thought that so long as I should be in office they would not be allowed to violate the edicts of the king, or to plunder his coffers and those of his subjects.

"For the rest, it is nearly five years that I have led the life of Laertes . . . . . and I will not revive the memory of the things which I have suffered in this department of the court."

The walls of his house were falling; he had difficulty to support his old servants and his numerous family; he consoled himself, like Cicero, with the Muses: but he wished to see the people reinstated in their liberty, and he died before the carcases of the victims of fanaticism had been consumed by the worms, or devoured by fishes and vultures.

I would fain place Chateauneuf de Randon in

Auvergne—it is so near to it! There it was that Duguesclin received on his coffin the keys of the fortress, in spite of the two manuscripts, according to which the place capitulated a few hours before the death of the constable. "You will see in the history of this Breton a strong mind reared in warfare, and inured amid palms, under which he served a long scholarship. Bretagne was his essay, the Englishman his *boute-hors*, Castile his master-piece; whose actions were but heralds of his glory; his reverses theatres erected to his perseverance; his coffin the basement of an everlasting trophy."

Auvergne was reduced under the yoke of the Visigoths and Franks, but it was colonized by the Romans alone; so that if there exist Gauls in France they must be sought in Auvergne, *Montes Celtorum*. All its monuments are Celtic; and its ancient houses are descended either from Roman families consecrated to the episcopacy, or from aboriginal families.

The feudal system, nevertheless, took strong root in Auvergne: all the mountains were bristled with castles. In these castles dwelt lords who exercised those petty tyrannies, those absurd rights, the offspring of arbitrary power, rude manners, and *ennui*. At Langeac, on the feast of St. Gallus, a castellan

threw a thousand eggs at the heads of the peasants; as in Bretagne, at the residence of another lord, an egg was brought bound with cords in a waggon drawn by six oxen.

A Seigneur de Tournemine, served with a citation in his manor in Auvergne, by a tipstaff named *Loup* (Wolf), ordered his hand to be cut off, saying, that no wolf ever appeared at his castle without leaving his paw nailed to the door. Hence it was that at the *great days* held at Clermont in 1665, these petty freaks caused the presentation of twelve thousand complaints to the criminal court. Almost all the *noblesse* were obliged to flee, and the *man of the twelve apostles* is not yet forgotten. Cardinal de Richelieu caused part of the castles of Auvergne to be demolished; Louis XIV. destroyed the remainder. One of the most celebrated of these ruined castles is that of Murat or Armagnac. There was taken the unfortunate Jacques, duke de Nemours, united of old by friendship with that John V. count d'Armagnac, who had publicly married his own sister. In vain did the duke de Nemours address a very humble letter to Louis XI. "written in the cage of the Bastille," and signed *Poor Jacques:* he was beheaded at the Halles of Paris,

and his three young sons, placed under the scaffold, were sprinkled with the blood of their father.

Charles de Valois, duke d'Angouleme, natural son of Charles IX. and Marie Touchet, uterine brother to the marquis de Verneuil, was invested with the county of Clermont and Auvergne. He entered into the plots of Biron, with whose death Henry IV. is justly reproached. At the death of Henry III., his successor had said to Armand de Gontaud, baron de Biron, "It is at this hour that you must put the right hand to my crown; come and serve me as a father and friend against those people who love neither you nor me." Henry ought to have remembered these words; he ought to have remembered that Charles de Gontaud, son of Armand, had been his companion in arms; he ought to have remembered that the head of him who had "put the right hand to his crown" had been carried away by a cannon-ball: it was not for the Bearnese to send the head of the son to join that of the father.

The count d'Auvergne was apprehended at Clermont for new intrigues; his mistress, the dame de Chateaugay, threatened to kill d'Eure and Murat, who had seized the count, with a hundred pistol-balls and a hundred sword-stabs: she killed nobody. The count d'Auvergne was confined in the Bastille;

he was released under Louis XIII. and lived till 1650: his was the last drop of the blood of the Valois.

The duke d'Angouleme was brave, fickle, and fond of letters, like all the Valois. His *Memoires* contain an interesting account of the death of Henry the Third, and a circumstantial narrative of the battle of Arques, at which the writer was present at the age of sixteen. Charging Sagonne, a decided leaguer, who cried out to him, "A whip, a whip, for such an urchin!" he broke his thigh with a pistol-shot, and won the first fruits of the victory.

Auvergne was almost always in rebellion under the second race; it was a dependency of Aquitaine: and the charter of Aalon has proved that the first dukes of Aquitaine were descended in a direct line from the race of Clovis; they therefore opposed the Carlovingians as usurpers of the throne. Under the third dynasty, when Guyenne, a fief of the crown of France, devolved by alliance and inheritance to the crown of England, Auvergne was in part English: it was then ravaged by the great companies, by the flayers &c. Latin plaints on the calamities of France were every where sung:

Plange regni respublica,
Tua gens ut schismatica
Desolatur, &c.

During the wars of the League, Auvergne had much to suffer. The sieges of Issoire are famous. Captain Merle, a Protestant partisan, caused three monks of the abbey of Issoire to be roasted alive. It was not right to cry out so loudly against the cruelties of the Catholics.

The answer of the governor of Bayonne to Charles IX., who had ordered him to massacre the Protestants, has been much and justly quoted. Montmorin, who commanded in Auvergne at the same period, displayed the same generosity. The noble family which manifested such a genuine attachment to its prince has not degenerated in our days: it has spilled its blood for a sovereign as virtuous as Charles IX. was criminal.

Voltaire has preserved Montmorin's letter:

"Sire,—I have received an order, under the seal of your Majesty, to put to death all the Protestants in my province. I have too much respect for your Majesty not to believe that this letter is a forgery: and if, which God forbid, this order really comes from your Majesty, still I respect you too much to obey it."

It is from Clermont that two of the most ancient historians of France, Sidonius Apollinaris and Gregory of Tours, come to us. Sidonius, a native of Lyons and bishop of Clermont, is not only a poet, but a writer who informs us how the Frankish kings celebrated their nuptials in a covered waggon, how they were dressed, and what was their language. Gregory of Tours tells us, without noticing any thing further, what happened at Clermont in his time. He relates, with an ingenuousness and a fulness of detail which make us shudder, the horrid story of Anastasius, the priest, who was shut up by bishop Caulin in a tomb with the corpse of an old man. The anecdote of the two lovers is also very celebrated: the two tombs of Injuriosus and Scholastica moved close together, in token of the intimate union of the chaste couple who were no longer afraid of violating their oath. Something of the sort has since occurred with Abelard and Heloise; the same reliance is not placed on the fact. Gregory of Tours, simple in his thoughts, and barbarous in his language, is nevertheless florid and rhetorical in his style.

Auvergne gave birth to the chancellor de l'Hopital, Donat, Pascal, cardinal de Polignac, the Abbé Gerard, Father Sirmond, and in our time

to Lafayette, Desaix, d'Estaing, Chamfort, Thomas, the abbé Delille, Chabrol, Dulaure, Montlosier, and Barante. I forgot to mention that Lizet, firm in prosperity, cowardly in adversity, burning Protestants, demanding death for the constable de Bourbon, and not having the courage to lose a place.

The cathedral of Clermont is a Gothic edifice which, like many others, was never finished. Hugo de Tours commenced the work, on setting out for the Holy Land, after a plan furnished by John de Campis. Most of these great structures were only finished in the course of centuries, because they cost immense sums of money. All Christendom paid these sums out of the produce of alms and collections.

The roof in ogee of the cathedral of Clermont is supported by pillars so slender as to be really alarming: you would suppose that the roof must tumble upon your head. The interior, gloomy and religious, is sufficiently decorated for the present poverty of the Church. It formerly contained a picture of the Conversion of St. Paul, one of the best of Le Brun's: it has been scraped with the blade of a sabre: *Turba ruit.* The tomb of Mas-

sillon was also in this church: it disappeared when nothing—not even death itself—was in its place.

The Limagne has long been celebrated for its beauty. Gregory of Tours represents king Childebert as saying, "I should like some day to see the Limagne of Auvergne, which is said to be such a delightful country. Salvianus calls the Limagne the *marrow of Gaul.* Sidonius, in describing the Limagne of ancient times, seems to be delineating the Limagne of the present day. *Taceo territorii peculiarem jucunditatem, viatoribus molle, fructuosum oratoribus, venatoribus voluptuosum; quod montium cingunt dorsa pascuis, latera vinetis, terrena villis, saxosa castellis, opaca lustris, aperta culturis, concava fortibus, abrupta fluminibus; quod denique hujusmodi est, ut semel visum advenis, multis* PATRIÆ OBLIVIONEM SÆPE PERSUADEAT.

It is believed that the Limagne was once a large lake, and that its name is derived from the Greek λιμνὴν: Gregory of Tours writes it indiscriminately *Limane* and *Limania.* Be this as it may, Sidonius, playing upon the word, called it, so early as the fourth century, *æquor agrorum in quo, sine periculo, quæstuosæ fluctuant in segetibus undæ.* It was, in fact, a sea of corn-fields.

The situation of Clermont is one of the most beautiful in the world.

Figure to yourself mountains rounded off into a semicircle, with a hill attached to the concavity of this semicircle; on this hill Clermont; at the foot of Clermont the Limagne, forming a valley twenty leagues long, and from six to eight or ten broad.

The place of .....* commands an admirable view of this valley. Strolling through the town at random, I came to this place about half past six in the evening. The ripe corn resembled an immense beach of sand of a lighter or deeper colour. The shadows of the clouds studded this yellow strand with darker spots, like patches of mud or banks of sea-weed; you might have fancied that you beheld the bottom of a sea from which the waters had just retired.

The basin of the Limagne is not of an equal level; it is an undulating ground, in which the hillocks of various heights appear flat when seen from Clermont, but which, in fact, present numerous inequalities, and form a multitude of little dells in the bosom of the great valley. White villages, white

* I never could make out the half-effaced name written in the original with pencil, but have no doubt that it meant Jaudé.

country-houses, black castles, reddish hills, vine-yards, pastures bordered with willows, detached walnut-trees rounded like orange-trees, or stretching out their boughs like the branches of a lustre, blend their various colours with the colours of the corn. Add to these all the different effects of the light.

In proportion as the sun descended in the west, darkness poured in on the east and overspread the plain. The sun soon disappeared; but as he continued to sink behind the western mountains, he met with some defile opening into the Limagne: his rays, bursting through this aperture, suddenly intersected the uniform darkness of the plain with a river of gold. The hills bordering the Limagne on the east, were still tipped with light; the line formed by these hills in the air was broken into arcs, the convex side of which was turned towards the earth. All these arcs, connected together at the ends, represented on the horizon the sinuosity of a garland, or the festoons of those draperies which are suspended to the walls of a palace with roses of bronze. The eastern hills, outlined in this manner, and painted, as I have said, by the reflections of the opposite sun, resembled a curtain of blue and purple silk, the distant and last decoration of the magnificent spectacle which the Limagne exhibited to my view.

The two degrees of difference between the latitude of Clermont and that of Paris are perceptible in the beauty of the light: this light is more subtile and less heavy than in the valley of the Seine; the verdure is discernible at a greater distance, and appears less dark. Who can question the testimony of the poet of Auvergne?

> Adieu, sweet Chanonat! scenes fresh and fair,
> Your groves seem perfumed by a different air;
> My flagging senses rally at the view,
> And all youth's buoyancy returns anew.

I have remarked here, in the style of the architecture, traces and traditions of Italy: the roofs are flat, covered with channeled tiles, the lines of the walls long, the windows narrow and placed high up, the porticoes numerous, and the fountains frequent. Nothing can be more like the towns and villages of the Apennines than the towns and villages of the mountains of Thiers, on the other side of the Limagne, on the banks of that Lignon, where Celadon did not drown himself, saved as he was by the three nymphs, Sylvia, Galatea, and Leonida.

There is no Roman antiquity left at Clermont, unless, perhaps, a sarcophagus, a piece of a Roman road, and ruins of an aqueduct; not a fragment of the colossus, no trace even of the houses, the baths,

and the gardens of Sidonius. Nemetum and Clermont have sustained at least sixteen sieges, or, if you please, they have been about a score of times taken and destroyed.

Between the men and women of this province there is a very striking contrast. The women have very delicate features, and slight slender figures, while the men are of very robust make; and from the form of the lower jaw it is impossible to mistake a genuine Auvergnat. A province the blood of which—to mention the dead only—has given a Turenne to the army, a L'Hopital to the magistracy, and a Pascal to sciences and letters, has proved that it possesses a superior virtue.

I visited Puy de Dome, as a pure matter of conscience. I found, as I expected, the view from the top of that mountain much less beautiful than what the spectator enjoys from Clermont. A bird's-eye view is flat and vague; the object is shortened in the same proportion as its substance is increased.

There was formerly on the Puy de Dome a chapel dedicated to St. Barnabas, the foundations of which are still to be seen: a pyramid of stones, ten or twelve feet high, marks the site of that chapel. It was there that Pascal made his first experiments on the gravity of the air. I figured

to myself that mighty genius seeking on this solitary mountain-top to discover the secrets of nature, which were to lead him to the knowledge of the mysteries of the Creator of that same nature. By means of science, Pascal cleared for himself the way to Christian ignorance; he set out with being a sublime man that he might learn to become a simple child.

The Puy de Dome is only eight hundred and twenty five fathoms above the level of the sea; and yet I felt a difficulty of breathing which I had not experienced either on the Alleghanies in America, or on the loftiest Alps of Savoy. I climbed the Puy de Dome with as much labour as Vesuvius; it took me nearly an hour to ascend from its base to the top by a rough and slippery track, but verdure and flowers accompany you. The little girl who served me for a guide, gathered me a nosegay of the most beautiful hearts'-ease; and I found myself, under my feet, red pinks of perfect elegance. On the summit of the mountain you see every where the broad leaves of a bulbous plant, very like the lily. On this elevated spot I found, to my great surprise, three women holding each other by the hand and singing a hymn. Below me herds of cows were grazing among the hills overlooked by

the Puy de Dome. These cattle ascend the mountain in the spring, and descend with the snow. On all sides are seen the *burons*, or chalets, of Auvergne, wretched hovels built of stones without cement, or wooden frame-work filled with turf. Sing these chalets, if you please, but don't think of living in them.

The *patois* of the mountain is not exactly the same as that of the plain. The bagpipe, of Celtic origin, serves to accompany some ballad tunes, which are not without euphony, and to which French words have been adapted. The Auvergnats, like the inhabitants of the Rouergue, go to sell mules in Catalonia and Arragon; they bring back from those countries something Spanish, which is well suited to the solitude of their mountains; they lay up for their long winters a stock of sunshine and stories. The traveller and the aged man are fond of telling stories; the one has seen a great deal of the world, the other of life.

Mountainous countries are favourable to the maintenance of manners and customs. A family of Auvergne called the *Guittard-Pinon* cultivated in common certain lands in the environs of Thiers; it was governed by an elective head, and nearly resembled an ancient clan of Scotland. This kind

of rustic republic survived the revolution, but it is on the point of being dissolved.

I shall pass by the natural curiosities of Auvergne, the cavern of Royat, though charming for its water and its verdure, the various mineral springs, the petrifying spring of St. Allyre, with the stone bridge which it has formed, and which Charles IX. was curious to see, the well of pitch, the extinct volcanoes, &c.

Neither shall I notice the wonders of the middle ages, the organs, the clocks, with their chimes and their Saracens' or deaths' heads, which opened a tremendous pair of jaws when the hour was striking. The absurd processions, the sports made up of superstition and indecency, and a thousand other customs of those times, belong no more to Auvergne than to the rest of Gothic Europe.

I wished, before I died, to see Auvergne, on account of the impressions of my youth. When I was a boy amid the moors of my own Bretagne, and heard of Auvergne and the little Auvergnats, I fancied that Auvergne was a country far, very far off, where strange things were to be seen, and where one could not travel but with great danger and under the safeguard of the Mother of God. I was struck, and at the same time pleased

with one circumstance. I found in the dress of the peasantry of Auvergne, the garb of the peasantry of Bretagne. How happens this? It is because formerly there was but one general pattern for dress in this kingdom, and indeed throughout all Europe. The remote provinces have preserved their ancient usages, while the departments contiguous to Paris have lost their old manners; hence that resemblance between certain villagers placed at the opposite extremities of France, and whose indigence and solitude have defended them from innovations.

I never see without a sort of emotion those young Auvergnats who go forth to seek their fortune in this wide world with a box and a few pair of wretched scissors. Poor fellows! who come down from their native mountains with deep regret, and will always prefer black bread and the *bourrée* to the so-called pleasures of the plain. In descending from their rocks they have little besides hope in their boxes—happy if they carry it back with them to their parental cots!

JOURNEY TO MONT BLANC.

MONT BLANC.

MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPES.

Nothing is beautiful but what is true: Truth alone is lovely.

End of August, 1805.

I HAVE seen many mountains in Europe and America, and it has always appeared to me that in describing these monuments of nature, writers exceed the truth. My last experience in this respect has not produced any change in my opinion. I have visited the valley of Chamouni, rendered famous by the works of M. de Saussure, but I do not know whether the poet would there find the "*speciosa deserti*" discovered by the mineralogist. Be that as it may, I will simply note the reflections which I made during my journey. My opinion, however, is of so little consequence that it cannot offend any one.

Having left Geneva in dull cloudy weather, I reached Servoz at the moment that the sky was

becoming clear. The crest of Mont Blanc, is not discoverable from this part of the country; but there is a distinct view of the snow-clad ridge called the Dome. The traveller next comes to the passage called the Montées, and enters the valley of Chamouni. He proceeds under the glacier of the Bossons, the pyramids of which are perceptible through the larches and firs. M. Bourrit has compared this glacier, on account of its whiteness and the great extent of its crystals, to a fleet under sail; I would add, in the midst of a gulph encircled with verdant forests.

I stopped at the village of Chamouni, and on the following day went to Montanvert, which I ascended in the finest weather. On attaining its summit, which is only a ridge of Mont Blanc, I discovered what is improperly termed the Sea of Ice.

Let the reader figure to himself a valley, entirely occupied by a river. The mountains, near this valley overhang the river in rocky masses, forming the natural spires of Dru, Bochard, and Charmoz. Further on, the valley and river divide themselves into two branches, one of which waters the foot of a high mountain, called the *Col du Geant*, or Giant's hill, and the other flows past the

rocks called Jorasses. On the opposite side is a declivity, commanding a prospect of the valley of Chamouni. This declivity, which is nearly vertical, is almost wholly occupied by that portion of the sea, or lake of ice, denominated the *Glacier des Bois*. Suppose then that a severe winter has occurred, and that the river, which fills the valley through all its inflexions and declivities, has been frozen to the very bottom of its bed; the summits of the neighbouring mountains are loaded with ice and snow wherever the planes of granite have been sufficiently horizontal to retain the congealed waters. Such is the Sea of Ice, and such its situation. It is manifest that it is neither a sea nor a lake, but a river; just as if one saw the Rhine completely frozen. The *Mer de Glace* will be its course, and the *Glacier des Bois* its fall, at Laufen.

On descending to the Sea of Ice, the surface, which appeared to be smooth and entire when surveyed from the heights of Montanvert, displays a number of points and rugged places. These points resemble the craggy forms aud rents of the lofty cliffs on all sides overhanging them. They are like a relief in white marble to the neighbouring mountains.

Let us now speak of mountains in general.

There are two modes of seeing them, with and without clouds.

When clouded, the scene is more animated; but it is obscure, and often so confused that one can hardly distinguish its features.

The clouds clothe the rocks in a thousand ways. I have seen at Servoz a bald crag, across which a cloud obliquely passed like the ancient *toga*; and I could have fancied I beheld a colossal statue of a Roman. In another quarter, the cultivated part of the mountain appeared; but a barrier of vapour obstructed the view from my station, and below it black continuations of the rocks peeped through, resembling the Chimera, the Sphynx, the heads of the Anubis, and various forms of monsters and gods, worshipped by the Egyptians.

When the clouds are dispersed by the wind, the mountains appear to be rapidly flying behind this light curtain, alternately hiding and developing themselves. At one time, a spot of verdure suddenly displays itself through the opening of a cloud, like an island suspended in the heavens; at another, a rock slowly disrobes itself, piercing through the dense vapour like a phantom. On such occasions, the melancholy traveller hears only the rustling of the wind among the pines, and the

roaring of the torrents which fall in the glaciers, mingled at intervals with the crash of an *avalanche*, and sometimes with the whistle of the affrighted marmot, which has seen the hawk of the Alps sailing in the air.

If the sky is destitute of clouds, and the amphitheatre of the mountains entirely displayed to view, one circumstance especially deserves notice. The summits of the mountains, as they tower into the lofty regions, present to the eye a purity of delineation, a neatness of plan and profile, not possessed by objects in the plain. These angular heights resemble, under the transparent dome of Heaven, beautiful specimens of natural history—for instance, fine trees of coral, or chandeliers of stalactites inclosed in a globe of the purest crystal. The mountaineer seeks in these elegant appearances objects which are familiar to him; hence the names of the *Mulets*, or *Mules*; the *Charmoz*, or the *Chamois*; and the appellations borrowed from religion, the *heights of the cross*, the *rock of the altar*, the *glacier of the pilgrims*—simple and artless denominations, tending to prove that, if man be incessantly occupied in providing for his wants, he every where delights to dwell upon themes which offer consolation.

As to mountain trees, I shall only mention the

pine, the larch, and the fir, because they constitute, as it were, the only decoration of the Alps.

The pine calls to mind by its shape the beauties of architecture, its branches having the elegance of the pyramid, and its trunk that of the column. It resembles also the form of the rocks among which it flourishes. I have frequently, upon the ridges and advanced cornices of the mountains, confounded it with the pointed peaks or beetling cliffs. At the back of the Col de Balme, at the descent of the glacier of Trient, is a wood of pines, firs, and larches. Every tree in this family of giants has existed for ages, and the Alpine tribe has a king, which the guides take care to point out to travellers. It is a fir, which might serve as a mast for the largest man-of-war. The monarch alone is without a wound—while all his subjects around are mutilated. One has lost his head; another part of his arms; a third has been rent by lightning, and a fourth blackened by the herdsman's fire. I particularly noticed twins which had sprung from the same trunk, and towered aloft together. They were alike in height, form, and age; but the one was full of vigour, and the other in a state of decay.

> Daucia, Laride Thymberque, simillima proles,
> Indiscreta suis, gratusque parentibus error,
> At nunc dura dedit vobis discrimina Pallas.

"O Laris and Thimber, twin sons of Daucus, and so resembling each other that even your parents could not discern the difference, and felt delight in the mistakes your similitude occasioned! But *death* has caused a mournful difference between you."

The pine, I may add, announces the solitude and indigence of the mountain on which it is found. It is the companion of the poor Savoyard, whose lot it partakes. Like him it grows and dies upon inaccessible eminences, where its posterity is perpetuated, to perish equally unknown. It is on the larch that the mountain bee gathers that firm and savoury honey which mixes so agreeably with the raspberries and cream of Montaubert. The gentle whispering of the wind among the pines has been extolled by pastoral poets; but when the gale is violent, the noise resembles that of the sea, and you sometimes actually think you hear the roaring billows of the ocean in the middle of the Alps! The odour of the pine is aromatic and agreeable. To me it has a peculiar charm; for I have smelt it at sea, when more than twenty leagues from the coast of Virginia. It likewise always awakens in my mind the idea of that new world, which was announced to me by a balmy air—of that fine region

and those brilliant lakes, where the perfume of the forest was borne to me upon the morning breezes; and, as if every thing was connected in our remembrance, it also calls to mind those sentiments of regret and hope which alternately occupied my thoughts when, leaning over the side of the vessel, I thought of that country I had lost, and of those deserts which I was about to explore.

But, to proceed finally to my peculiar opinion respecting mountains—I will observe that as there can be no beautiful landscape without a mountainous horizon, so no place is calculated for an agreeable residence, and no landscape is satisfactory to the eye and heart, where there is a deficiency of space and air, as in the recesses of hills. These heavy masses do not harmonize with the faculties of man and the weakness of his organs.

Still the idea of great sublimity is attached to mountainous views, and with justice as far as regards the grandeur of objects; but if it be proved that this grandeur, though real, is not properly perceived by the senses, what becomes of the sublimity?

It is with the monuments of nature as with those of art. To enjoy their beauty, a person must be

stationed at the true point of perspective. Without this the forms, the colouring, and the proportions entirely disappear. In the interior of mountains, when you are close to an object, and the field of vision is quite confined, the dimensions necessarily lose their grandeur—a circumstance so true that one is continually deceived as to heights and distances. I appeal to travellers whether Mont Blanc appeared to them very lofty from the valley of Chamouni. An immense lake in the Alps has often the appearance of a small pond. You fancy a few steps will bring you to the top of an acclivity, which you are three hours in climbing. A whole day scarcely suffices to effect your escape from a defile, the extremity of which you seemed at first almost to touch with your hand. This grandeur of mountains therefore, so often dwelt upon, has no reality, except in the fatigue which it causes. As to the landscape, it is not much grander to the eye than an ordinary one.

But although these mountains lose their apparent grandeur when too nearly approached by the spectator, they are, nevertheless, so gigantic that they destroy what would otherwise constitute their ornament. Thus, by contrary laws, every thing is diminished, both as a whole and in its separate

parts. If nature had made the trees a hundred times larger on the mountains than in the plains —if the rivers and cascades poured forth waters a hundred times more abundant—these grand woods and grand waters might produce majestic effects upon the extended face of the earth; but such is by no means the case. The frame of the picture is enlarged beyond all bounds, while the rivers, the forests, the villages, and the flocks, preserve their accustomed proportions. Hence, there is no affinity between the whole and the part, the theatre and its decorations. The plan of the mountains being vertical, a scale is thereby supplied, by which the eye examines and compares the objects it embraces, in spite of a wish to do otherwise, and these objects one by one proclaim their own pettiness when thus brought to the test. For example, the loftiest pines are scarcely perceptible in the depths of the valleys, or look only like flakes of soot dashed on the spot. The tracks of pluvial waters, in these black and gloomy woods have the appearance of yellow parallel stripes, while the largest torrents and steepest cataracts resemble small streams, or bluish vapours.

Those who have discovered diamonds, topazes, and emeralds, in the glaciers, are more fortunate than I was; my imagination was never able to per-

ceive these treasures. The snow at the foot of the *Glacier des Bois,* mixed with the dust of the granite, looked to me like ashes. The Sea of Ice might be taken, in several places for quarries of lime or gypsum. Its crevices were the only parts which afforded any prismatic colours; and when the masses of ice rest on the rock, they look like so much common glass.

The white draperies of the Alps have a great inconvenience too, not yet mentioned. They make every thing around look black, nay they even darken the azure sky; nor must it be supposed that the spectator is remunerated for this disagreeable effect by the fine contrast with the colour of the snow itself. The tint assumed by the neighbouring mountains is lost to a person placed at their feet. The splendour wherewith the setting sun gilds the summits of the Alps, in Savoy, is only seen by the inhabitants of Lausanne. As to the traveller who passes through the valley of Chamouni, it is in vain that *he* expects to witness this brilliant spectacle. He sees over his head, as if through a funnel, a small portion of hard blue sky, unmixed with any of the tints which accompany sun-rise and sunset—a dreary spot, upon which the sun

scarcely looks even at noon through its frozen barrier!

May I be permitted to adduce a trivial truth for the purpose of making myself better understood? For every painting a canvas is necessary; in nature, the sky is the canvas to the landscape; if that be wanting in the back-ground, every thing is confused and without effect. Now the mountains, when a person is too near them, obstruct the view of the greater part of the sky. There is not sufficient atmosphere round them; they cast a shade upon each other, and interchange the darkness which perpetually prevails among the chasms of the rocks. To ascertain whether mountain landscapes have so decisive a superiority, it is only requisite to consult painters. You will see that they have always thrown eminences into the distance, thereby opening to the eye a view of woods and plains.

There is one period, however, at which mountains appear with all their natural sublimity;—namely, by moon-light. It is the property of this half-light, without reflection, and of a single tint, to enlarge objects by isolating the masses, as well as by causing that gradation of colours to disappear which connects the different parts of a picture. Hence the more free and decided the features of

still more sensible the general death around. The chamois, the wild goats, and the white rabbits, are almost entirely destroyed. Even marmots are becoming scarce; and the little Savoyard is threatened with the loss of his treasure. The wild animals are succeeded on the summits of the Alps by herds of cattle, which regret that they are not allowed to enjoy the plain, as well as their masters. Lying in the grass of the district of Caux, these cattle would form a beautiful scene, and they would have the additional merit of recalling to your mind the descriptions of the ancient poets.

Nothing remains but to speak of the emotions felt among mountains, and these are to me very painful. I cannot be happy where I witness on all sides the most assiduous toil, and the most unheard-of labour, all recompense for which is denied by an ungrateful soil. The mountaineer, who feels his misfortune, is more sincere than travellers. He calls the *plains* the *good country*, and does not pretend that the rocks, moistened by the sweat of his brow, but not thereby rendered more fertile, are the most beautiful and best of God's dispensations. If he appears highly attached to his mountain, this must be reckoned among these marvellous relations which Providence has established between our

the great features of the mountains cause the miniature of the valley to disappear. The cottages become hardly visible, and the cultivated parts look like so many patterns upon a draper's card.

A good deal has been said of mountain flowers—the violet, which is gathered on the borders of the glaciers, the strawberry which ripens in the snow, &c. but these are imperceptible wonders, which produce no effect. The ornament is too small for the colossus to which it belongs.

I am altogether unfortunate, it should seem; for I have not been able to discover in these *chalets*, rendered famous by the enchanting imagination of J. J. Rousseau, any thing but miserable huts filled with the ordure of cattle, and the smell of cheese and fermented milk. I found in the inhabitants forlorn mountaineers, considering themselves exiles, and longing for the luxury of the valleys.

Small birds, flying from one frozen cliff to another, with here and there a couple of ravens or a hawk, scarcely give animation to the rocky snow-clad scenery, where a fall of rain is almost always the only object in motion which salutes your sight. Happy is he, in this region, who hears a storm announced from some old fir by the woodpecker. Yet this melancholy indication of life renders

still more sensible the general death around. The chamois, the wild goats, and the white rabbits, are almost entirely destroyed. Even marmots are becoming scarce; and the little Savoyard is threatened with the loss of his treasure. The wild animals are succeeded on the summits of the Alps by herds of cattle, which regret that they are not allowed to enjoy the plain, as well as their masters. Lying in the grass of the district of Caux, these cattle would form a beautiful scene, and they would have the additional merit of recalling to your mind the descriptions of the ancient poets.

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troubles, the object which produces, and the places wherein we experience them. It is also attributable to the recollections of infancy, to the first sentiments of the heart, to the pleasures and even the rigours of the paternal habitation. More secluded than the rest of mankind, more serious from a habit of enduring hardships—the mountaineer finds support in his own sentiments. His extreme love of his country does not spring from any charm in the district he inhabits, but from the concentration of his ideas, and the limited extent of his necessities.

Mountains, however, are said to be the abode of contemplation.—I doubt this. I doubt whether any one can indulge in contemplation, when his walk is fatiguing, and when the attention he is compelled to bestow on his steps entirely occupies his mind. The lover of solitude, who should gaze with open mouth at chimeras* while climbing Montanvert, would be likely to fall into a pit, like the astrologer, who pretended to read over-head when he could not see his feet.

I am well aware that poets have fixed upon valleys and woods as the proper places to converse with the Muses. Let us hear what Virgil says:

* La Fontaine.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius.

It is hence evident that he liked the plains, *rura mihi;* he looked for agreeable, smiling valleys, *vallibus amnes;* he was fond of rivers, *flumina amem* (not torrents), and forests, in which he could pass his life without the parade of glory, *sylvasque inglorius.* These *sylvæ* are beautiful groves of oaks, elms, and beeches, not melancholy woods of fir; or he would not have said:

Et *ingenti* ramorum protegat *umbrâ,*
And with thick umbrage let me be enclosed.

And where does he desire this valley shall be situated? In a place, calculated to inspire happy recollections and harmonious names, with traditions both of fable and of history:

O ubi campi,
Sperchiusque, et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Taygeta! O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat!

Oh, where are the fields, and the river Sperchius, and Mount Taygetus, frequented by the virgins of Laconia? Oh, who will convey me to the cool valleys of Mount Hæmus?

He would have cared very little for the valley of Chamouni, the glacier of Taconay, the greater or less Jorasse, the peak of Dru, or the rock of Tête-Noire.

If we are to believe Rousseau, however, and those who have adopted his errors without inheriting his eloquence—when a person arrives at the summit of a mountain, he is transformed into a new man. "On high mountains," says Jean Jacques, "meditation assumes a grand and sublime character, in unison with the objects that strike us. The mind feels an indescribably placid delight, which has nothing earthly or sensual in it. It appears to raise itself above the abode of mankind, leaving there all low and terrestrial feelings. I doubt whether any agitation of the soul can be so violent as to resist the effects of a lengthened stay in such a situation."

Would to Heaven it were really thus! How charming to be able to shake off our cares in proportion as we elevated ourselves above the plains! But, unfortunately, the soul of man is independent of air and situation. Alas! a heart oppressed with pain would be no less heavy on the heights than in the valley. Antiquity, which should always be referred to when accuracy of feeling is the subject of discussion, was not of Rousseau's opinion as to mountains; but, on the contrary, represents them as the abode of sorrow and desolation. If the lover of Julia forgot his chagrin among the rocks of the Valais, the husband of Eurydice fed the source of his

grief upon the mountains of Thrace. In spite of the talents possessed by the philosopher of Geneva, I doubt whether the voice of Saint Preux will be heard by so many future ages as the lyre of Orpheus. Œdipus, that perfect model of royal calamity, that grand epitome of all earthly evils, likewise sought deserted eminences:

He mounted toward Heaven to interrogate the Gods respecting human misery.

But there is another example supplied by antiquity, and of a more beautiful as well as more sacred description. The holy Scriptures, whose writers better knew the nature of man than the profane sages, always describe those who are particularly unhappy—the Prophets and our Saviour himself—as retiring, in the day of affliction, to the high places. The daughter of Jephtha, before her death, asked her father's permission to go and bewail her virginity on the mountains of Judea. Jeremiah said that he would go *to the mountains* for the purpose of weeping and groaning. It was on the Mount of Olives that Christ drank the cup which was filled with all the afflictions and tears of the human race.

It is worthy of observation, that in the most rational pages of that writer who stepped forward

as the champion of strict morality, it is yet easy to find traces of the spirit of the age in which he lived. This supposed change of our internal dispositions, according to the nature of the place which we inhabited, belonged secretly to the system of materialism, which Rousseau affected to combat. The soul was considered to be a sort of plant, subject to the variations of the atmosphere, and agitated or serene in conformity therewith. But could Jean Jacques himself really put faith in this salutary influence of "high places?" Did not this unfortunate man himself carry his passions and his misery to the mountains of Switzerland?

There is one situation alone in which it is true that mountains produce an oblivion of earthly troubles. This is, when a man retires far from the world to employ his days in religious exercises. An anchorite devoting himself to the relief of human nature, or a holy hermit silently meditating on the omnipotence of God, may find peace and joy upon barren rocks; but it is not the tranquillity of the place which passes into the soul of the recluse; it is, on the contrary, his soul which diffuses serenity through the region of storms.

It has always been an instinctive feeling of mankind to adore the Eternal on elevated spots. The

nearer we are to heaven, the less distance there seems to be for our prayers to pass before they reach the throne of God. The patriarchs sacrificed on the mountains; and as if they had borrowed from their altars their idea of the Divinity, they called him the Most High. Traditions of this ancient mode of worship remained among Christian nations; whence our mountains, and in default of them our hills, were covered with monasteries and abbeys. From the centre of a corrupt city, man, who was perhaps proceeding to the commission of some crime, or at least in pursuit of some vanity, perceived, on raising his eyes, the altars upon the neighbouring heights. The cross, displaying at a distance the standard of poverty to the eyes of luxury, recalled to the rich ideas of affliction and commiseration. Our poets little understood their art, when they ridiculed these emblems of Mount Calvary, these institutions and retreats, which bring to our recollection those of the East, the manners of the hermits of the Thebaid, the miracles of our divine religion, and the events of times, the antiquity of which is not effaced by those of Homer.

This, however, appertains to another class of ideas and sentiments, and bears no reference whatever to that general question we are examining.

After having censured mountains, it is but just to conclude by saying something in their favour. I have already observed that they are essential to a fine landscape, and ought to form a chain in the back-ground of a picture. Their hoary heads, their lank sides, and gigantic members, though hideous when contemplated too near, are admirable when rounded by the vapour of the horizon, and coloured in a melting, golden light. I will concede, too, if it be desired, that mountains are the sources of rivers, and the last asylum of liberty in times of despotism, as well as a useful barrier against invasion and the evils of war. All I require is, that I may not be compelled to admire the long list of rocks, quagmires, chasms, holes, and contortions of the Alpine valleys. On this condition, I will say there are mountains which I should visit again with great pleasure—those, for instance, of Greece and Judea. I should also like to traverse those spots of which my new studies lead me every day to the contemplation. I would willingly seek, upon the Tabor and the Taygetus, fresh colours and fresh harmonies, after having painted the inglorious hills and unknown valleys of the New World.*

* This last passage alluded to my Tour in Greece and the Holy Land, travels which, in fact, I performed in the following year, 1806.

NOTES.

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"Such are the prodigies of liberty."

The truth of these prodigies is proved by authentic documents. Here are two Messages of the President of the United States; one of 1825, the other of 1826.

Message of the President of the United States, to the 19*th Congress,* 1*st Session.*

Washington, 10th Dec. 1825.

Fellow-citizens of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives,

In taking a general survey of the concerns of our beloved country, with reference to subjects interesting to the common welfare, the first sentiment which impresses itself upon the mind is of gratitude to the Omnipotent Dispenser of all good, for the continuance of the signal blessings of his Providence, and especially for that health which, to an unusual extent, has prevailed within our borders; and for that abundance which, in the vicissitudes of the seasons, has been scattered with profusion over our land. Nor ought we less to ascribe to Him the glory, that we are permitted to enjoy the bounties of his hand in peace and tranquillity;

in peace with all other nations of the earth, in tranquillity among ourselves. There has indeed rarely been a period in the history of civilized man, in which the general condition of the Christian nations has been marked so extensively by peace and prosperity. Europe, with a few partial and unhappy exceptions, has enjoyed ten years of peace, during which all her governments, whatever the theory of their constitution may have been, are successively taught to feel, that the end of their institution is the happiness of the people, and that the exercise of power among men can be justified only by the blessings it confers upon those over whom it is extended.

During the same period, our intercourse with all those nations has been pacific and friendly — it so continues. Since the close of your last session, no material variation has occurred in our relations with any one of them. In the commercial and navigation system of Great Britain, important changes of municipal regulation have recently been sanctioned by Acts of Parliament, the effect of which upon the interests of other nations, and particularly upon ours, has not yet been fully developed. In the recent renewal of the diplomatic missions on both sides, between the two governments, assurances have been given and received of the continuance and increase of that mutual confidence and cordiality by which the adjustment of many points of difference had already been effected, and which affords the surest pledge for the ultimate satisfactory adjustment of those which still remain open, or may hereafter arise.

The policy of the United States, in their commercial intercourse with other nations, has always been of the most

liberal character. In the mutual exchange of their respective productions, they have abstained altogether from prohibitions; they have interdicted themselves the power of laying taxes upon exports, and whenever they have favoured their own shipping by special preferences or exclusive privileges in their own ports, it has been only with a view to countervail similar favours and exclusions granted by the nations with whom we have been engaged in traffic to their own people or shipping, and to the disadvantage of ours.

Immediately after the close of the last war, a proposal was fairly made, by the act of Congress of the 3d of March 1815, to all the maritime nations, to lay aside the system of retaliating restrictions and exclusions, and to place the shipping of both parties to the common trade on a footing of equality, in respect to the duties of tonnage and import. This offer was partially and successively accepted by Great Britain, Sweden, the Netherlands, the Hanseatic cities, Prussia, Sardinia, the Duke of Oldenburg, and Russia. It was also adopted, under certain modifications, in our late commercial convention with France. And, by the act of Congress of the 8th January 1824, it has received a new confirmation with all the nations who had acceded to it, and has been offered again to all those who are, or may hereafter be, willing to abide in reciprocity by it. But all these regulations, whether established by treaty or by municipal enactments, are still subject to one important restriction.

The removal of discriminating duties of tonnage and of import is limited to articles of the growth, produce, or manufacture of the country to which the vessel belongs,

or to such articles as are most usually shipped from her ports. It will deserve the serious consideration of Congress, whether even the remnant of restriction may not be safely abandoned, and whether the general tender of equal competition made in the act of 8th Jan. 1824, may not be extended to include all articles of merchandise not prohibited, of what country soever they may be the produce or manufacture. Propositions to this effect have already been made to us by more than one European Government, and it is probable that, if once established by legislation or compact with any distinguished maritime state, it would recommend itself by the experience of its advantages to the general accession of all.

The convention of commerce and navigation between the United States and France, concluded on the 24th June, 1822, was, in the understanding and intent of both parties (as appears upon its face), only a temporary arrangement of the points of difference between them, of the most immediate and pressing urgency. It was limited, in the first instance, to two years from Oct. 1, 1822; but with a proviso, that it should further continue in force till the conclusion of a general and definite treaty of commerce; unless terminated by a notice, six months in advance, of either of the parties to the other. Its operation, so far as it extended, has been mutually advantageous, and it still continues in force by common consent. But it left unadjusted several objects of great interest to the citizens and subjects of both countries, and particularly a mass of claims, to considerable amount, of citizens of the United States upon the government of France, of indemnity for

property taken or destroyed under circumstances of the most aggravated and outrageous character. In the long period during which continual and earnest appeals have been made to the equity and magnanimity of France in behalf of these claims, their justice has not been, as it could not be, denied. It was hoped that the accession of a new sovereign to the throne would have afforded a favourable opportunity for presenting them to the consideration of his government. They have been presented and urged, hitherto without effect. The repeated and urgent representations of our minister at the court of France remain, as yet, even without an answer. Were the demands of nations upon the justice of each other susceptible of adjudication by the sentence of an impartial tribunal, those to which I now refer would long since have been settled, and adequate indemnity would have been obtained.

There are large amounts of similar claims upon the Netherlands, Naples, and Denmark. For those upon Spain, prior to 1819, indemnity was, after many years of patient forbearance, obtained; and those on Sweden have been lately compromised by a private settlement, in which the claimants themselves have acquiesced. The governments of Denmark and of Naples have been recently reminded of those yet existing against them; nor will any of them be forgotten, while a hope may be indulged of obtaining justice by the means within the constitutional power of the executive, and without resorting to those measures of self-redress which, as well as the time, circum-

stances, and occasion which may require them, are within the exclusive competency of the legislature.

It is with great satisfaction I am enabled to bear witness to the liberal spirit with which the republic of Colombia has made satisfaction for well-established claims of a similar character. And among the documents now communicated to Congress, will be distinguished a treaty of commerce and navigation with that republic, the ratifications of which have been exchanged since the last recess of the legislature. The negociation of similar treaties with all the independent South American States has been contemplated, and may yet be accomplished. The basis of them all, as proposed by the United States, has been laid on two principles; the one, of entire unqualified reciprocity; the other, the mutual obligation of the parties to place each other, permanently, upon the footing of the most favoured nation.

These principles are indeed indispensable to the effectual emancipation of the American hemisphere from the thraldom of colonizing monopolies and exclusions; an event rapidly realizing in the progress of human affairs, and which the resistance still opposed in certain parts of Europe to the acknowledgment of the Southern American republics as independent states will, it is believed, contribute more effectually to accomplish. The time has been, and that not very remote, when some of those states might, in their anxious desire to obtain a nominal recognition, have accepted of a nominal independence, clogged with burdensome conditions, and exclusive commercial privileges

granted to the nation from which they have separated, to the disadvantage of all others. They are now all aware that such concessions to any European nation would be incompatible with that independence which they have declared and maintained.

Among the measures which have been suggested to them by their new relations with one another (resulting from the recent changes of their condition), is that of assembling, at the Isthmus of Panama, a Congress at which each of them should be represented, to deliberate on objects important to the welfare of all. The republics of Colombia, of Mexico, and of Central America, have already deputed plenipotentiaries to such a meeting, and they have invited the United States to be also represented there by their ministers. The invitation has been accepted, and ministers on the part of the United States will be commissioned to attend at these deliberations, and to take part in them, so far as may be compatible with that neutrality from which it is neither our intention, nor the desire of the other American States, that we should depart.

The commissioners under the 7th article of the treaty of Ghent have so nearly completed their labours, that, by the report recently received from the agent on the part of the United States, there is reason to expect the commission will be closed at their next session, appointed for the 22d of May, of the ensuing year.

The other commission, appointed to ascertain the indemnities due for slaves carried away from the United States after the close of the late war, have met with some

difficulty which has delayed their progress in the inquiry. A reference has been made to the British Government on the subject, which, it may be hoped, will tend to hasten the decision of the commissioners, or serve as a substitute for it.

Among the powers specifically granted to Congress by the constitution, are those of establishing uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States; and of providing for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States. The magnitude and complexity of the interests affected by legislation upon these subjects may account for the fact that, long and often as both of them have occupied the attention and animated the debates of Congress, no systems have yet been devised for fulfilling, to the satisfaction of the community, the duties prescribed by these grants of power.

To conciliate the claim of the individual citizen to the enjoyment of personal liberty with the effective obligation of private contracts, is the difficult problem to be solved by a law of bankruptcy. These are objects of the deepest interest to society, affecting all that is precious in the existence of multitudes: of persons, many of them in the classes essentially dependent and helpless: of the age requiring nurture, and of the sex entitled to protection from the free agency of the parent and the husband.

The organization of the militia is yet more indispensible to the liberties of the country. It is only by an effective militia that we can, at once, enjoy the repose of peace, and

bid defiance to foreign aggression: it is by the militia that we are constituted an armed nation, standing in perpetual panoply of defence, in presence of all the other nations of the earth. To this end, it would be necessary so to shape its organization, as to give it a more united and active energy. There are laws for establishing an uniform militia throughout the United States, and for arming and equipping its whole body. But it is a body of dislocated members, without the vigour of unity, and having little of uniformity but the name. To infuse into this most important institution the power of which it is susceptible, and to make it available for the defence of the Union, at the shortest notice, and at the smallest expense of time, of life, and of treasure, are among the benefits to be expected from the persevering deliberation of Congress.

Among the unequivocal indications of our national prosperity, is the flourishing state of our finances. The revenues of the present year, from all their principal sources, will exceed the anticipations of the last. The balance in the treasury on the first of January last, was a little short of two millions of dollars, exclusive of two millions and a half, being the moiety of the loan of five millions authorised by the act of 26th May 1824. The receipts into the treasury from the 1st of January to the 30th of September (exclusive of the other moiety of the same loan) are estimated at 16,500,000 dollars; and it is expected that those of the current quarter will exceed five millions of dollars; forming an aggregate of receipts of nearly twenty-two millions, independent of the loan. The expenditures of the year will not

exceed that sum more than two millions. By those expenditures, nearly eight millions of the principal of the public debt have been discharged. More than a million and a half has been devoted to the debt of gratitude to the warriors of the revolution: a sum almost equal, to the construction of fortifications, the acquisition of ordnance, and other permanent preparatives of national defence: half a million to the gradual increase of the navy; an equal sum for purchases of territory from the Indians, and payment of annuities to them: and upward of a million for objects of internal improvement, authorised by special acts of the last Congress. If we add to these, four millions of dollars, for payment of interest upon the public debt, there remains a sum of about seven millions, which have defrayed the whole expense of the administration of government, in its legislative, executive, and judiciary departments, including the support of the military and naval establishment, and all the occasional contingencies of a government co-extensive with the Union.

The amount of duties secured on merchandise imported from the commencement of the year is about twenty-five millions and a half; and that which will accrue, during the current quarter, is estimated at five millions and a half: from these thirty-one millions, deducting the drawbacks, estimated at less than seven millions, a sum exceeding twenty-four millions will constitute the revenue of the year, and will exceed the whole expenditure of the year. The entire amount of public debt, remaining due on the 1st of January next, will be short of eighty-one millions of dollars.

By an act of Congress of the third of March last, a loan of twelve millions of dollars was authorised at four and a half *per cent.* or an exchange of stock to that amount of four and a half *per cent.* for a stock of six *per cent.* to create a fund for extinguishing an equal amount of the public debt, bearing an interest of six *per cent.* redeemable in 1826. An account of the measures taken to give effect to this act will be laid before you by the secretary of the Treasury. As the object which it had in view has been but partially accomplished, it will be for the consideration of Congress whether the power with which it clothed the executive should not be renewed at an early day of the present session, and under what modifications.

The act of Congress of the third of March last, directing the secretary of the Treasury to subscribe, in the name and for the use of the United States, for one thousand five hundred shares of the capital stock of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal company, has been executed by the actual subscription for the amount specified; and such other measures have been adopted by that office under the act, as the fulfilment of its intentions requires. The latest accounts received of this important undertaking authorise the belief that it is in successful progress.

The payments into the Treasury, from proceeds of the sales of the public lands, during the present year, were estimated at one million of dollars. The actual receipts of the first two quarters have fallen very little short of that sum: it is not expected that the second half of the year will be equally productive; but the income of the year, from that

source, may now be safely estimated at a million and a half. The act of Congress of the 18th of May 1824, to provide for the extinguishment of the debt due to the United States by the purchasers of public lands, was limited, in its operation of relief to the purchasers, to the 10th of April last. Its effect, at the end of the quarter during which it expired, was to reduce the debt from 10 to 7 millions. By the operation of similar prior laws of relief, from and since that of the 2d March, 1821, the debt had been reduced from upwards of 22 millions to 10. It is exceedingly desirable that it should be extinguished altogether; and, to facilitate that consummation, I recommended to Congress the revival, for one year more, of the act of May 18th, 1824, with such provisional modification as may be necessary to guard the public interests against fraudulent practices in the re-sale of the relinquished land.

The purchasers of public lands are amongst the most useful of our fellow-citizens; and since the system of sales for cash alone has been introduced, great indulgence has been justly extended to those who had previously purchased upon credit. The debt which had been contracted under the credit sales had become unwieldy, and its extinction was alike advantageous to the purchaser and the public. Under the system of sales, matured as it has been by experience, and adapted to the exigencies of the times, the lands will continue, as they have become, an abundant source of revenue: and when the pledge of them, to the public creditor, shall have been redeemed by the entire discharge of the national debt, the swelling tide of wealth with which they

replenish the common treasury may be made to re-flow in unfailing streams of improvement, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

The condition of the various branches of the public service resulting from the department of war, and their administration during the current year, will be exhibited in the report from the secretary of war, and the accompanying documents herewith communicated. The organization and discipline of the army are effective and satisfactory. To counteract the prevalence of desertion among the troops, it has been suggested to withhold from the men a small portion of their monthly pay, until the period of their discharge: and some expedient appears to be necessary to preserve and maintain among the officers so much of the art of horsemanship as could scarcely fail to be found wanting in the possible sudden eruption of a war, which should overtake us unprovided with a single corps of cavalry. The military academy at West Point, under the restrictions of a severe but paternal superintendence, recommends itself more and more to the patronage of the nation; and the number of meritorious officers which it forms and introduces to the public service furnishes the means of multiplying the undertakings of public improvements, to which their acquirements at that institution are peculiarly adapted. The school of artillery practice established at Fortress Monroe is well suited to the same purpose, and may need the aid of further legislative provisions to the same end. The report from the various officers at the head of the administrative branches of the military service, connected with

the quartering, clothing, subsistence, health, and pay of the army, exhibit the assiduous vigilance of those officers in the performance of their respective duties, and the faithful accountability which has pervaded every part of the system.

Our relations with the numerous tribes of aboriginal natives of this country, scattered over its extensive surface, and so dependent, even for their existence, upon our power, have been, during the present year, highly interesting. An act of Congress, of 25th May, 1824, made an appropriation to defray the expenses of making treaties of trade and friendship with the Indian tribes of the Mississipi. An act of 3d March, 1825, authorized treaties to be made with the Indians for their consent to the making of a road from the frontier of Missouri to that of New Mexico. And another act, of the same date, provided for defraying the expenses of holding treaties with the Sioux, Chippewas, Menomenees, Sauks, Foxes, &c., for the purpose of establishing boundaries and promoting peace between said tribes. The first and the last objects of these acts have been accomplished; and the second is yet in process of execution. The treaties which, since the last session of Congress, have been concluded with the several tribes, will be laid before the Senate for their consideration, conformably to the constitution. They comprise large and valuable acquisitions of territory; they secure an adjustment of boundaries, and give pledges of permanent peace between several tribes which had been long waging bloody wars against each other.

On the 12th of February last, a treaty was signed at the

Indian Springs, between commissioners appointed on the part of the United States, and certain chiefs and individuals of the Creek nation of Indians, which was received at the seat of Government only a few days before the close of the last session of Congress and of the late administration. The advice and consent of the Senate was given to it on the 3d of March, too late for it to receive the ratification of the then President of the United States: it was ratified on the 7th of March, under the unsuspecting impression that it had been negociated in good faith, and in the confidence inspired by the recommendation of the Senate. The subsequent transactions in relation to this treaty will form the subject of a separate message.*

The appropriations made by Congress for public works, as well in the construction of fortifications as for purposes of internal improvement, so far as they have been extended, have been faithfully applied. Their progress has been delayed by the want of suitable officers for superintending them. An increase of both the corps of engineers, military and topographical, was recommended by my predecessor at the last session of Congress. The reasons upon which that recommendation was founded subsist in all their force, and have acquired additional urgency since that time. It may also be expedient to organise the topographical engineers into a corps similar to the present establishment of the corps of engineers. The military academy at West Point

* It was this treaty which gave rise to the violent declarations of the State of Georgia against the central Government.

will furnish, from the cadets annually graduated there, officers well qualified for carrying this measure into effect.

The board of engineers for internal improvement, appointed for carrying into execution the act of Congress of the 30th of April 1824, "to procure the necessary surveys, plans, and estimates, on the subject of roads and canals," have been actively engaged in that service from the close of the last session of Congress. They have completed the surveys necessary for ascertaining the practicability of a canal from the Chesapeake bay to the Ohio river, and are preparing a full report on that subject—which, when completed, will be laid before you. The same observation is to be made with regard to the two other objects of national importance, upon which the Board have been occupied; namely, the accomplishment of a national road from this city to New Orleans, and the practicability of uniting the waters of Lake Memphramagog with Connecticut river, and the improvement of the navigation of that river. The surveys have been made, and are nearly completed. The report may be expected at an early period during the present session of Congress.

The acts of Congress of the last session, relative to the surveying, marking, or laying out roads in the territories of Florida, Arkansas, and Michigan, from Missouri to Mexico, and for the continuation of the Cumberland road, are some of them fully executed, and others in the process of execution. Those for completing or commencing fortifications have been delayed only so far as the corps of engineers has been inadequate to furnish officers for the

necessary superintendence of the works. Under the act confirming the statutes of Virginia and Maryland, incorporating the Chesapeake and Ohio canal company, three Commissioners, on the part of the United States, have been appointed for opening books and receiving subscriptions, in concert with a like number of Commissioners on the part of each of those states. A meeting of the Commissioners has been postponed, to await the definitive report of the Board of Engineers. The lighthouses and monuments for the safety of our commerce and mariners, the works for the security of Plymouth beach, and for the preservation of the islands in Boston harbour, have received the attention required by the laws relating to those objects respectively. The continuation of the Cumberland road, the most important of them all, after surmounting no inconsiderable difficulty in fixing upon the direction of the road, has commenced under the most promising auspices, with the improvements of recent invention in the mode of construction, and with the advantage of a great reduction in the comparative cost of the work.

The operations of the laws relating to the revolutionary pensioners may deserve the renewed consideration of Congress:—the act of the 18th March, 1818, while it made provision for many meritorious and indigent citizens who had served in the war of independence, opened a door to numerous abuses and impositions. To remedy this, the act of May 1st, 1820, exacted proofs of absolute indigence, which many, really in want, were unable, and all susceptible of that delicacy which is allied to many virtues must be

deeply reluctant, to give. The result has been, that some, among the least deserving, have been retained, and some, in whom the requisites of worth and want were combined, have been stricken from the list. As the numbers of these venerable relics of an age gone by diminish; as the decays of body, mind, and estate, of those that survive must, in the common course of nature, increase; should not a more liberable portion of indulgence be dealt out to them?

May not the want, in most instances, be inferred from the demand, when the service can be duly proved; and may not the last days of human infirmity be spared the mortification of purchasing a pittance of relief only by the exposure of its own necessities? I submit to Congress the expediency either of providing for individual cases of this description by special enactment, or of revising the act of May 1st, 1820, with a view to mitigate the rigour of its exclusions, in favour of persons to whom charity, now bestowed, can scarcely discharge the debt of justice.

The portion of the naval force of the Union, in actual service, has been chiefly employed on three stations: the Mediterranean, the coasts of South America bordering on the Pacific Ocean, and the West Indies. An occasional cruiser has been sent to range along the African shores most polluted by the traffic of slaves; and one armed vessel has been stationed on the coast of our eastern boundary, to cruise along the fishing-grounds in Hudson's Bay, and on the coast of Labrador.

The first service of a new frigate has been performed in restoring to his native soil and domestic enjoyments the

veteran hero, whose youthful blood and treasure had freely flowed in the cause of our country's independence, and whose whole life had been a series of services and sacrifices to the improvement of his fellow-men. The visit of General Lafayette, alike honourable to himself and to our country, closed, as it commenced, with the most affecting testimonials of devoted attachment on his part, and of unbounded gratitude of this people to him in return. It will form, hereafter, a pleasing incident in the annals of our Union, giving to real history the intense interest of romance, and signally marking the unpurchasable tribute of a great nation's social affections to the disinterested champion of the liberties of human kind.

The constant maintenance of a small squadron in the Mediterranean is a necessary substitute for the humiliating alternative of paying tribute for the security of our commerce in that sea, and for a precarious peace, at the mercy of the caprice of four Barbary states, by whom it was liable to be violated. An additional motive for keeping a respectable force stationed there at this time is found in the maritime war raging between the Greeks and the Turks, and in which the neutral navigation of this Union is always in danger of outrage and depredation. A few instances have occurred of such depredations upon our merchant-vessels, by privateers or pirates wearing the Grecian flag, but without real authority from the Greek or any other government. The heroic struggles of the Greeks themselves, in which our warmest sympathies, as freemen and Christians,

have been engaged, have continued to be maintained with vicissitudes of success adverse and favourable.

Similar motives have rendered expedient the keeping of a like force on the coasts of Peru and Chile, on the Pacific. The irregular and convulsive character of the war upon the shores has been confined to the conflicts upon the ocean. An active warfare has been kept up for years, with alternate success, though generally to the advantage of the American patriots. But their naval forces have not always been under the control of their own governments. Blockades, unjustifiable upon any acknowledged principles of international law, have been proclaimed by officers in command; and though disarmed by the supreme authorities, the protection of our own commerce against them has been made cause of complaint and of erroneous imputations upon some of the most gallant officers of our navy. Complaints, equally groundless, have been made by the commanders of the Spanish royal forces in those seas; but the most effective protection to our commerce has been the flag, and the firmness of our own commanding officers. The cessation of the war, by the complete triumph of the patriot cause, has removed, it is hoped, all cause of dissension with one party, and all vestige of force of the other.

But an unsettled coast, of many degrees of latitude, forming a part of our own territory, and a flourishing commerce and fishery, extending to the islands of the Pacific and to China, still require that the protecting power of this Union

should be displayed under its flag, as well upon the ocean as upon the land.

The objects of the West India squadron have been to carry into execution the laws for the suppression of the African slave-trade; for the protection of our commerce against vessels of a piratical character, though bearing commissions from either of the belligerent parties; for its protection against open and unequivocal pirates. These objects, during the present year, have been accomplished more effectually than at any former period. The African slave-trade has long been excluded from the use of our flag; and if some few citizens of our country have continued to set the laws of the Union, as well as those of nature and humanity, at defiance, by persevering in that abominable traffic, it has been only by sheltering themselves under the banners of other nations less earnest for the total extinction of the trade than ours.

The irregular privateers have, within the last year, been in a great measure banished from those seas; and the pirates, for months past, appear to have been almost entirely swept away from the borders and the shores of the two Spanish islands in those regions. The active, persevering, and unremitted energy of Captain Warrington, and of the officers and men under his command, on that trying and perilous service, have been crowned with signal success, and are entitled to the approbation of their country. But experience has shown, that not even a temporary suspension or relaxation from assiduity can be indulged on that station, without re-producing piracy and murder in all

their horrors; nor is it probable that, for years to come, our immensely valuable commerce in those seas can navigate in security, without the steady continuance of an armed force devoted to its protection.

It were, indeed, a vain and dangerous illusion to believe that, in the present or probable condition of human society, a commerce so extensive and so rich as ours could exist and be pursued in safety without the continual support of a military marine—the only arm by which the power of this confederacy can be estimated or felt by foreign nations, and the only standing military force which can never be dangerous to our own liberties at home. A permanent naval peace establishment, therefore, adapted to our present condition, and adapted to that gigantic growth with which the nation is advancing in its career, is among the subjects which have already occupied the foresight of the last Congress, and which will deserve your serious deliberations. Our navy, commenced at an early period of our present political organization, upon a scale commensurate with the incipient energies, the scanty resources, and the comparative indigence of our infancy, was even then found adequate to cope with all the powers of Barbary, save the first, and with one of the principal maritime powers of Europe. At a period of further advancement, but with little accession of strength, it not only sustained with honour the most unequal of conflicts, but covered itself and our country with unfading glory. But it is only since the close of the late war, that, by the number and force of the ships of which it is composed, it could deserve

the name of a navy. Yet it retains nearly the same organization as when it consisted only of five frigates. The rules and regulations by which it is governed urgently call for revision; and the want of a naval school of instruction, corresponding with the military academy at West Point, for the formation of scientific and accomplished officers, is felt with daily-increasing aggravation.

The act of Congress, of 26th May 1824, authorising an examination and survey of the harbour of Charleston, in South Carolina; of St. Mary's, in Georgia; and of the coast of Florida; and for other purposes, has been executed so far as the appropriation would admit. Those of the 3d of March last, authorising the establishment of a navy-yard and depôt on the coast of Florida, in the gulf of Mexico, and also the building of ten sloops of war, and for other purposes, are in the course of execution; for the particulars of which, and other objects connected with this department, I refer to the report of the secretary of the navy, herewith communicated.

A report from the postmaster-general is also submitted, exhibiting the present flourishing condition of that department. For the first time for many years, the receipts for the year, ending on the 1st July last, exceeded the expenditure, during the same period, to the amount of more than 45,000 dollars. Other facts, equally creditable to the administration of the department, are, that in two years from the 1st July 1823, an improvement of more than 185,000 dollars in its pecuniary affairs has been realized; that in the same interval, the increase of the transportation

of the mail has exceeded 1,500,000 miles, annually; and that 1,040 new post-offices have been established. It hence appears that, under judicious management, the income from this establishment may be relied on as fully adequate to defray its expenses; and that, by the discontinuance of post-roads (altogether unproductive), others of more useful character may be opened, till the circulation of the mail shall keep pace with the spread of our population—and the comforts of friendly correspondence, the exchanges of internal traffic, and the lights of the periodical press, shall be distributed to the remotest corners of the Union, at a charge scarcely perceptible to any individual, and without the cost of a dollar to the public treasury.

Upon this first occasion of addressing the Legislature of the Union, with which I have been honoured in presenting to their view the execution, so far as it has been effected, of the measures sanctioned by them for promoting the internal improvement of our country, I cannot close the communication without recommending to their calm and persevering consideration the general principle in a more enlarged extent. The great object of the institution of civil government is, the improvement of those who are parties to the social compact; and no government, in whatever form constituted, can accomplish the lawful ends of its institution but in proportion as it improves the condition of those over whom it is established. Roads and canals, by multiplying and facilitating the communications and intercourse between distant regions and multitudes of men, are among the most important means of improve-

ment. But moral, political, intellectual improvement, are duties assigned, by the author of our existence, to social no less than to individual man. For the fulfilment of those duties, governments are invested with power; and to the attainment of the end,—the progressive improvement of the condition of the governed,—the exercise of delegated power is a duty as sacred and indispensible as the usurpation of power not granted is criminal and odious. Among the first, perhaps the very first instrument for the improvement of the condition of man, is knowledge; and to the acquisition of much of the knowledge adapted to the wants, the comforts, and enjoyments of human life, public institutions and seminaries of learning are essential. So convinced of this was the first of my predecessors in this office, now first in the memory, as, living, he was first in the hearts of our country, that once and again, in his addresses to the Congresses with whom he co-operated in the public service, he earnestly recommended the establishment of seminaries of learning, to prepare for all the emergencies of peace and war,—a national university and a military academy. With respect to the latter, had he lived to the present day, in turning his eyes to the institution at West Point, he would have enjoyed the gratification of his most earnest wishes. But, in surveying the city which has been honoured with his name, he would have seen the spot of earth which he had destined and bequeathed to the use and benefit of his country, as the site for an university, still bare and barren.

In assuming her station among the civilized nations of the earth, it would seem that our country had contracted

the engagement to contribute her share of mind, of labour, and of expense, to the improvement of those parts of knowledge which lie beyond the reach of individual acquisition, and particularly the geographical and astronomical science. Looking back to the history only of the half century since the declaration of our independence, and observing the generous emulation with which the governments of France, Great Britain, and Russia, have devoted the genius, the intelligence, the treasures, of their respective nations to the common improvement of the species in these branches of science, is it not incumbent on us to inquire whether we are not bound by obligations of a high and honourable character to contribute our portion of energy and exertion to the common stock? The voyages of discovery prosecuted, in the course of that time, at the expense of those nations, have not only redounded to their glory, but to the advancement of human knowledge. We have been partakers in that advancement, and owe for it a sacred debt, not only of gratitude, but of equal or proportional exertion in the same common cause. Of the cost of these undertakings, if the mere expenditures of outfit, equipment, and completion of the expedition, were to be considered the only charges, it would be unworthy of a great and generous nation to take a second thought. One hundred expeditions of circumnavigation, like those of Cook and La Peyrouse, would not burden the exchequer of the nation fitting them out so much as the ways and means of defraying a single campaign in war. But if we take into account the lives of those benefactors of mankind, of which their services in the cause of their species were the

purchase, how shall the cost of those heroic enterprises be estimated? And what compensation can be made to them, or to their countries for them? Is it not by bearing them in affectionate remembrance? Is it not, still more, by imitating their example?—by enabling countrymen of our own to pursue the same career, and to hazard their lives in the same cause?

In inviting the attention of Congress to the subject of internal improvements, upon a view thus enlarged, it is not my intention to recommend the equipment of an expedition for circumnavigating the globe for purposes of scientific research and inquiry. We have objects of useful investigation nearer home, and to which our cares may be more beneficially applied. The interior of our own territories has yet been very imperfectly explored. Our coasts, along many degrees of latitude upon the shores of the Pacific Ocean, though much frequented by our spirited commercial navigators, have been barely visited by our public ships. The river of the west, first fully discovered and navigated by a countryman of our own, still bears the name of the ship in which he ascended its waters, and claims the protection of our armed national flag at its mouth. With the establishment of a military post there, or at some other point of that coast, recommended by my predecessor, and already matured in the deliberations of the last Congress, I would suggest the expediency of connecting the equipment of a public ship for the exploration of the whole of the north-west coast of this continent.

The establishment of an uniform standard of weights and

measures was one of the specific objects contemplated in the formation of our constitution; and to fix that standard was one of the powers delegated by express terms in that instrument to Congress. The governments of Great Britain and France have scarcely ceased to be occupied with inquiries and speculations on the same subject since the existence of our constitution; and with them it has expanded into profound, laborious, and expensive researches into the figure of the earth and the comparative length of the pendulum vibrating seconds in various latitudes, from the Equator to the Pole. These researches have resulted in the composition and publication of several works highly interesting to the cause of science. The experiments are yet in the process of performance. Some of them have recently been made on our own shores; within the walls of one of our own colleges; and partly by one of our own fellow-citizens. It would be honourable to our country if the sequel of the same experiments should be countenanced by the patronage of our government as they have hitherto been by those of France and Britain.

Connected with the establishment of an university, or separate from it, might be undertaken the erection of an astronomical observatory, with provision for the support of an astronomer, to be in constant attendance of observation upon the phenomena of the heavens, and for the periodical publication of his observations. It is with no feeling of pride, as an American, that the remark may be made, that on the comparatively small territorial surface of Europe there are existing upwards of 130 of these lighthouses of the skies;

while throughout the whole American hemisphere there is not one. If we reflect a moment upon the discoveries which, in the last four centuries, have been made in the physical constitution of the universe by the means of these buildings, and of observers stationed in them, shall we doubt of their usefulness to every nation? and while scarcely a year passes over our heads without bringing some new astronomical discovery to light, which we must fain receive at second hand from Europe, are we not cutting ourselves off from the means of returning light for light, while we have neither observatory nor observer upon our half of the globe, and the earth revolves in perpetual darkness to our unsearching eyes?

When, on the 25th of October 1791, the first President of the United States announced to Congress the first result of the first enumeration of the inhabitants of this Union, he informed them that the returns gave the pleasing assurance that the population of the United States bordered on 4,000,000 of persons. At the distance of 30 years from that time, the last enumeration — five years since completed — presented a population bordering upon ten millions. Perhaps, of all the evidences of a prosperous and happy condition of human society, the rapidity of the increase of population is most unequivocal. But the demonstration of our prosperity rests not alone upon this indication. Our commerce, our wealth, and the extent of our territories have increased in correspondent proportions: and the number of independent communities associated in our federal Union has, since that time, nearly doubled. The

legislative representation of the States and people, in the two houses of Congress, has grown with the growth of their constituent bodies. The House, which then consisted of 65 members, now numbers upward of 200. The Senate, which consisted of 26 members, has now 48. But the executive, and still more the judiciary department, are yet in a great measure confined to their primitive organization, and are now not adequate to the urgent wants of a still growing community.

The naval armaments which, at an earlier period, forced themselves upon the necessities of the Union, soon led to the establishment of a department of the navy. But the departments of foreign affairs, and of the interior, which, early after the formation of the government, had been united in one, continue so united at this time, to the unquestionable detriment of the public service. The multiplication of our relations with the nations and governments of the old world has kept pace with that of our population and commerce; while, within the last ten years, a new family of nations in our own hemisphere has arisen among the inhabitants of the earth, with whom our intercourse, commercial and political, would of itself furnish occupation to an active and industrious department. The constitution of the judiciary, experimental and imperfect as it was, even in the infancy of our existing government, is yet more inadequate to the administration of national justice, at our present maturity. Nine years have elapsed since a predecessor in this office, now not the last, the citizen who perhaps of all others throughout the Union contributed

most to the formation and establishment of our constitution, in his valedictory address to Congress immediately preceding his retirement from public life, urgently recommended the revision of the judiciary, and the establishment of an additional executive department.

The exigencies of the public service, and its unavoidable deficiencies, as now in exercise, have added yearly cumulative weight to the considerations presented by him as persuasive to the measure: and in recommending it to your deliberations, I am happy to have the influence of his high authority in aid of the undoubting conviction of my own experience.

The laws relating to the administration of the patent office are deserving of much consideration, and perhaps susceptible of some improvement. The grant of power to regulate the action of Congress on this subject has specified both the end to be attained and the means by which it is to be effected;—to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries. If an honest pride might be indulged in the reflection that, on the records of that office are already found inventions, the usefulness of which has scarcely been transcended in the annals of human ingenuity,—would not its exultation be allayed by the inquiry whether the laws have effectively ensured to the inventors the reward destined to them by the constitution, even a limited term to the exclusive right to their discoveries?

On the 24th of December 1799, it was resolved by Con-

gress, that a marble monument should be erected by the United States, in the capitol at the city of Washington: that the family of General Washington should be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it: and that the monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life. In reminding Congress of this resolution, and that the monument contemplated by it remains yet without execution, I shall indulge only the remarks, that the works in the capitol are approaching to completion: that the consent of the family, desired by the resolution, was requested and obtained: that a monument has been recently erected in this city, at the expense of the nation, over the remains of another distinguished patriot of the Revolution; and, that a spot has been reserved within the walls where you are deliberating for the benefit of this, and future ages, in which the mortal remains may be deposited of him whose spirit hovers over you, and listens with delight to every act of the representatives of his nation, which can tend to exalt and adorn his and their country.

The constitution under which you are assembled is a charter of limited powers; after full and solemn deliberation upon all or any of the subjects, which, urged by irresistible sense of my own duty, I have recommended to your attention, should you come to the conclusion, that, however desirable in themselves, the enactment of laws for effecting them would transcend the powers committed to you by that venerable instrument which we are all bound to support, let no consideration induce you to assume the exercise

of powers not granted to you by the people. But if the power to exercise exclusive legislation, in all cases whatsoever, over the district of Columbia; if the power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises; to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States; if the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian Tribes; to fix the standard of weights and measures; to establish post-offices and post-roads; to declare war, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States; and to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying these powers into execution:—if these powers, and others enumerated in the constitution, may be effectually brought into action by laws promoting the improvement of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, the cultivation and encouragement of the mechanic and of the elegant arts, the advancement of literature, and the progress of the sciences, ornamental and profound;—to refrain from exercising them for the benefit of the people themselves would be to hide in the earth the talent committed to our charge—would be treachery to the most sacred of trusts.

The spirit of improvement is abroad upon the earth. It stimulates the heart and sharpens the faculties, not of our fellow-citizens alone, but of the nations of Europe, and of their rulers. While dwelling with pleasing satisfaction upon the superior excellence of our political institutions,

let us not be unmindful that liberty is power; that the nation blessed with the largest portion of liberty must, in proportion to its numbers, be the most powerful nation upon earth; and that the tenure of power by man is, in the moral purposes of his Creator, upon condition that it shall be exercised to ends of beneficence; to improve the condition of himself and his fellow-men.

While foreign nations, less blessed with that freedom which is power than ourselves, are advancing with gigantic strides in the career of public improvement, were we to slumber in indolence, or fold up our arms and proclaim to the world that we are palsied by the will of our constituents, would it not be to cast away the bounties of Providence, and doom ourselves to perpetual inferiority?

In the course of the year now drawing to its close, we have beheld under the auspices and at the expense of one State of this Union, a new university unfolding its portals to the sons of science, and holding up the torch of human improvement to eyes that seek the light. We have seen, under the persevering and enlightened enterprise of another State, the waters of our western lakes mingled with those of the Ocean. If undertakings like these have been accomplished in the compass of a few years by the authority of single members of our confederation, can we, the representative authorities of the whole Union, fall behind our fellow-servants in the exercise of the trust committed to us for the benefit of our common sovereign, by the accomplishment of works important to the whole, and to which neither the

authority nor the resources of any one State can be adequate?

Finally, fellow-citizens, I shall await with cheering hope and faithful co-operation, the result of your deliberations; assured that, without encroaching upon the powers reserved to the authorities of the respective States or to the people, you will, with a due sense of your obligations to your country, and of the high responsibilities weighing upon yourselves, give efficacy to the means committed to you for the common good. And may He who searches the hearts of the children of men prosper your exertions to secure the blessings of peace, and promote the highest welfare of our country.

(Signed) JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Message from the President of the United States to the two Houses of Congress, at the commencement of the Second Session of the Nineteenth Congress (1826).

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and of the House of Representatives,

This new assembly of the representatives of the Union in the two Houses of Congress commences under circumstances which call more than ever for thanksgiving to the

upon their common interests, cannot fail to promote the welfare and prosperity of both.

By virtue of the convention of June 24, 1822, our relations of commerce and navigation with France are in a state of gradual and progressive amelioration. Convinced by universal experience, no less than by those principles of just and liberal reciprocity which the United States have uniformly proposed to the other nations of the earth;—convinced, I say, that a free and equal competition is most advantageous to the interests of both parties; the United States, in negociating this treaty, strongly insisted upon a mutual renunciation of the discriminating duties and taxes existing in the ports of either country. It being impossible, however, to obtain the recognition of this principle in its fullest extent, after having diminished the discriminating duties as much as was deemed practicable, it was arranged that, until the expiration of two years, to commence from the 1st of October, 1822, from which period the treaty was to continue in execution (unless, indeed, six months notice was given by either party to the other that it should cease to operate), these duties should be reduced one quarter; and that such reduction should be repeated from year to year, until all inequality should cease whilst the treaty itself should continue to be in force. By the effect of this stipulation, three-fourths of the discriminating duties which had been levied by each party upon the vessels of the other in its ports, have been already suppressed: and on the approaching 1st of October, should the treaty still continue in force, the remaining quarter will cease to be demanded.

French vessels charged with French produce will be received into the ports of the United States on the same conditions as our own, which will, in return, enjoy similar advantages in the ports of France. By this approach toward an equality of duties and imports, not only has the commerce carried on between the two countries prospered, but friendly dispositions, on both sides, have been promoted and encouraged. These dispositions will continue to be cultivated on the part of the United States. It would have been agreeable to me to be able to add, that the claims addressed to the justice of the French government—claims affecting the fortunes and well-being of so many of our fellow-citizens, and upon which we have so long and so uncompromisingly insisted, were in a better train of adjustment than at the epoch of our last session; but affairs rest still, in this respect, in the same state.

With the government of the Netherlands, the mutual abandonment of discriminating duties had been decreed on both sides, by legislative acts. The act of Congress, of the 20th of April, 1818, partly abolishing all the discriminating duties of import and of tonnage upon the ships and products of the Netherlands in the ports of the United States, on the assurance by the government of Holland that all such duties as regarded the ships and commerce of the United States in that kingdom, had been discontinued—these reciprocal regulations were uniformly acted upon for several years, when the discriminating principle was resumed by the Netherlands in a new and indirect form, by a duty or premium of ten per cent. under the plea of restoring

privileges granted to their national vessels, but in which those of the United States were not allowed to participate. By the act of Congress of Jan. 7, 1824, all the discriminating duties therefore were re-established, as related to vessels and products belonging to the Netherlands, so long as a corresponding exemption should be extended to the ships and commerce of the United States in the ports of the Low Countries: and the same act went on to provide, that in case of the resumption of discriminating duties, exercised on the ships and commerce of the Union, in either of the foreign countries enumerated, the suspension of discriminating duties here in favour of the navigation of that country should be at an end, and all the dispositions of the act imposing the levy of the discriminating duties of import and tonnage on foreign vessels in the ports of the United States be put in full force with respect to that country.

In our correspondence with the government of the Netherlands on this subject, they have asserted, that the privilege granted to their own vessels by this premium upon their tonnage should not be regarded as a discriminating duty; but it cannot be denied, that it is calculated to produce the very same effects. Had the mutual abolition been stipulated by treaty, such a premium could never have been accorded without a breach of good faith. Nevertheless, as the act of Congress of Jan. 7, 1824, did not expressly authorise the executive power to determine what ought to be considered as constituting a resumption of discriminating duties, by a foreign government, to the prejudice of the United States; and as measures of reprisal on

our part, however just and necessary, might tend rather to that legislative conflict which we deprecate, than to that cordiality whereto we invite all commercial nations, as equally advantageous to their interests and our own, I have thought that it would be more conformable to the spirit of our institutions to submit this subject anew to the consideration of the legislature (in order that some measure might be decided on required by the exigency of circumstances) than at once to put into execution the threatening dispositions of the act of 1824.

During the last session of Congress, treaties of amity, of navigation, and commerce, were negociated and signed at Washington with the government of Denmark, in Europe, and with the federation of Central America, in our own hemisphere. These treaties ultimately received the sanction of the Senate, by the assent given to their ratification. They are therefore accordingly ratified by the United States; and since the last session of Congress, they have been similarly ratified by the other contracting parties. These treaties have established between the contracting parties the principles of reciprocity and equality in their largest and most literal sense. Each power admits the ships of the other into its ports, charged with the produce or merchandize of any country of the globe, on condition of their paying the same duties of import and tonnage as are imposed on its own vessels. It is also stipulated, that the contracting parties shall ultimately concede no favour of navigation or commerce to any other nation that shall not coincide with the spirit of these regulations;

and that neither party shall impose, upon the goods and merchandize of the other, higher duties than are levied upon those of all other countries whatsoever. In the treaty with Denmark, there is an exception to these principles, with regard to the colonies of that kingdom in the Arctic Seas; but not with regard to its colonies in the West Indies.

Our situation has not materially changed since last session relatively to Prussia, Spain, Portugal, or indeed to any of the European powers with which the United States of America were on friendly terms. I regret I am not able to say as much with respect to our commercial relations with the American colonies of Great Britain. Negociations of the very highest importance to the common interests have been carrying on there several years past between the two governments, and have been invariably conducted, on the part of the United States, in a frank and conciliating spirit. Similar points, alike important and delicate, were adjusted by the treaties of 1815 and 1818: and that of 1822, under the mediation of the Emperor Alexander, seemed to promise a satisfactory conclusion, relatively to certain claims which this government was bound to maintain, both by a sense of interest and of the justice due to a numerous class of its citizens. But with respect to commercial affairs between the United States and the English colonies in America, it has been hitherto impossible to arrange anything to the satisfaction of both powers. Their geographical position, and different natural products, render the commerce between the United States and the British possessions in America, both continental and insular, of great importance

to either. But this commerce has been prohibited by Great Britain, which rests on a principle practised, up to this time, by every European nation that has colonies; namely, the monopolisation of the trade of those colonies.

After the termination of the last war this prohibition was renewed, and the English government refused to insert in the treaty of 1815 an exception in favour of the United States, as to English America. The commerce therewith was consequently conducted by English vessels alone, until the promulgation of an act of Congress upon navigation in 1818, and the supplementary act of 1820, which answered the prohibition by a similar measure on the part of the United States. These acts, which we regard as not so much retaliatory as defensory, were quickly followed by an act of Parliament opening certain ports of the colonies in question to vessels of the United States sailing directly from this country: the importation of certain articles paying exorbitant duties was permitted; but others, the most desirable for us to export, were prohibited. The United States upon this opened their ports to English vessels coming direct from the colonies, under conditions precisely similar to those expressed in the act of Parliament, or rather as much so as our respective situation would permit. A negociation was then opened, by mutual consent, in the hope, at least on our part, that the admitted importance of this commerce to both nations might operate to bring about an arrangement alike satisfactory to one and the other. With this view the government of the United States had resolved to sacrifice some portion of that entire reciprocity which

might fairly be held out for, and rather to make disadvantageous concessions than lose the benefit of an arrangement so desirable for the interests of two nations. The negociation, however, frequently stopped by accidental causes, was at length suspended by mutual agreement, but with the understanding that it was to be resumed after a short interval. In the mean time another act of Parliament appeared, so equivocal, that it could not even be comprehended by the functionaries of the colonies in which it should be put in force: this act opened anew certain colonial ports under fresh conditions, with threats of closing them again to all nations that should refuse to accept these conditions prescribed by the English government. The provisions of this act—which was promulgated in July 1825, and never communicated to the government of the United States, nor understood by the colonial custom-house officers—were nevertheless investigated by Congress during last session. Aware that a negociation had been entered into upon the subject, and which was speedily about to be resumed, it was thought better to await the result of this than to legislate upon an English act of Parliament by no means clear, and which in fact the British authorities in this hemisphere could neither explain to others nor understand themselves.

Immediately after the close of the last session, one of our most distinguished citizens was sent as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to England, bearing such instructions as we could not doubt would avail to terminate at last this long-protracted discussion. On his arrival, and

before he had delivered his credentials, he became aware of the existence of an Order of Council, prohibiting, from and after the first of that current December, the entrance into the ports of the colonies of any American vessels, except into those immediately on our frontiers. In answer to his representations, our envoy was told that, by an ancient political maxim of Europe, all the commerce of the colonies belonged to the mother-country; that any participation in this commerce by another country was a *favour*, which could not form the subject of negociation, but which might be regulated by legislative acts concerning the colonies: that, in this view of the case, the English government declined entering into any negociation on the subject; and that, as the United States had not accepted promptly and unreservedly the conditions stipulated in the act of Parliament of July 1815, Great Britain would not admit the ships of the United States, even under the same conditions as were accorded to other nations.

We have been habituated to regard the commerce with the English colonies rather as an exchange of benefit than as a *favour* received; and have in fact given an ample equivalent. We have seen every other nation possessed of colonies negociate with foreign governments, and freely concede to them by treaty admission into those colonies: the other nations of Europe, far from refusing us entrance into their colonies, have guaranteed us the privilege by such treaties. But Great Britain, in declining to negociate, leaves us no alternative but either to regulate or entirely prohibit admission of its commerce, as may best answer our

individual purposes. I therefore recommend you to keep this alone in view, in the deliberations into which you will go upon the subject.

We hope that our endeavours, although unavailing, to regulate the interests of which we have been speaking, will not influence unfavourably other points in discussion between the two governments. Our limits to the North and South are not yet determined. The commission appointed to regulate the indemnities for the emancipation of slaves is not sure of success. Our dispositions are amicable and conciliatory; and we cannot renounce without great pain the hope that at length we shall be able to obtain—not favour, which we neither ask nor wish, but a reciprocity of good offices.

Our relations with the American governments of this hemisphere are friendly throughout; our commerce with them increases, and will soon become advantageous to all parties. The Congress assembled at Panama has adjourned to meet again at a time more favourable for Mexico. The death of one of our ministers on his way to the Isthmus, and the obstacles peculiar to the season, which prevented the departure of another, were the causes of our not being represented at the first Congress. But no act of that Congress seriously called for the presence of a minister from us. The surviving member of the embassy appointed during last session has set out for his destination; and a successor to his worthy colleague, so justly regretted, will be named by the Senate.

A treaty of commerce, of friendship, and navigation, was

concluded last summer, by our ministers plenipotentiary, with the United States of Mexico; it will be laid before the Senate to receive its advice relative to the ratification.

With regard to our financial situation, the state of the revenue appears at first glance somewhat less favourable than at the same period of last year. The misfortunes experienced by the commercial and manufacturing classes of Great Britain have had their rebound in this country. The diminution of importation from abroad has necessarily superinduced a diminution in the receipts of the treasury; and consequently the net revenue of the present year will not equal that of the last. This diminution is, however, partly caused by the flourishing state of our own manufactories; and thus a compensation arises, extremely profitable to the nation. It is also very encouraging for us to consider that, notwithstanding the current deficiency, 11,000,000 have been this year employed in paying the interest of the national debt, and 7,000,000 towards the liquidation of its capital. The Treasury balance on the first of January last was 5,201,650 dollars $\frac{4}{100}$. The receipts from that to the 30th of last September have been 19,585,932 dollars $\frac{50}{100}$. The receipts of the current quarter, estimated at 6,000,000 of dollars, will compose, together with the sums collected in the three previous quarters, a revenue of about 25,500,000 for the present year. The expenditure during the three first quarters rose to 16,714,226 dollars $\frac{66}{100}$. That of the current quarter, including 2,000,000, to be paid toward the liquidation of the national debt, will balance the receipts. Thus the expences of the year, resting upward of 1,000,000

below the receipts, will produce, in the Treasury balance of January 1st, 1827, a proportional augmentation. Instead of 6,200,000 dollars, which were found on the balance of last year, there will appear, this year, 6,400,000 dollars.

The amount of duties received upon the merchandise imported from the commencement of the year to the 30th September, is estimated at 21,250,000 dollars; and what the present quarter ought to yield, is estimated at 4,250,000, making, for the entire year, 25,500,000. Of this sum, after every deduction, there remains 20,400,000 dollars, as the net revenue of the customs to the commencement of 1827. The produce of the sale of the public lands; that of the bank-dividends, and other accidental receipts, raise this sum to 23,000,000 dollars; which only falls short, in amount, to the expenses of the year, by a little more than that portion of those expenses applied to the extinction of the public debt, according to the annual appropriation of 10,000,000, decreed by the act of March 3, 1817. When that act was passed, the national debt amounted to 123,500,000. On the approaching 1st of January, it will not exeeed 74,000,000. In this space of ten years, we shall therefore have cleared 50,000,000 of the public debt, besides the annual charge of interest thereupon, of 5,000,000. In 1817, out of the 10,000,000 appropriated, there were but 3,000,000 actually employed in the extinction of the debt, 7,000,000 having been absorbed by the payment of interest. Out of this sum of 10,000,000, there are, this year, only 4,000,000 devoted to the payment of interest, and the remaining six are carried to the abolition

of the capital. We have already experienced, that a revenue almost wholly arising from entrance-duties and tonnage is susceptible of very considerable increase and diminution, according to the fluctuations perceptible in the commerce of the whole world. We recollect, perfectly well, that during the last ten years, even, the treasury receipts have not uniformly covered the expenditure; two successive years we were compelled to have recourse to the raising of loans, in order to fulfil the national obligations. The following years, however, made up for this deficiency, until a new vicissitude occasioned the revenue again to decline. These alternations of high and low, following good or bad seasons, the measures of foreign governments, and political revolutions, are also influenced by the success or non-success of manufactures, by the result of commercial speculations, and by a number of causes variously combined. Our different fluctuations embrace several distinct periods of from two to three years. The last period of depression was from 1819 to 1822. The inverted movement of elevation obtained from 1823 up to the commencement of this year. We have no longer cause to apprehend a depression comparable to that of the former epoch alluded to, or even sufficiently great to render inconvenient the annual application of 10,000,000 to the reduction of the debt. Nevertheless, we shall do well to feel deeply how necessary it is for us to labour altogether, that, by the exertion of the strictest economy, and all other honourable means, we may effect the entire extinction of the public debt.

Besides the 7,000,000 of loan in 1822, which have been

liquidated in the course of the present year, there are 9,000,000 which, according to mercantile terms, should be, and are, already redeemable. In addition, 13,000,000 of the loan of 1814 will be redeemable at the end of the present month, and 9,000,000 more, at the termination of the year. The whole forms a total of 31,000,000 dollars, bearing an interest of 6 per cent, and whereof upward of 20,000,000 are immediately redeemable, while the rest becomes so in a little more than a year. If we leave 15,000,000 of this total still to bear the interest of 6 per cent, until we can redeem it in the course of 1827 or 1828, there is no doubt but that the remaining 16,000,000 may be redeemed in a few months, by means of a loan at 5 per cent, payable in 1829 and 1830. By this measure, we shall save the nation the sum of half a million of dollars, and the liquidation of the total amount of 31,000,000 in the course of four years will be mainly, if not, wholly, effected.

An act of Congress of the 3d of March 1825, authorised, for a similar measure, a loan at 4½ per cent; but all the money then in circulation was absorbed by commercial enterprises, and the contemplated step had but an imperfect success. During the last session of Congress, the state of the funds was not more favourable to the operation; but in the vicissitude which speedily followed, had we been authorised to redeem, by an exchange of stock, or a loan at 5 per cent, the 9,000,000 actually repayable, it is morally certain that a profit would have resulted to the Treasury of 90,000 dollars.

By the reports of the secretaries of war and marine, it will be seen what is the existing condition of our forces by land and sea. The organization of the army having undergone no change since 1821, it is sufficient for me to say, that it answers all the purposes for which an army in time of peace should be kept up. We shall perceive, by the reports I have alluded to, that every branch of the military service is remarkable for order and discipline; that from the Commander-in-chief to the lowest grade, the officers bear in mind that they were citizens ere they became soldiers, and that the glory of a republican army should consist in the spirit of liberty and patriotism wherewith it is animated. The construction of the fortifications decreed by Congress, and destined to protect our shores from invasion; the distribution of tokens of gratitude and justice to the pensionaries of the revolutionary war; the maintenance of our pacific relations with the Indian tribes; as well as the public works of roads and canals,—which have already occupied so much of the attention of Congress, will continue to demand it in the present session.

Five millions of dollars will be required this year for the service of the war department. Less than two-fifths of this sum will be employed in the maintenance of the army. One million and a half, dedicated to military pensions, are but a slight recompense for service rendered, of old, to the nation. A like sum must be employed in fortification, interior works, and on divers objects which have for their end the assured repose and well-being of generations to come. The sums appropriated to indemnify the relics of that un-

fortunate race, which can neither accommodate itself to civilization, nor resist its progress, will produce advantages fully compensatory for that burden they are calculated to lay on the treasury.

The grant estimated as necessary for the sundry services of the marine department appears to amounts to three millions of dollars. Nearly one half of this sum is requisite for the current expenditure of our navy; the remainder will constitute a fund of national property; a pledge of our glory and of our strength for the future. Scarcely a year had passed after the close of the last war, and whilst the heaviest charges were borne by the nation, when Congress, by its act of April 29, 1816, voted the annual grant of one million of dollars, for the gradual enlargement of the marine. Since then, the grant has been reduced to half a million for a period of six years, of which this is the last. The first appropriation of one million per annum has been resumed by the grant made these two years for the construction of two sloops of war; the results are before our eyes. Our fleet is composed of twelve ships of the line, twenty frigates, and a proportional number of sloops. These vessels might form, for the protection of our coast, a line of floating fortifications co-operating with those commenced upon land. The gradual increase of the marine is a principle whereof the act of April 29, 1816, was the first development; that act began the execution of a system destined to influence the character and history of our country during a long series of ages.

Congress has promulgated to our fellow-citizens, and to

posterity, that it was at once the destiny and duty of our confederation to become, in the course of time, and by rapid progress, a great naval power. There is, perhaps, no branch of the exercise of the constitutional powers of the federal government which will occasion more satisfaction to the people of the American Union. We have maintained squadrons during the peace in the Pacific Ocean, in the seas of the West Indies, and in the Mediterranean; and a small division has been established to cruise upon the eastern coasts of South America. Piracy, which for several years desolated the West Indian seas, has altogether ceased; in the Mediterranean it is still felt in a most afflicting manner by other nations; and probably but for the presence of the squadron alluded to above, our commerce would suffer equally. The war which has unfortunately broken out between Brazil and the republic of Buenos Ayres, has taken place in consequence of gross violation of principles on the part of the Brazilian officers, who have put forth, with respect to neutral navigation and blockade, maxims and usages to which our commanders have felt themselves unable to subscribe, and, in fact, called upon to resist. After the amicable disposition which the Emperor of Brazil has always manifested towards the United States, and from the advantages which his provinces draw from their commercial intercourse with our country, we have every reason to believe that he will not refuse to concede a just reparation for the injury done to several of our citizens by his officers.

The report of the Director-General of posts presents

results which manifest the wise administration of that branch. During the second half of 1824, and the first of 1825, the receipts exceeded the outgoings by a sum of upwards of 45,000 dollars: the following year was still more productive, and the augmentation of the receipts during the year which closed on the 1st of last July, amounted to 136,000 dollars. In the course of that year seven hundred new post-offices were established. When we reflect under how many points of view it is advisable to extend and improve the dispatch of letters, we cannot but felicitate ourselves on the advance of this department. There is no longer a nook in the country but will possess the advantages of this precious medium of communication; and the more population increases the more general will the benefit become.

By virtue of treaties with France and Spain, ceding respectively Louisiana and the Floridas to the United States, dispositions are requisite to be made, to fix the titles to property emanating from those governments. Certain claims have been preferred; and public faith and the rights of individuals, as well as the interest of the community, demand that I should recommend this business to the attention of the legislature.

Conformably to the dispositions of the act of the 20th of last May, relative to the erection of a Penitentiary, and to other objects, three commissioners have been named, charged with the selection of a convenient site for the building of such a structure for the district, and likewise a prison for the county of Alexandria: their selection has been made, and the construction of the Penitentiary pro-

ceeds with so much rapidity, that it will probably be completed before the next assembly of Congress. This consideration will convince you of the urgency of preparing in the present session the regulations of this prison, and of determining what class of delinquents shall be confined therein.

In concluding this communication, let it be permitted me to turn an eye on the career which we have run from the epoch of our origin as a national confederation to the present day. Since your last meeting, the fiftieth anniversary of that day whereon our independence was declared has been celebrated throughout all the ramifications of the Union: on that day, when every heart expanded itself to the sensation of joy, when every voice was lifted in expression of happiness, amidst the fetes of liberty and independence, two of the principal actors in our august revolution—one whose hand traced the immortal declaration, and one whose eloquent voice defended it in the rostrum, were simultaneously summoned to the foot of the Eternal, to render an account of their conduct upon earth. They are gone, attended by the benedictions of their country, to which they have left the inheritance of two great names, and the recollection of the most brilliant examples. If we divert our thoughts toward the state of their country, what a happy contrast shall we find between the first and the last day of this half century—what a sublime transition from obscurity to glory! If we examine the condition of the individuals at the two extreme points of this interval, we find them, at the former point, full of youth and vigour,

devoting their lives, fortunes, and talents in the cause of liberty and humanity; we see them, at this latter point—whilst, extended upon a bed of agony, scarce one sentiment remained connected with life—breathing their last prayer for their country. May we not hope that for them also there was a transition from obscurity to glory; and that at the moment when their mortal remains were consigned to the tomb, their enfranchised spirits had flown into the bosom of the Deity?

PAGE 125.

" A mixed population of 2,937,000 whites," &c.

The illustrious and learned M. de Humboldt has given the following estimate of the several Spanish American populations.

Letter from M. Alex. de Humboldt *to* M. Ch. Coquerel, *a clergyman at Amsterdam.*

" You desire, Sir, to know the proportion borne to each other by the several bodies of Americans belonging to different Christian communities. I believe I possess sufficient materials to enable me to state the relative number of Roman Catholics and Protestants; but I will not enter at present into a detail of the subdivisions of the latter. The following are the results at which I must provisionally rest, after the laborious investigations I have made, during these latter years, respecting the population of the New Continent. Some partial calculations—that, for example, of the Catholics in Louisiana, in Maryland, and in English Lower Canada, are possibly a little incorrect; but these exceptions relate to numbers too insignificant to affect the total result. I imagine that the number of Protestants in the whole of

America, both continental and insular, from the southern extremity of Chili as far as Greenland, is, compared to that of Roman Catholics, as 1 is to 2. There exist, on the western coast of North America, some thousands of individuals who follow the Greek worship. I am ignorant of the exact number of Jews spread over the surface of the United States, and throughout several of the Antilles; but it is inconsiderable. The independent Indians, who belong not to any Christian community, are, to the Christian population, as 1 to 42. The numerical principles on which the following table is founded, are explained in detail in the third volume of my *Travels to the Equinoctial Regions*, book ix. chap. 26 (which is about to appear forthwith).

Total population of America, 34,284,000.

I. Roman Catholics			22,177,000
a. Continental Spanish America		15,985,000	
Whites	2,937,000		
Indians	7,530,000		
Mixed and negro races	5,518,000		
	15,985,000		
b. Portuguese America		4,000,000	
Whites	920,000		
Negroes	1,960,000		
Mixed and Indian races	1,120,000		
	4,000,000		
c. United States, Lower Canada, and French Guyana		538,000	
Hayti, Porto Rico, and French Antilles		1,639,000	
		2,177,000	
II. Protestants			11,287,000
a. United States		9,990,000	
b English Canada, Nova Scotia, Labrador		260,000	
c. English and Dutch Guyana		220,000	
d. English Antilles		784,500	
e. Dutch and Danish Antilles, &c.		82,500	
		11,287,000	
III. Independent Indians, not Christians			820,000
			34,284,000

" In the actual state of things,* the Protestant population of the New World increases far more rapidly than the Catholic. It is probable that, notwithstanding the prosperous state to which independence and free-institutions are elevating Spanish America, Brazil, and the island of Hayti, the proportion of 1 to 2, will be found, in less than half a century, considerably modified in favour of the Protestant communities. I believe that, in Europe, one may reckon amongst a population of 198 millions, nearly 103 millions of Roman Catholics, 52 millions of Protestants, 38 millions who follow the Greek church, and 5 millions of Mahometans. The numerical proportion of Protestants to the members of the Roman Catholic and Greek churches is therefore somewhat as 1 to $2\frac{7}{10}$. The proportion of Protestants to Roman Catholics alone, is the same in Europe as in America. As differences of race and origin, peculiarity of language, and the state of domestic liberty, powerfully sway the tendencies of men to such and such a mode of worship, I take the present opportunity of communicating to you, Sir, some of my latest researches into these several subjects.

" The existing population of America presents:

Whites	13,162,000	38 in 100
Indians	8,610,000	25 — —
Negroes	6,223,000	18 — —
Mixed races	6,289,000	19 — —
	34,284,000	

" The black population of 6,223,000 (without being

* " In admitting 34,284,000 to be the entire population of America, we find, according to my calculations, to the north of the isthmus of Panama,

mixed up with the whites and the Indians) is composed of 1,144,000 freemen, and 5,079,000 slaves; of which latter, 1,152,000 inhabit the Archipelago of the Antilles; 1,620,000 are in the United States, and 1,800,000 in Brazil. The following table exhibits pretty accurately the degree in which the different languages obtain in America:

Language, English, spoken by . .	11,297,500	persons.
—— Spanish	10,174,000	—
—— Indian	7,800,000	—
—— Portuguese	3,740,000	—
—— French	1,058,000	—
—— Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Russian	214,000	—
	34,284,000	

" Hence there will appear, of

Languages of Latin Europe . .	14,930,000	Total of all European languages . .	26,442,000
Languages of Germanic origin	11,512,000		
Of Indian languages			7,842,000

" No separate mention is made either of the German, the Gaelic (Irish), or the Biscayan; because the individuals who still preserve a knowledge of those three mother tongues, speak likewise English or Castilian. The number of persons who usually speak the Indian languages, is, at the present period, to that of persons using European tongues, as 1 to 3. Owing to the more rapid increase of the popula-

19,650,000; in insular America, 2,473,000; to the south of the isthmus of Panama, 12,161,000. Spanish America, alone, has 16,785,000 inhabitants, upon 371,880 square leagues of 20 to a degree. America comprises altogether 1,186,930 of these leagues:—Europe contains 304,700." (*Note of M. de Humboldt.*)

tion of the United States, the languages of Germanic origin gain insensibly, in the total numerical proportion, on those of Latin extraction: but these latter are spreading, at the same time, in consequence of the growing civilization of the people of Spanish and Portuguese race in the Indian villages, scarcely a twentieth part of whose inhabitants as yet understand either Castilian or Portuguese. I believe that there still exist above seven millions and a half of aborigines in America, who have preserved the use of their peculiar languages, and are wholly ignorant of European dialects. Such is likewise the opinion of the Archbishop of Mexico, and other highly respectable ecclesiastics, who have a long time inhabited Upper Peru, and whom I have been enabled to consult on the subject. The small number of Indians (perhaps a million) who have entirely lost their native language, inhabit the great towns, and the populous villages that surround those towns. Amongst the individuals who speak French in the New World, we find upwards of 700,000 negroes of African race, a circumstance which, though the efforts of the Haytian government on behalf of popular instruction are very laudable, does not contribute to maintain purity of language. We may state that, upon the whole, there are, in continental and insular America, out of 6,223,000 blacks, upward of one-third (at least 2,360,000) who speak English, upward of one-fourth who speak Portuguese, and one-eighth who speak French.

"These statements of the American population, as it is considered relatively to difference of creeds, of language, and of idioms, are composed of extremely variable ele-

ments: they represent pretty accurately the condition of American society toward the close of the year that has just expired. Nothing but great masses are treated of here; more particular calculations may, by degrees, produce greater exactitude. It is thus with all the numerical principles of science.

"ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT."

Page 127.

" Nations, among which political education is so backward, always leave room to fears for liberty."

It is difficult to estimate the truth of the recitals which paint the manners of Spanish America. The authors of these recitals are, for the most part, Englishmen, who would have a natural interest in *colouring* the actual state of affairs in these republics, chiefly the work of their own hands. One of them is Colonel Hamilton, principal commissioner of His Britanic Majesty in Colombia; another is a Mr. Miers, travelling to Chili with money, workmen, and machinery, wherewith to carry on experiments. Colonel Hamilton was witness of a fête at Bogota, respecting which he thus speaks:—

" The officers of state, both civil and military, repaired in grand procession from the palace to the cathedral, to offer thanksgiving on occasion of the victory of Bojarca, gained by Bolivar over the Spanish General Don Josè-Maria Barreyo, in the month of August, 1819: and that general was afterwards shot in the grand square, together with thirty-eight other Spanish officers. A monk, who had shown a turbulent spirit, and evinced great zeal in favour of the Spanish cause, was added to these victims, making, in the whole, forty men. It is truly frightful to fix one's thoughts upon the horrible manner in which the war is conducted between the two parties. The ladies of Bo-

gota seemed to me much interested in the fate of General Barreyo. He had formerly commanded the garrison of this town; was an extremely handsome man, and his age, at the most, thirty years. Renowned alike for bravery and gallantry, he had been denominated *el Adonis de las mugeras*, the Adonis of the Ladies. He exhibited great courage at the moment of his execution.

"On the 9th of August, all the troops of the garrison assembled about a league and a half from the road of Maracaibo, where they celebrated a mock fight in honour of the victory of Bojarca. The Vice-President commanded one division of the forces, and Colonel Paris was at the head of the other. The ground was hilly, unequal, and strewn with large masses of rock; it was peculiarly adapted to the movements of light troops. Being an inclined plane, the spectators at bottom could easily see all the manœuvres. Two or three serious accidents occurred, owing to certain men belonging to the militia having charged their pieces with small flints, which badly wounded several cannoniers. When this news circulated among the spectators, they hastened to get out of the way, and preserved a respectful distance between the two armies. We were greatly surprised to see Colonel Blanco, a ci-devant monk, on horseback, with the First Judge of the Supreme Court mounted behind him! What would the good people of London say, if they saw the Lord Chancellor riding behind the Adjutant-General at a review held by His Majesty on Hounslow Heath? Here, such a circumstance would not be regarded as at all extraordinary. The whole went off

extremely well: a great many ladies on horseback had repaired to the spot to witness the combat.

"At Tocayan I was surprised, on passing in front of the prison, to see it filled with young men: I remarked this circumstance to the commandant, adding, that he must have a huge number of thieves in the neighbourhood. 'No,' replied he, 'our people are very honest and very quiet; these prisoners are young volunteers from the province of Neyra, going to join a regiment newly formed at Bogota; they are shut up during the night to *prevent them from deserting.*"

The *sang-froid* with which this traveller relates the execution of forty persons upon the grand square of Bogota is truly remarkable. Had not a commissioner of his Britanic Majesty sufficient influence in the Colombian Republic to cause the rights of humanity to be respected?

Mr. Head, equally deceived with Mr. Miers, saw nothing in Chili but a field of carnage and desolation. La Conception, the capital of the beautiful province so called, has seen three-fourths of its population perish, and is nothing more than a heap of ruins. Mr. Miers asserts, that the public treasure is pillaged, that places are openly put up to auction, that peculation and corruption predominate everywhere, and that government exhibits neither justice nor good faith. These statements sound harshly; and it is possible that chagrin may in part have dictated them: but other travellers give nearly the same account of Chili, and Great Britain has not recognised the independence of this republic.

Let us now hear Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp, respecting the revolution of Paraguay.

"A government, the very principle of which was to mislead, could not possibly be of long duration. The Junta itself felt the necessity of a change: but, overlooking the faults committed, through the vicious form of the administration, it declared that nothing but commendation was due to those functionaries whom it had employed: after which, it decreed a new congress, and immediately caused elections to be commenced throughout the whole country. It was on this event that an harangue was held calculated to display the intellectual state of the natives. At Yquamandiu, a captain of militia, notorious for his revolutionary zeal, was desirous of explaining to his compatriots the meaning of the word Liberty; and, after having doubtless revolved in his mind every definition which he had heard, he found no better mode of elucidating the subject, than by telling them that it was a combination of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The chiefs of the Revolution, but little more enlightened than this hero, wished, nevertheless, to construct a *republic:* but what a republic was, or how it should be constructed, they knew not! Fortunately for them, however, they possessed a copy of the Roman History of Rollin (the first work of merit that had penetrated into the land), and they resolved without delay to consult it. The institution of temporary magistrates—that of consuls—obtained their suffrage. Not so the senate; the construction of which body did not please them. Perhaps, however, they disapproved it, only because they knew not where to look for senators.

" However that might be, the new congress met in August 1813. Never was a body of men assembled together so ill calculated to lay the foundation of a government, and give chiefs to a state. Although Paraguay must surely have contained men, if not intelligent, at least possessed of common sense, the selection seemed mostly to have fallen on the very silliest members of the community. These deputies passed their time in taverns; and as they were incapable of forming an opinion for themselves upon the affairs whereof they were about to treat, they submitted to the dictation of others both what they should say and how they should vote. Doctor Francia, by virtue of his superior information, was more universally consulted than any one else, and hence obtained a wide circle of partisans. After several sittings, this congress, which would have formed a fine subject for the pencil of Hogarth, abolished the existing government, and substituted for it (though for one year only) two consuls, Doctor Francia and Don Fulgencio Yegros, in whose persons all authority was vested. Habituated to the rule of a governor whose will served them as law, the Paraguays gave themselves little trouble to define the power of the consuls, and to limit their authority. It was like a horde of wild Indians choosing their caciques. Meanwhile the consuls took possession of their places; and Doctor Francia, from the period of that event, put in train the fate he reserved for his colleague. They had prepared two curule chairs (arm-chairs covered with leather), on one of which was blazoned the name of Cæsar, on the other that of Pompey.

Francia mounted the first, and left the second to Yegros, who was treated no better in the distribution of power. After some discussion, one half of the forces were, it is true, placed under his control; but each having to exercise supreme authority alternately for four months, Francia so managed, that, the last four months of the year, it devolved upon him; at the expiration of which, the congress was to re-assemble.

"Affairs, under this *régime*, took a very curious turn. They established the office of secretary of state. The *cabildo* was put into activity, as a tribunal *de première instance*, and its members were besides charged anew with divers functions of police and judicature which each had already individually exercised. These officers superintended the commandants of the *villas* and of the country. The finances, which had been neglected under the preceding administration, were regulated afresh. The troops of the line and the militia were placed on a more efficient footing. Doctor Francia, above every thing, dedicated his time and attention to disciplining the soldiers and attaching them to himself. To deprive the Spaniards of all political influence whatsoever, the consuls, in March 1814, issued a decree, dooming them to civil death, and prohibiting their marriage with white women, a prohibition in which jealousy was most probably mixed up.

"Their relations with neighbouring states, up to this time amicable, became equivocal. The government of Buenos-Ayres endeavoured to form a party in Paraguay, and to reduce this new state to dependance on itself; but Doctor

Francia forcibly repelled the manœuvres of the envoys of that republic. On the contrary, his colleague was too much inclined to listen to them—to his cost, as the event proved. The Doctor deprecated alike the domination of the Spaniards or of Buenos Ayres, and succeeded even in driving from the country several persons of distinction who were disposed to a union. On the other hand, the differences between Buenos-Ayres and Artigas, and the war which this state waged with the Portuguese, were pregnant with mischievous results to Paraguay.

"Although, as may well be imagined, arbitrary acts were constantly committed by magistrates whose power was so ill defined, they were always accompanied with some appearance of form; so that, in such a country as Paraguay, this consulate might pass for a well-regulated government enough. But Doctor Francia was not of a nature to *share* supreme authority with any one—above all, with a man whom he despised, whilst he feared his party.

"His ambition hesitated not to develop itself in its true colours on the meeting of congress in 1814, to re-model the government. In order to get rid of his rival, he persuaded the assembly to confine the direction of the republic to one sole magistrate, in imitation of the neighbouring provinces, each of which had at its head some individual governor or director. He proposed, according to the example of the Romans, a *dictatorship*, affirming that it would be the means of saving the republic from the dangers that externally threatened it. Perceiving that on the first day the number of voices were in favour of Don

Fulgencio Yegros, he had the address to prevent their proceeding to the scrutiny. Menaced with a similar result on the second sitting, he used the same artifice. At length, on the third day, the deputies comprehended with what motive the election had been adjourned; and, weary of living at their own expense in the capital, weary, above all, of attending the congress, which was a source to them of insufferable ennui, they voted, in a great majority, for Doctor Francia. The Doctor did not owe every thing, however, to this lassitude: he had taken care to produce, at the critical moment, *a guard of honour*, consisting of a few hundred men devoted to him, who surrounded the church in which these gentlemen held their sittings; and this cautionary measure doubtless procured him more than one vote. All these considerations united induced the deputies to constitute Doctor Francia sole dictator for the period of three years. At the time of his being thus constituted, there were scarcely—I will not say in the congress, but in all Paraguay—as many as twenty persons who knew the meaning of the word *dictator*, to which they attached no other sense than the general one of *governor*. These simple men imagined not that they were so cruelly caught by a word. The congress bestowed on Doctor Francia, at the same time, the title of *His Excellency*, with an income of 9000 piastres, of which, be it admitted, he only accepted the third, saying that the state had more need of money than he,—a mark of disinterestedness from which he has never departed."

NOTICE

ON THE

EXCAVATIONS OF POMPEII.

Page 252.

(In the Note.) "I have given at the end of this Volume some curious details respecting Pompeii, and which will serve to complete my short description."

They discovered at first the two theatres, then the temple of Isis, and that of Esculapius, the country-house of Arrius Diomedes, and several tombs. During the period that Naples was governed by a king drawn from the ranks of the French army, the walls of the town, the street of tombs, sundry objects in the heart of the city, the temples, the amphitheatre, and the forum, were excavated. The present king of Naples has caused those labours to be continued; and as they are conducted with great regularity, and with the laudable purpose of uncovering the town, rather than that of searching for hidden treasures, every day adds to the knowledge already acquired respecting this almost inexhaustible source of interest.

The city of Pompeii, situated nearly fourteen miles to the south-east of Naples, was built partly upon an eminence overlooking a fertile plain, and which is considerably

increased by the immense quantity of volcanic matter with which Vesuvius has covered it. The walls of the town, and those of its edifices, have retained within their enclosures all the matters vomited there by the volcano, and thus the rains have been prevented from washing them away, so that the extent of these constructions is very distinctly marked by the little hill formed by the masses of pumice-stone, and by the gradual accumulation of vegetable earth covering them.

The eminence upon which Pompeii was built must have been formed at a very remote period, and is composed of volcanic products that have issued from the burning mountain.

It has been conjectured that the walls of Pompeii were at one time washed by the sea, which is thought to have advanced as far as the spot where the Salerno road now runs. Strabo says, indeed, that this city served as a maritime arsenal to several towns in Campania, adding that it was near the Sarno, a stream up and down, by which merchandise could be conveyed.

Many things, in fact, which have been observed at Pompeii would appear incomprehensible if we did not bear in mind that the destruction of the place resulted from two distinct catastrophes: one, an earthquake, A. D. 63, and the other sixteen years after, an eruption of Vesuvius. Its inhabitants had begun to repair the damages occasioned by the former event, when the signs precursive of the latter forced them to abandon a spot which was presently afterwards overwhelmed by a deluge of ashes and volcanic matters.

Nevertheless, the remains of certain brick buildings indicated its position; and there were doubtless for a considerable length of time some remnants of its population established in the neighbourhood; for Pompeii is marked in the Itinerary of Antoninus, and upon the map of Peutinger. In the thirteenth century, the Counts of Sarno caused a canal to be cut from the Sarno; it passed, without the fact being known, under the town of Pompeii: at length, in 1748, a labourer, while ploughing his field, turned up a statue: and this circumstance induced the Neapolitan government to commence the excavations.

At the beginning of this work, they deposited in that part which had already been cleared from rubbish what they drew from the part they were engaged in clearing; and after removing the paintings in fresco, mosaics, and other objects of interest, they filled up anew the cleared space. At present a different system is pursued.

Although these excavations have not been attended with any great difficulty, on account of the little effort required in digging up the earth, there is nevertheless only one-seventh portion of the city uncovered. Several streets are level with the great road that passes along the walls, the circuit of which is about sixteen hundred fathoms.

On arriving by way of Herculaneum, the first object that excites attention is the country-house of Arrius Diomedes, situated in the suburb. It is beautiful in point of construction, and so well preserved, though one story is wanting, that it furnishes an exact idea of the manner in which the ancients distributed the interior of their

houses. Nothing, indeed, is necessary to render it habitable but doors and windows. Some of the apartments are very small; but there is no doubt that the proprietor was an opulent man. In other houses belonging to less wealthy individuals, the rooms are still smaller. The floor of this mansion of Arrius Diomedes is in mosaic: all the chambers had not windows, several of them admitting light and air only through the door. We are ignorant of the purposes assigned to sundry little passages and recesses. The *amphoræ*, which held the wine, are still to be seen in the cellar, either standing on the sand or resting against the wall.

The street of tombs presents, both on the right and left, the sepulchres of the principal families of the town; the greater part are of small dimensions, but constructed with great taste.

The streets of Pompeii are not wide, measuring only fifteen feet from one side to the other; and the pavements render them still narrower: they are paved with pieces of grey lava, of irregular shape, like the ancient Roman ways; and it is easy to distinguish the traces of wheels. Nothing remains of the houses except the ground-floor; but it is evident, from the ruins, that many of them must have had more than one upper story: almost all have an interior court, in the middle of which is an *impluvium*, or reservoir for the rain-water, which ran from it into a contiguous cistern. The greater part of the houses were adorned with mosaic pavements, and the partitions were painted red, blue, or yellow; upon which ground were

worked beautiful arabesques, and pictures of various sizes. The houses have generally each a very commodious bath; frequently the walls are double, and the intermediate space empty; which method of construction served to keep the apartments free from humidity.

The shops of the venders of provisions, whether liquid or solid, present masses of stone often faced with marble, and into which the vessels containing the provisions were walled.

It has been supposed, that the kind of trade which was carried on in certain of the dwellings, was signified by the figures cut upon the outer wall: but it would rather appear that these emblems indicated the peculiar genius under whose protection the family was placed.

Ovens, and machines for grinding corn distinguish the bakers' shops. These machines consist of a stone with a circular base; its upper extremity is conical, and fits into the cavity of another stone, which is itself hollowed into a funnel at the upper end. This stone is turned round from the top by means of two lateral handles, which are crossed by wooden bars. The grain, flung into the upper part, descends through a hole between the reversed funnel and the conical stone. The rotatory motion reduces it into flour.

The public edifices, such as the temples and theatres, are in general best preserved, and consequently form, up to the present time, the greatest objects of curiosity at Pompeii.

The little theatre which, according to the inscription, served for comic representations, is in good preservation, and

might contain some fifteen hundred spectators; in the larger one there is room for more than six thousand.

Of all the ancient amphitheatres, that of Pompeii is one of the least damaged. In clearing the rubbish, they found, in the corridors which form the circumference of the arena, paintings whose colours were most brilliant, but scarcely had they come into contact with the external air, when they changed. Vestiges of the figure of a lion are still perceptible, and of a trumpeter, dressed in fantastic costume. The inscriptions, which relate to different spectacles, form an extremely curious monument.

One may follow, upon the plan, the walls of the town: which is the best way of obtaining an idea of its form and extent.

"These ramparts," says M. Mazois, "were composed of an earthen platform and a counter-wall. They were fourteen feet broad, and ascended by steps wide enough to admit of two soldiers abreast. They were supported, as well on the side of the town, as that of the country, by a freestone wall. The exterior wall must have been about 25 feet high; whilst the interior one rose about eight feet above the ramparts. Both are constructed of a kind of lava which is called *piperino*, with the exception of the four or five first courses of the exterior wall, which consist of rock-stone or coarse *travestin*. All the blocks of stone are exceedingly well joined; mortar is, in fact, but little necessary in constructions, the materials whereof are of large scantling. This exterior wall inclines throughout more or

less toward the rampart; the first courses, on the contrary, recede one above another.

"Some of the stones, particularly of these first courses, are jagged and grooved one into another, so as mutually to keep each other firm. As this style of construction was practised in very remote antiquity, and seems to have sprung from the Peloponnesian or Cyclopean method, of which it strongly savours, we may conjecture that the part of the walls of Pompeii so built were a work of the Osci, or, at any rate, of the original Greek colonists, who settle in Campania.

"The two walls were so embattled as to present, when viewed from the side next to the country, the appearance of a double enclosure of ramparts.

"These walls are in a state of great disorder, which cannot be alone attributed to the earthquake that preceded the eruption of 79. I think," adds M. Mazois, "that Pompeii must have been several times dismantled, as indeed the breaches and repairs remarked in various places sufficiently prove. It would seem, even, that these fortifications had not, for a long time previous, been regarded as necessary, since, on that side where the gate stood, habitations are built against the walls, which, in fact, have been, in sundry spots, pulled down to make room for them.

"These walls are surmounted by towers, which do not seem of so great antiquity; their mode of construction indicates that they belong to the period of the restoration of the walls. They are of quadrangular shape, serving at

the same time as posterns, and are placed at unequal distances from one another.

" It should seem that the city had no fosses—at all events on that side which has been excavated; for the walls, thereabout, are placed on steep ground."

It is evident that, by virtue of their construction, the ramparts are best calculated to resist the influence of time. In spite of the extreme attention which has been expended on the endeavour to preserve every thing discovered, exposure to the air, from which they had been so long kept, has injured almost all the relics. The rains of winter, extremely abundant in southern Europe, have gradually introduced humidity between the bricks and their facings. Hence, moss is generated; and subsequently, plants calculated to loosen the bricks. To avoid this decay, they have covered the walls with tiles, and placed roofs over the edifices.

The plan marks out five gates, designating each by a name, which has only been given since the discovery of the town, and is sanctioned by no ancient authority. The gate of Nola, the least of all, is the only one whose arcade is preserved. That nearest to the forum, or barrack of the soldiers, is the one by which the visitor enters; its construction is after the antique fashion.

Some persons have thought that, instead of removing from Pompeii the different objects which have been found there, in order to form a museum at Portici, it would have been better to let them remain in their places—in which case, an entire city would have been represented, with every

thing it contained. This idea is specious; but those who proposed it have not reflected, that many of the articles would be spoilt by contact with the air; and that, independently of this inconvenience, risk would be run of several being abstracted by not over-scrupulous travellers, as too often happens in such cases. In order to furnish a few houses even, it would be necessary that the site of the town should be entirely cleared, so that it might stand quite isolated, and all facility be removed of persons descending into it from the neighbouring heights; then, when the gates were shut, Pompeii would be no longer exposed to the chance of being pillaged by land-pirates.

The only intention in this Notice has been, to give a succinct idea of the condition of the excavations of Pompeii in the year 1817. In order to understand this remarkable place thoroughly, the reader should turn to the fine work of M. Mazois *; some valuable information may also be gleaned from the book which the Count de Clarac, keeper of the antiquities, published whilst at Naples. Of this book, entitled *Pompei*, only a small number of copies were printed, and these were not for sale. M. de Clarac there gives a very interesting account of several excavations directed by himself.

It is so much the more necessary to consult no work, upon this attractive subject, but such as have been produced with great care, inasmuch as, very frequently, travellers, and even writers who have never travelled to Pom-

* *Ruines de Pompei*, fol.

peii, repeat with confidence the absurd accounts put forth by the *ciceroni*. Several of the Parisian daily papers have lately copied an article from the London *Courier*, in which Mr. W——— abuses greatly the traveller's license to relate strange things. He makes mention, for instance, of money found in the drawer of a counter, of a lance still resting against a wall, of epigrams traced upon the columns of the soldiers' barracks, of whole streets lined with public buildings!

These absurdities have induced M. M———, who has during twelve years observed the progress of the excavations of Pompeii, to communicate to the *Journal des Debats* of the 18th February, 1821, the following very sensible remarks:

"It is doubtless natural in all who visit Pompeii, to give ear to the various stories of ignorant and interested *ciceroni*, told in order to get from the strangers whom they conduct some extra gratuity: it is also natural enough to receive these stories with a certain portion of faith: but it is the height of silliness to retail them as undoubted truths, and put them forth in widely circulated journals.

"The relation of Mr. W——— reminds me of the Chevalier Coghell, who having seen some *artoplas* * in the Museum of the queen of Naples, took them for *hats*, and wrote gravely to London, that they had discovered at Pompeii hats of bronze, extremely light.

* Vessels or pans in which to bake bread.

"The excavations of Pompeii are of too general an interest, the discoveries that have been made there are too precious, with regard to the history of art, and the private life of the ancients, to admit of our leaving foolish and erroneous accounts without a warning to the public of the little trust that should be reposed in them."

LETTER

FROM

Mr. TAYLOR TO M. Ch. NODIER,

UPON THE TOWNS OF

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

" Herculaneum and Pompeii are objects so important for the history of antiquity, that, in order to study them well, a man should live, should dwell there.

" For the purpose of following up a most curious excavation, I have established myself in the house of Diomédès, which is at the gate of the town, near the street of tombs, and so commodious, that I preferred it to the palaces situated near the forum. My habitation stands beside the house of Sallus.

" Much has been written about Pompeii, and these accounts have often deviated widely from the facts. For instance, a *savant*, named Martorelli, was employed, during two years, in writing an enormous memoir, for the purpose of proving that the ancients had no knowledge of glass windows; and fifteen days after the publication of his folio, a house was discovered, every window of which was

glazed! It is, however, correct to say that the ancients had no great fondness for casements, and most commonly the light was admitted through the door; but, in fact, amongst the patricians, there was a very beautiful species of glass used in the windows, as transparent as our Bohemian glass; and the squares were joined by fillets of bronze with a great deal more taste than we display in our frameworks of wood.

" A traveller possessing a considerable portion of talent, who has published letters upon the Morea, and a good many other books of travels, thinks it extraordinary that the modern constructions of the East should exactly resemble those of Pompeii. After a little reflection, this similitude would appear natural. All the arts have come to us from the East, a fact which cannot be too often repeated to every one who is desirous of studying, and enlightening himself.

" The excavations are continued with perseverance, and with much order and care; they have just discovered a new barrack, and superb thermæ, in one of the halls whereof I have particularly remarked three bronze seats, of a form quite unknown, and in the best preservation. On one of them was placed the skeleton of a female, whose arms were literally covered with jewels, besides bracelets of gold, of the received shape and fashion. I have detached a necklace, the workmanship of which is really surprising. I assure you that our most skilful jewellers could produce nothing more exquisite or in better taste.

" It is difficult to describe the delight which one feels in

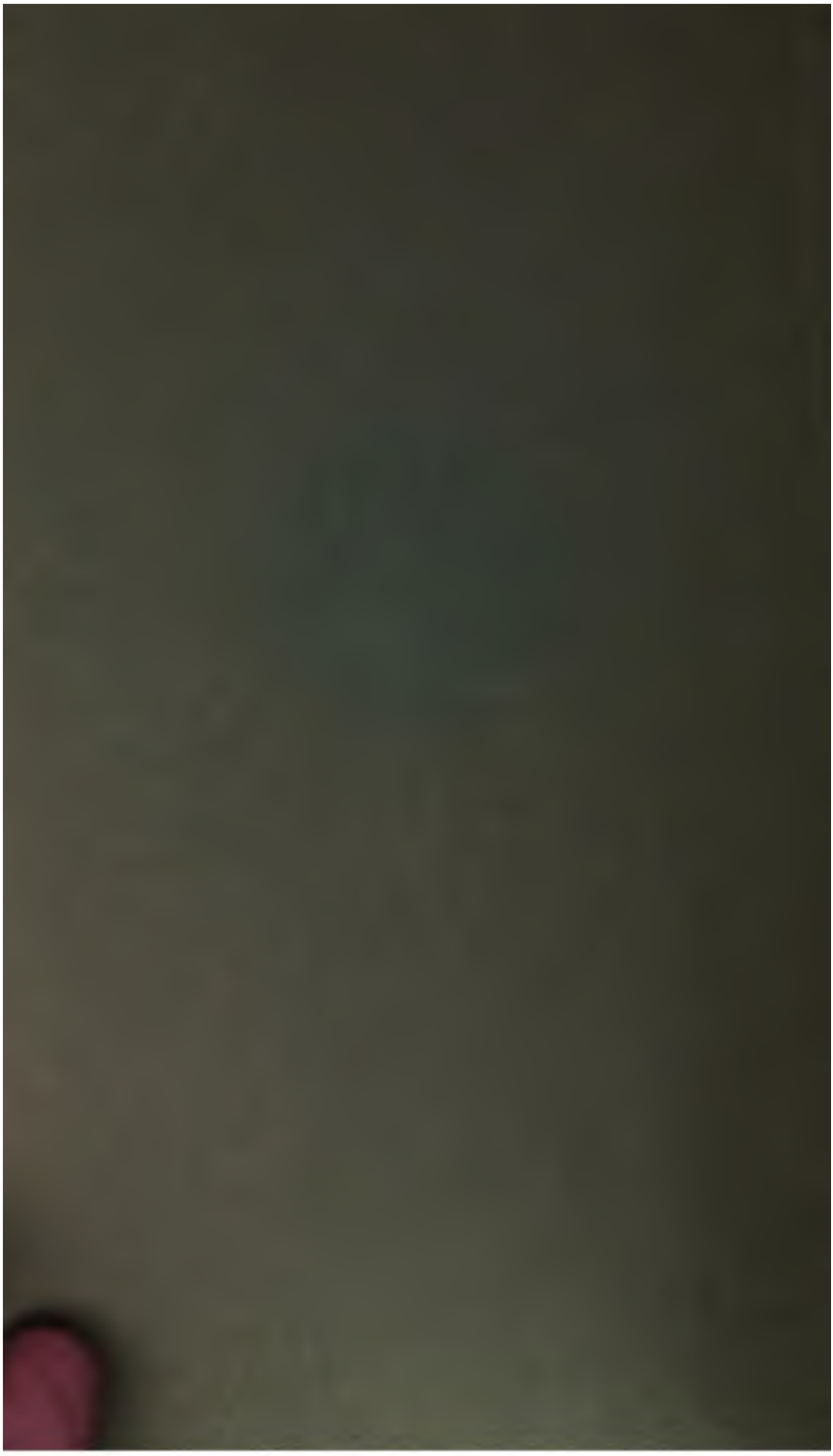
touching these objects, upon the very spot where they have reposed so many ages, and before the freshness of the spell has quite ceased to exist. One of the casements was furnished with beautiful glass, which has been deposited in the museum of Naples.

" All the jewels have been carried to the king. In the course of a few days, they will become the subjects of a public exhibition.

" Pompeii has passed twenty centuries in the bowels of the earth; nations have trodden above its site, while its monuments still remained standing, and all their ornaments untouched.

" A contemporary of Augustus, could he return hither, might say: ' I greet thee, O my country! my dwelling is the only one upon the earth that has preserved its form, an immunity extending even to the smallest objects of my affection. Here is my couch; there are my favourite authors. My paintings also are still fresh, as when the ingenious artist spread them over my walls. Come, let us traverse the town; let us visit the theatre. I recognise the spot where I joined, for the first time, in the plaudits given to the fine scenes of Terence and Euripides.'

" Rome is but one vast museum: *Pompeii is a living antiquity.*"

THE END.

J. B. Nichols, 25, Parliament-street.